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Baltimore

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THE
BALTIMORE REPERTORY

OF PAPERS

ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS,

INCLUDING

A SELECTION OF ENGLISH DRAMAS.

VIS.

WILD OATS--BY O'KEEFFE..... | *THE DEVIL TO PAY*--BY LUCAS.
DOUBTFUL SON--BY DIAMOND. | *THE LIAR*--BY BICKERSTAFF.

*Nemo dubitat, homines sun varistate recreantur; quia in continuatione rotum
magnum inenibus esse constet fastidium.*

Cassidog. 1. 7. ep. 25.

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THE

BALTIMORE REPERTORY,

OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS :

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre dont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on loue la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1811.

No. 1.

PREFACE.

Good books are the mind's bread—
They give the life-blood, nutriment, and health,
And laugh to scorn the insolence of wealth.

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

THE influence of Literature upon the habits and passions, is confessed by all. It polishes the manners, enlightens the understanding, and expands the nobler affections of the heart. The study of good authours, says a celebrated orator of antiquity, will nourish youth, rejoice old age, embellish prosperity, console adversity, afford us pleasure when at home, and embarrass us not when abroad. They pass the nights with us, and abandon us not in our travels nor in the fields.* Many an hour is relieved of its wea-

* Oration for the poet Archias.

risomeness by these pursuits, and the recluse, whether stayed by sickness or secluded by poverty, finds that solitude possesses the most captivating attractions for the mind that is illuminated by the rays of literature. Society has its pleasures ; but they are gorgeous and illusory : they resemble the blaze that first pleases the eye, but soon fatigues the attention. We are delighted by flashes of merriment, and captivated by the smiles of beauty. But wit is too often prompted by ill nature, and sense sometimes surrenders her dignity to the whispers of flattery. In solitude, these temptations have no influence. When her silence is interrupted by those "master spirits" which may be summoned from every age and nation ; when History unfolds her wisdom, and Imagination pours her inspiring vein, the student acknowledges that he is *never less alone than when ALONE.* In retirement his mind is free from the solicitudes of life, and the thousand tongues of rumour cannot disturb his serenity.

But we are not born for ourselves. The recluse whether abstracted by choice or banished by disgust, leaves a void in society. Social happiness is the great purpose of life : to attain it the efforts of all are required. The intellectual powers of the mind must be cultivated, before art can embellish or science enlighten. This is the glorious privilege, the high prerogative, of literature. Her light is not *the ignus fatuus* that bewilders the benighted traveller, but it is a steady and unquenchable torch which guides him to safety.

The rust of time has eaten the sword of Cæsar ; the splendid pageantry that invited the lover of *Laura* to the gates of the imperial city has passed away like a shadow ; and the triumphal arches, the lofty palaces, and the polished statues, that were once the admiration of a conquered world, have long been scattered by the winds. But the fame of the scholar, the *deliciae literarum*, yet shines with undiminished lustre in his own immortal *Commentaries*, and Echo yet lingers on the breeze that fans the vale of *Vauclusa*.

From the earliest periods of time, the most rapid steps to distinction have been on the velvet paths of literature, and her followers have ever been revered as the benefactors of mankind. In China, literature asserts her claims to the honours of nobility ; and in Persia, the verses of Ferdusi were rewarded with sacks of gold. The lawgiver of Lacedemon thought himself usefully employed, when he listened to the tale of Troy on the plains of Ionia. Ravenna boasts her monument to the memory of the gloomy Dante ; and Westminster-Abbey is crowded with the memorials of literary eminence. But such men erect their own monuments of materials which neither the sword of the conqueror, nor the ravages of time can destroy.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition ;
Tis not a tomb cut out of brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But *verses* only. They shall fresh appear
Whilst there are men to read and hear ;
When time shall make the lasting brass decay
And eat the pyramid away.†

In no country, perhaps, is it more necessary to expand the mind, and display the most flattering incentives to literary excellence, than in our own. In the nations of Europe, one ruler succeeds another, without regard to any other qualification than the slender and *dubious* merit of consanguinity. At one moment the government is supported by valour, illustrated by talents, and dignified by virtue : but in the next, it totters on the weak shoulders of imbecility, or is disgraced by vice. Human creatures are transferred from one ruler to his successor, as beasts are purchased, until they become debased to a rank scarcely superior.

Here the mind of man walks abroad in its native majesty, untrammelled by any shackles, save those which reason

† Cowley on the praise of poetry.

imposes. We live under a government which was formed, to use the emphatical language of the constitution, *for the common good of all*, and which is administered by those only to whom the people confide that important trust. Hence results the importance of disseminating correct principles among minds which are intrusted with the dangerous and difficult task of self-government. The members must be sound, to preserve the health of the body. The happiness of every people is in proportion to their virtue and good sense.

Various modes have been adopted to inculcate the maxims of morality, literature and politicks. By the **Rhapsodoi**, or poets of Greece, they were reduced to metrical measures and sung from door to door. In the porticos of Athens, and among her classical groves, knowledge was derived from the pregnant sententiousness of Pericles, the dexterous logic of **Æschines**, and the prophetick eloquence of **Demosthenes**.

But the art of printing forms the most important era in the history of the human mind. By that happiest of all inventions, Literature was extensively diffused, and the means of knowledge were placed within the power of all who were desirous to learn. Genius no longer sought the silence of sylvan scenes, nor languished in the leisure of a cloistered life. Then learning revived her drooping head, and error shrunk from the scrutinizing eye of inquiry. Awakened by the powerful call of genius and guided by taste, the student conversed with the poets, the orators, the historians and philosophers of other times. With enthusiastick tread, he explored the plains of Marathon, or wandered by the side of the sacred **Illyssus**.

I seem through consecrated walks to rove;
I hear soft musick die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I rove from shade to shade,
By God-like poets, venerable made.

It is by abstracting the mind from the selfish pursuits of the world, and retiring within itself to the contemplation of the finished models of antiquity, that our ideas are enlarged and

a spirit of emulation awakened. The love of fame, "the last infirmity of noble minds," then reigns without controul, and the child of fancy hails the hour of inspiration as the season of rapture.

—But the subject is copious, and grows upon us more rapidly than the limits of a preface will admit.

It is for the purpose of displaying these models of perfection in such a manner, as to render them more familiar; to stimulate ambition by examples of successful merit, to cheer the diffident, and humble the arrogant; to cultivate a general ardour for the publick weal; to refine the manners and polish the understanding, that the aid of the liberal and the learned is now solicited in behalf of a literary repertory.

On the utility of periodical publications, so much has been written that the subject is trite, and possesses as little interest as a "twice-told tale, vexing the dull ears of a drowsy man." The advantages which they afford, and the pleasures which they communicate, are attested by the avidity with which they are perused. In their pages, Variety unfolds her rainbow hues to captivate the indolent, and detain the idle. The gravity of History is relieved by the frolick face of merriment. In one corner Experience displays her beacon, and teaches the vicissitudes of life; and the traveller leads the reader from clime to clime, and portrays the manners of nations. Fancy raises her voice, and the votary of the Muses delights to hear her enchanting strains.

In the City of Baltimore so many abortive attempts have been made to establish a Literary Miscellany, that Experiment and Disappointment have become synonymous terms. The weekly visits of the *Companion* were scarcely greeted by a civil salutation: the rays of *Moonshine* were speedily extinguished: no one could see through the *Spectacles*: the rich gems of the *Casket*, were never discovered, and the *Emerald*, with all the lustre and brightness which it may display, will probably sparkle in vain.

After so many examples to repress the arrogance of the vain and blight the hopes of the sanguine, it may be asked, what expectations can be cherished of a different fate. To such questions the Editors of this Miscellany can only confess that they are not prepared with any answer. The motives which have suggested this publication arise from a love of letters and a desire to rescue the City of their residence from the sneers of the sarcastick and the reproaches of the illiberal.

Of their power to amuse or instruct the Editors will neither use a language “stately and monarchial,” promising, as the Greeks expressed it, *mountains of gold*, nor shall “excuse come prologue” to what they intend to exhibit. *I shall neither trouble the reader, nor myself, says an eloquent divine, with any apology for publishing of these sermons; for if they be in any measure truly serviceable to the end for which they are designed, I do not see what apology is necessary, and if they be not so, I am sure none can be sufficient.*

In the commencement of their career, they rest their claims to publick favour entirely on the goodness of their intentions, and after a fair and impartial trial, they will hear the decision without a murmer. Yet they cannot but anticipate a benignant verdict, for

—of his fellow men,
He well deserves, who for their evening hours,
A blameless joy affords; and his good works,
When in the grave he sleeps, shall still survive.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE, OR THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT:

A TALE.

Landet diversa sequentes. HORACE.

“THE Heavens are against me,” exclaimed Agrarius, retiring into his house with his rake over his shoulder, “the heavens are unpropitious, and my hay will be spoiled. My ground never afforded so large a crop of grass ; how eagerly have I anticipated the sum it would produce, and to what advantage has my imagination disposed of the money, and now to behold my prospects blasted—surely 'tis insupportable. Had I never expected it, had my land yielded at first but a scantily supply, I should have remained satisfied : or, at last, should not have murmured at my misfortune ; but now disappointments is rendered doubly painful. How unhappy is the situation of the husbandman,” continued he, seating himself on a bench by his door,—“a dependant on the seasons, he tills the earth, but does not enjoy its fruits ; he sows the corn, but the produce of his labour is reserved for another : with the sweat of his brow he contributes to enjoyments in which he cannot participate, and to luxuries in which he will never indulge. There,” cried he, pointing with his finger to an elegant villa that was situated on the top of a neighbouring hill, “there is the mansion of my landlord. How unbounded is his happiness ! a spacious domain, crowds of servants, costly chambers, the most inviting delicacies, the most voluptuous gratifications, and whatever can delight the imagination, or satisfy the desires, are united to render his existence pleasurable. If he asks, he receives. If he speaks, he is obeyed. His domesticks vie with each other in their attention towards him ; they venerate him as a being of an order superior to themselves, and all are emulous to please the persons they adore. Whilst I ! painful recollections ! I have no menials to attend me ; no pleasures to alleviate the disquietude that corrodes me. Does

the humble swain bow down at *my* approach?—And oh, my God!” continued he, suddenly starting from his seat, “ is this thy justice? Is it thy will, that thousands, by their misery, should contribute to make one man happy? a mortal formed from the same dust, and composed of the same materials as themselves.—Oh! my father, my father, why did thy injudicious fondness deprive me of the blessings of ignorance? why didst thou so sedulously instil into my mind the seeds of learning?—Baneful seeds! they have shown me the wretchedness of my condition, without pointing out any method of relief; they have taught me I am unhappy, but they have not instructed me how to be otherwise.”

Whilst he gave vent to these reflections, the rain subsided, the sun appeared again, and Agrarius, discontented with his own, and envying the fate of his exalted neighbour, returned to his labour with a mind overwhelmed with dispondency.

Agrarius had been born with better prospects. His father, descended from a reputable family, had been a merchant of great respectability, and once had large possessions in the West Indies. He had married a woman of some beauty, and of an amiable disposition; and (what made her appear still more amiable in his eyes) she had brought him a fortune more than adequate to his expectations. Misfortunes, such as no earthly wisdom could have foreseen, or prevented, strip him of his riches. Of his ships, some were overtaken by storms and foundered at sea, and others were captured by the privateers of the enemy. A rebellion was excited among the negroes of the island where his possessions chiefly lay, and, in the general confusion, his estates suffered the most considerably. Loss succeeded to loss, till at length, finding it impossible to stem the torrent of such repeated misfortunes any longer, he resigned what remained of his property into the hands of his clamorous creditors. Upon an examination of his affairs, they found them to be even worse than had been supposed, but they, considering his distresses rather the result

of ill fortune, than imprudence, accepted a dividend of so much in the pound of what remained, and ceased to trouble their debtor when they perceived no advantage could accrue to themselves by further persecution. His wife had departed from the world in time to avoid being a spectator of the troubles that ensued, leaving behind her *Agrarius*, their only son. Reduced to poverty, and preserving nothing of his former splendid condition but his inflexible pride, the father of *Agrarius* collected together the few trifles which the generosity of his creditors had reserved him, and retired with his son into obscurity as soon as he found he could maintain no longer the brilliancy of his accustomed station in life. The pride which made him so anxiously shun the taunts of the world, restrained him likewise from entreating the assistance of any of his former friends. To lie under an obligation was to him insupportable, and he could with greater fortitude endure the long catalogue of miseries attendant on poverty, than appear in a suppliant posture before the companions of his prosperity. But still he was no philosopher, the misfortunes he had experienced served rather to contract his mind, than to elevate him above them, and the stern look of discontent was from that moment always seen to lower on his furrowed brow. He rented a small farm situated in one of the most retired spots he could discover, which he cultivated chiefly with his own hands and those of his son. *Agrarius* had been naturally of a lively disposition ; when a boy, his fine countenance had borne the marks of a manly freedom, and his behaviour had been distinguished for its graceful affability ; but the pernicious precepts and ideas so carefully instilled into his tender mind, counteracted the good intentions of nature, and rendered him a misanthrope, whom she had originally intended for society and the world. His father had received a liberal education, and that education he employed, not for the welfare, but for the ruin of his son. There are many things that at first we regard only in the light of superfluity, which, by re-

peated indulgence, become, at last, to be ranked among the necessities of life ; and the aged father of Agrarius, accustomed from his infancy to the various entertainments and splendid banquets of a voluptuous city, could badly relish a poetical, though perhaps monotonous life of rural privacy and vegetable repasts. His sole delight was to recount and exaggerate to his attentive and credulous son, the splendour in which he had formerly lived, and the luxurious ease he had enjoyed ; and he never omitted afterwards to compare the glowing picture he had so vividly painted, with the laborious exertion and rigid frugality inseparably connected with their present situation. The contrast was not to be endured. He became dejected at the continual recollection. The united pressure of discontent and despondency, by degrees, over-powered him ; and, after an ineffectual struggle of a few years, he sunk to his grave, execrating the poverty, his misfortunes had reduced him to, and detesting a world in which he was now become insignificant. Unhappily he did not die before he had inculcated into the mind of his son the erroneous ideas that had occasioned his own destruction.

One morning as Agrarius, returning from his labour, walked thoughtfully toward home, mournfully sighing at his wretched situation, and glancing many an invidious look at the superb mansion of his landlord, he saw a man approach towards him, drest in mourning, and riding upon a horse which appeared quite exhausted with fatigue. The man, who seemed unconscious of the jaded condition of his beast, continued whipping and spurring, till coming up to Agrarius, " Pray, my friend," said he, " does not a person, by the name of Richard Agrarius Denterville, live somewhere hereabouts." The youth started with astonishment ;—that had been the appellation of his father, but, after his misfortunes, he chose to retain only his second name, thinking, that although the insolvency of Denterville was the topick of every one's conversation, few would interest themselves concerning the solitary

Agrarius. " Yes," replied he, half hesitating whether he should acknowledge him to have been his father, " he once lived here but—he is gone."—" Gone ! where ?" replied the man, in a tone of impatience, " I must see him let him be where he will."—" He is gone," answered the other, coolly, " to his grave."—" What ! Dead ?" exclaimed the man ; **Good God !** what an unfortunate circumstance ;—but tell me, has he left any children."—" One," answered Agrarius, who began to dislike the interrogatories of his new acquaintance. " And where is he ?"—" Here," replied the youth. The monosyllable " here," pronounced in a gentle and rather timorous voice by Agrarius, had a very surprising effect upon the person in black ; he descended from his horse, pulled off his hat, and making a low bow : " Sir," said he, respectfully, " if you are really the son of Mr. Denterville, be pleased to inform me if your father had not an aunt who resided in **** shire ? you will excuse my asking the question, but something of importance depends on the result of my inquiry."—" Yes," said Agrarius, as much disconcerted now by the sudden politeness of the man, as he had been before by his great inquisitiveness, " he had. I remember he has often mentioned her to me, and since his insolvency, had more than once been resolved to write to her for assistance."—" Then, Sir," returned the man, " she has been dead these three weeks ; no will can be found, and all her property of course descends to her nearest male relation as heir at law. I, who was her steward, have been at great trouble to ascertain who this fortunate person might be, and at length, by some papers I found in her bureau, I discovered she had a nephew, called **Richard Agrarius Denterville.** I immediately recollected the name when I saw it, as his distress had some years ago made a great noise in the world. I went directly to one of the creditors who was my acquaintance, and who luckily happened to be his former confidential friend, who had been most active in procuring his dividend, and to whom alone he had entrusted

the secret of his retirement. He told me where he was gone, and I have ridden post to this place in expectation of finding him ; if you, Sir, are his son, and if he is dead, permit me to congratulate you on your unexpected fortune, and I hope you will excuse the rudeness with which I just now questioned you."

The astonishment of Agrarius may be better conceived than expressed. He scarcely breathed ;—now he told the man to begin his narrative again, and then he abruptly interrupted him in the commencement. His eyes sparkled, his cheek glowed, his frame seemed convulsed with joy, he darted a look at the mansion of his sumptuous landlord, which had been so long the object of his envy and the pinnacle of his ambition. "Tell me," said he, with vehemence, grasping the arm of the man with one hand, and pointing to the villa before him with the finger of the other, "tell me, is the house I am now master of as spacious as that?"—"As that Sir!" repeated the man, with contempt, "Yes, of double the size."—"My God I thank thee," exclaimed the frantick youth, prostrating himself on the ground, "thou art just, thou hast graciously heard my prayers ; I shall be rich, I shall be happy. Quick, quick," continued he, turning suddenly to the man, "make haste and lead me to it."—"Sir," said the steward, "if you will ride this horse to the next town, which is but two miles distant, I will there procure you a chaise, and we shall arrive at Cawdor Castle, (for that was its name) by to-morrow evening." Agrarius, his senses almost overcome by such an unexpected and delightful evolution of fortune, immediately mounted the horse, without returning to his humble habitation, and even without remembering that such an habitation existed.

Deluded youth ! the time may arrive when that coat, contemptible as it now appears, shall become the favourite object of thy mutable wishes. Thou wilt recollect the days, the years, thou hast past within it. Thou wilt sigh for the uninterrupted

ed tranquillity it affords, and thou wilt be willing to resign thy possessions, ample as they are, to end thy days in its sequestered situation !

When they arrived at the town, the provident steward procured a ready made suit of cloths conformable to the circumstances of his master, in which Agrarius drest himself, and springing into the chaise, he arrived at Cawdor Castle on the evening of the next day.

(To be Continued.)

EVENING RECREATIONS,

BY A DESULTORY READER.

No. I.

The fire and enthusiasm which so strongly mark the writings and pourtray the character of Sappho, appear in none of her works that have descended to us, more decidedly than the following little fragment. Passionately devoted to literature herself, her whole soul is poured out in indignation against an associate who had probably derided her talents, or stigmatized her poetical labours as unsuited to her sex and condition.

TO AN ILLITERATE WOMAN—FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

UNKNOWN unheeded shalt thou die,
And no memorial shall proclaim,
That once beneath the upper sky
Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the muses' bowers
Didst thou with glowing heart repair,
Nor ever intertwine the flowers
That fancy strews unnumber'd there.

Doom'd o'er that dreary realm, alone,
 Shunn'd by the gentler shades, to go,
 No friend shall soothe, nor parent own
 The child of sloth, the muse's foe.

ON NOSES—FROM THE GREEK OF AMMIANUS.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
 (So long his nose is, and his arms so short;)
 Nor ever cries "God bless me" when he sneezes ;
 He cannot hear so *distant* a report.

The nose has been a frequent subject of ridicule and controversy long before the time of Sterne's *Slaukenburgius*. Among the anonymous Greek epigrams is one describing the nose of a person which supplied him with all the comforts and conveniences of life. "The nose of Castor is a spade when he digs, a trumpet when he snores, an anchor at sea, a plough in the field," &c. with a multitude of other extravagances. In another epigram, written by no less considerable a poet than the Emperor Trajan, and with nearly an equal regard to probability, we find that one of his courtiers was proprietor of a nose which might easily be converted into a sun-dial.

Let Dick some summer's day expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant mouth to cause
 Its shade to fall upon his jaws ;
 With nose so long and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders side by side,
 Dick with a very little trial
 Would make an excellent sun-dial.

Another was happy enough to wear a nose which, in case of fire might be applied to the purpose of a ladder, down which the family might descend from their chambers into the street:

When Timothy's house was on fire t'other night,
 The wretched old man almost died with the fright ;
 For ropes and for water he bawl'd 'till half mad,
 For no water was near and no ropes to be had :
 The fire still grew hotter, and Tim still grew madder ;
 Till he thought of Dick's nose and it serv'd for a ladder.

Long and short noses will ever have their most violent partizans in the Roman and the Negro. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* The epigram which gave occasion to this note has helped to furnish Sir Thomas Brown with one of the most amusing chapters in his "Vulgar Errors"—that on saluting a person who sneezes. He proves it to be of the oldest origin, from Apuleus, in his story of the fuller's wife ; from Pliny, in that problem of his, "*cur sternutantes salutantur ;*" and there are reports that Tiberius the emperor, otherwise a very sour man, would perform this rite most punctually unto others, and expect it in return. Petronius Arbiter, who was pro-consul of Bythinia, in the reign of Nero, mentions it in these words : "*Gyton collectione spiritus plenus, ter continuo ita sternutavit, at gravatum concuteret, ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus, Salvere Gytona jubet.*" *Cælius Rhodoginus* hath an example hereof among the Greeks, far ancienter than these, that is, in the time of Cyrus the younger ; when, consulting about their retreat, it chanced that one of them sneezed : at the noise whereof one of them called upon Jupiter Soter. He thus gives the epigram in English.

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,
 His hand too little is his nose to gripe ;
 He sneezing calls not Jove ; for why ? he hears
 Himself not sneeze, the sound's so far from his ears.

Now the ground of this ancient custom, says Brown, was probably the opinion the ancients held of sternutation, which they generally conceived to be a good sign or bad, and so upon this motion, accordingly used a salve or *zeu sosen*, as a

gratulation for the one, and a deprecation from the other. “ Of sneezing, sayeth Aristotle, they honour it as somewhat sacred.” He then continues to show in what cases sneezing is a good or bad sign, how much of a man’s future successes or misfortunes depend on the hand in which he sneezes ; what battles have been lost owing to the general sneezing into his left hand, &c. Brown’s *Vulgar Errors*, lib. 4. cap. 9..

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

In the fair and courteous days of France, when a gay and half-romantic gallantry was the universal taste of the young and old, the lofty and the humble, *Madame la Mare-schale de Mirepoix*, already in the winter of her days, but with more wit and warmth of imagination than most of the youngest and gayest ladies of the court, sent to her old admirer *M. le duc de Nivernois*, a lock of her grey hair, accompanied by some very elegant verses, descriptive of the regard she felt for him, which age could neither extinguish nor diminish. The Duke’s reply is one of the sweetest specimens of tenderness and gayety that I ever remember to have met with.

Quoi ! vous parler de cheveux blancs ?
 Laissons, laissons courir le tems :
 Que nous importe son ravage ?
 Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts,
 Les amours sont toujours enfants,
 Et les graces sont de tout age.

Pour moi, *Themire*, je le sens,
 Je suis toujours en mon printems,
 Quand je vous offre mon hommage.
 Si je n’avois que dix-huit ans,
 Que pouvois amer plus long-tems,
 Mais non pas amer d’avantage.

For the consolation of those English ladies, who, like *M. M. de Mirepoix*, are growing grey, and to assure them that

the aged themselves, though not likely to make new conquests, have at least the power of retaining the admirers of their youth, I venture to insert this rude copy of a beautiful original.

Talk not of snowy locks—have done,
Time runs the same and let him run ;
To us what boots the tyrant's rage ?
He knows not tender hearts so sever,
The little loves are infants ever,
The graces are of every age.

To thee, Themira, when I bow,
Forever in my spring I glow,
And more in years approve thee.
Could I to gay sixteen return,
With longer ardour I might burn,
But, dearer, could not love thee.

AN EVENING ON THE WATER.

The tranquil manner in which we glided along the interesting scenery, afforded the most soothing and delightful sensations to my heart. This fascinating calm was now and then agreeably interrupted in passing the different towns, by the barking of the watch dog, or the striking of the clock. Sometimes, from the summit of a mountain, where I could just descry the cross shapen spire, we heard the tinkling of the convent bell, summoning the pious inhabitants to their midnight services. Twice, in passing a lonely tower, we distinguished the distant voice of the wakeful sentry going his destined rounds ; how many interesting objects ! and with how many more might I swell the catalogue ! such as the tinkling of the sheep's bells, and the lowing of the cattle among the herbage, and now and then the call of the boatmen to each other. When you consider that every sound trembles with such frequent reverberations along the river, or is reflected back from rock to rock with seven-fold repetition, you may conceive

how much it must increase the effect of every murmur that broke the stillness. Just before day break, I desired Giovanni to take my horn, and give some of his best airs, in his best and most sonorous manner. The effect was grand beyond description, the sound echoed from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, and seemed to extend for many miles up and down the river. For the last air he gave, with great propriety,

“ Tell me babbling echo, why,” &c.

after which I desired him to sing it ; and how often since have I repeated the closing words of that beautiful song ;

From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring, let it ring, from vale to vale !

Oh ! thou wizard stream ! how frequently shall I look back to the many delightful hours, days and weeks, which I have passed by thy tide ! If streams are the haunts of faeries, how must thy enchanted borders be thronged by the light footed train ! Yes, my friend, in the dull hours that future life may chance to bring with it, I shall often look back to these delicious scenes of enjoyment ; or when sickness turns me pale, and imprisons me in the narrow precincts of a chamber, I will then court the faery sisterhood to weave for me anew those enchanted visions that so much captivated my imagination, whilst alternately gliding on the surface, or wandering on the margin of my favourite river !

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Letter from Europe.

THE VIGIL.

no. 1.

Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati ;
 Quidvè amicitias, usus rectum utrum trahat nos,
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Hor.

To the recluse who calmly surveys the actions and pursuits of the world, it is a subject of wonder to contemplate the eagerness with which men pursue the phantom happiness. It is an *ignis fatuus* which all can touch yet none can describe. Though no two persons travel in the same path, yet every one believes that he has found the true road to this faery castle ; and Hope, smiling and elastic, still beckons him foward, until he becomes the victim of delusion, and a long night of despair and old age succeeds the gay sunshine of infatuation and youth.

That these disappointments generally arise from our adopting the passions instead of reason as a guide, is universally acknowledged. The obligations which we owe to each other as individuals are indelibly stamped upon our minds by an Omnipotent hand, and they are so clearly indicated to our apprehensions, that they are never infringed without a consciousness of the violation. Even the untutored savage of the wilderness conceals what he has stolen from another. But in this respect the great fault is that we do not tame the licentious extravagance of our dispositions to the practice of those duties, which we know ought to be performed.

Enter a circle of fashionable society and observe how variously the persons are employed. The fire side is flanked by a crowd of coxcombs whose emulation is confined to the size of a watch seal or the cut of a coat. Some of them are clerks in compting houses, whose education has not been extended beyond the knowledge of figures and the mechanical use of a pen. In such persons these follies may be palliated—But in general they are probationary members of professions

where the gravity of reflection is expected to take the place of idleness and frivolity : instead of pushing forward with eagerness, to those stations in society which are the rewards of industry, of perseverance and of honesty, they " lie awake whole nights to carve the fashion of a new doublet," and spend the next day in displaying it in the streets. Yet these beings know no moments of infelicity, save when they are greeted by the unwelcome salutation of a dun, that monster

— abhorred by Gods and Men.

In another part of the circle you may find an ancient spinster, who practised the seemingly reluctant assent at her toilet in the days of the revolution, and still plays the same arts upon the sons and grand-sons of its heroes. The occupation is as delightful now as it was then, because expectation still promises success. Nigh to her you may see another at a card table—in spite of her wrinkles you may read in her features the legible lines of some of the vilest passions that corrode our nature.—She tells you, that it is an innocent amusement, and she only plays to *pass away the time*. But remark the eagerness with which she inspects the cards : see hope and fear and doubt alternately striving for the mastery on her pale cheek—with what anxiety she awaits her adversary's play : how quickly she grasps her portion of the pitiful stake, or with what indignant eyes she beholds it swept into the more successful purse of another ! Follow her to the midnight embers of her own hearth. A husband, whose mind has been distracted through the day by the vexations of business, now sleeps, unconscious of the criminal extravagance of her whose comfort was the object of his toil. Does such a woman possess a single emotion of sensibility, and can she meditate without self *réproach* ? Does she enjoy happiness ? if she do, then have avarice and meanness lost their names, and vice no longer wears an hideous aspect. The reign of the Eumenides is revived, and libations of wine and honey shall again be poured upon the earth. Ah ! no, deceive not thyself aged

gambler, disease with his baleful breath will soon accost thee : thy honours will then avail thee nought, and thou wilt find that a phantom has won the *odd trick*. Health no longer waves her poppies o'er thy couch, and serenity cannot infuse her balm into thy mind.—Unhonoured will pass the solitary moments of old age and no tear of regret shall bedew thy cold grave.

ALBANY.

THE VIGIL.

NO. II.

He reads much ;
He is a great observer ; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men—*Shakespeare*.

WERE an old Athenian to be now raised from the dead and permitted to appear amongst us, one of the first questions perhaps that he would ask, would be, where are your philosophers ? In what gardens do they promulgate wisdom ? What tenets do they hold ? Do they follow Socrates, Zeno, Plato, Epicurus or Aristotle ? Or have they discovered new systems for attaining the chief good that escaped the discernment of these once renowned masters of wisdom.

Our answer would no doubt fill him with surprize if not contempt. Philosophers ! we should say, we have none. The only pursuit thought worthy of man amongst us, is that of wealth. We have long since found out the chief good, and we are all of one opinion that it is the acquisition of money. Do you seek our aged proficients in wisdom ? Go to the exchange, the market and the forum. Do you seek the young living abstemiously, inhabiting huts covered with straw, confined to the limits of a garden, and passing the vigour of their youth in learning to be virtuous ? Our's reason

far differently. Youth is the season of gayety, of vigour, of licentiousness. Let us live while we live, say they. Let us enjoy every gratification in our power: nor think of wasting our prime in the dull pursuit of science or of virtue. Do you ask for our lyceums, our academies; do you wish to be led to the banks of a new Ilissus or Cephisus, to contemplate the seats of your ancestors, renovated here in all the lustre of ancient Greece. We have none such. We have neither sages to teach, nor pupils that would stop to hear, the art of becoming good and wise. Our rivers roll on in silence their bil-lows to the ocean, nor are they ever invoked in their progress to listen to the harmony of the muses or to reverence the ma-jesty of wisdom.

However such language would astonish an Athenian of the age of Pericles, to us it appears nothing extraordinary. Fashions have changed with times, and opinions with circum-stances; we indeed think it singular that there ever should have been a race of men such as the ancient philoso-phers, whose life and study was devoted to the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue. In the environs of Athens, between the two rivers, Ilissus and Cephisus, were seated the gardens of these philosophers. Held by them as their inheritance, each of them with his scholars spent his life there, and on his death appointed an heir to his garden as regularly as a monarch does to his dominions.—Here, attended by crowds of young men, living on the plainest fare, and enduring themselves to absti-nence and hardships, they pursued the delightful employ-ment of searching into truth. They all variously enquiring for and practising according their different systems, that good which was chiefly worthy the attainment of a natural and dignified being such as man.

Seated in the shade of these gardens they smiled at the pursuits of avarice and ambition. Free from the ravaging diseases of the mind, which destroy not less than those of the body, they attained an uncommon period of old age: and

displayed, at the most advanced years, a brilliancy of genius beyond that of ordinary men in the prime of life. They approached nearest to a state of true happiness during life, and have attained in the works of themselves and their historians, that immortality of fame which is the ambition of noble minds.

These men, we are told, differed from all the Greeks of the time, in their appearance and physiognomy, and formed a peculiar race of people. They were all remarkable for a paleness of countenance in contrast with the dark shade of their beards and hair. The orbits of their eyes and the bones of their cheeks were prominent, and the whole body lean and shrivelled; yet little subject to disease, they attained a great age, and preserved to the last moment a sound mind in a body apparently delicate.

This description, it must be confessed, ill suits with any of the present time. Those educated and practising according to the maxims of our philosophy, may be described in terms totally different. A good liver, or in other words, the practical philosopher according to our chief good, is of a ruddy countenance, agreeing well with the plumpness of his general frame. The orbits of his eyes are small; his cheeks more prominent in flesh than bone: and the whole body well filled and inclining to rotundity. They do not live remarkably long nor are they, by any means, free from frequent disease. They exhaust their science in practice: having neither industry nor inclination to communicate their slender knowledge to others.

The gardens of the Greek philosophers have long been effaced, nor are any traces of them to be found among the degraded people who now occupy that illustrious corner of the globe. They have no imitators in modern times, nor are likely to have, owing either to the superior intelligence of latter generations, who have perceived the folly of the speculations of these famous men in seeking the chief good, while

we understand it without search; or that nature has not since recast any of those sublime geniuses with which she once illuminated the world.

CHEVALIER D'EON.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

In the vast rage of biographical history, from the darkest period down to the present time, there never perhaps, has been found a combination of events so remarkable—an assumption of character so various, and in many cases directly opposite, as in the life of this most extraordinary personage. After having sustained for the first fifty years, and in the most distinguished manner, the character of a scholar, a soldier and statesman, we suddenly and unexpectedly find M. D'Eon assuming the dress, and apparently with great reluctance submitting to be taken for a woman; and it is not till upwards of thirty years afterwards, that, on his death bed, are verified, beyond the possibility of doubt, his claims to the personal as well as mental distinctions of a man. As some of the account of the principal events which have marked the life of this mysterious being, may not be unacceptable to the public, the following brief sketch is submitted, and its authenticity may be relied upon:—

“ Charles Genevien Louise Auguste Andree Timothee D'Eon de Beaumont, was born at Tonnere, in Burgundy, on the 27th October, 1727, of an ancient family. He received his education at the College Mazarin, at Paris. After the death of his father, he was patronized by the Prince of Conti, and was presented by Louis XV. with a cornetcy of Dragoons.

" In the year 1755, he was employed under the Chevalier Douglas, in transacting a negociation of a most delicate and important nature at the court of St. Petersburgh, which by their means was reconciled to France.

" The Chevalier at the time of his first coming over to England, was captain of dragoons in the French service, and secretary to the duke de Nivernois, in which character he behaved so much to the duke's satisfaction, that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, got M. D'Eon appointed minister plenipotentiary in his room. In this situation he remained until superceded by the count de Guerchy.

" From this period until the death of Louis XV. M. D'Eon continued to reside in England, destitute, it is true, of any official character, but honoured with the notice and friendship of the most distinguished persons in this country.—And here we enter upon a circumstance of D'Eon's life now rendered as mysterious in its origin, as it is wonderful in its successful concealment for so many years. Some faint rumours had spread at various preceding periods, that M. D'Eon was a woman, and, in addition to certain feminine appearances in his voice and person, still stronger surmise was indulged, especially at Petersburg, on account of the total indifference, and even aversion as to all affairs of gallantry constantly exhibited by D'Eon towards the females of that voluptuous court, where amorous intrigue is well known to have mixed itself on most occasions with political events. Not that the manners or deportment of D'Eon were either harsh or forbidding towards women, but the extreme caution with which he always avoided any private or particular intercourse with them, gave strength to the doubts excited as to his sex; and other circumstances concurring (the detail of which our present limits forbid,) at this time to place the sexual claim of D'Eon, as a woman, on the most absolute footing of proof both in France and England, he assumed the female dress, and from the year 1777, down to his death was universally regarded as

a woman. The first few years after this metamorphosis were passed by, M. D'Eon arrived in France, where if the merits of the newly established Demoiselle are to be estimated by the reception she met at the court of Louis XVI. and the expressions of esteem made to her by almost every person in the kingdom—she was deserving of the highest praise.—About the year 1785, M. D'Eon returned to England, where he has resided ever since.

“ In the year 1777, we find such strong doubts entertained of his sex as to produce wages to a large amount, and a curious trial before lord Mansfield. *

“ It is now evident that the fraud of the Gambling Policies was the result of a direct conspiracy, to which the Chevalier himself must have been a party. On the above trial, it was sworn by M. de Morande and M. le Goux, on the testimony of *ocular demonstration*, that the Chevalier was a female. He affected to quarrel with M. de Morande for the discovery, but finally acquiesced in the falsehood, and put on the female habit. The verdict on the case tried was afterwards set aside, upon the act requiring an interest in cases of assurance for life. But many thousand pounds were paid by gentlemen, who considered the debts as *debts of honour*.—It now becomes a question, whether in point of honour, the sums ought not to be refunded, as we presume there is no *prescription* in debts of honour.

“ Since the year 1778, little has been heard of the Chevalier. The French revolution, fatal to so many establishments, deprived him also of a pension granted by Louis XVth, and confirmed by his successor. For a few subsequent years, the sale of part of his effects, and the profits of a publick fencing exhibition in various parts of the United Kingdom, enabled M. D'Eon to subsist with decency, but the increasing weight of age, and infirmities, gradually rendered him incapable of these exertions, and for many years past he has been struggling with poverty and distress.

* Vide Cwp. 729. *Da Cesta v. Jones.*

“ For these two years past, M. D'Eon scarcely ever quitted his bed, though it was only within these few months that he has laid aside the pen. His health gradually grew weaker, and at length an extreme state of debility ensued, which terminated in his death on Monday se'nnight, about 10 o'clock.—It was not till after his decease that Madame Cole, the old and respected friend of the Chevalier, whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, she had shared for many years, on performing the last sad office to her friend, of laying out the corpse, found it was that of a man. After the first surprise had subsided, the discovery was the next morning communicated to some of the Chevalier's intimate friends, who judged that it would be proper to ascertain all points relative to so singular an occurrence ; and accordingly on Wednesday last, in the presence of the Pere Elize, who had attended the Chevalier in his last illness, Mr. Wilson, the professor of anatomy, Mr. Ring, and Mr. Burton, two respectable surgeons, Sir Sidney Smith, the hon. Mr. Littleton, the hon. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Hoskins, a respectable solicitor, Mr. Richardson, bookseller, of Cornhill—the body was examined, and proved beyond a doubt, by the certificate of Mr. T. Copeland, the surgeon, to be a male. That all doubt of the identity of the person might be removed, some persons of the first respectability were called upon, who gave their positive tistimony that the person then before them was the same who had always passed for the Chevalier or the Chevaliere D'Eon. M. D'Eon has left two if not three nephews, of the name of O'Gonman, related, also, we believe, to the noble family of Thomond, in *Ireland*. None of those gentlemen are however in *England* at this time.

“ This body of this extraordinary character has undergone not the only anatomical inspection of the whole faculty, but also of many hundreds of the most distinguished *Curiosity* of the metropolis. Strange to say, the *female* visitants have exceeded those of the other sex as three to one. His

highness, the Duke of *Gloucester*, and several other persons of distinction, were among the latter. It lies in a handsome oak coffin, covered with black cloth, and a black velvet cross on the lid, at the house of Mrs. Cole, in New Millman st. to whose benevolent kindness and attention, the Chevalier was indebted for the principal comforts of his latter days. A cast was taken from the face on Friday. It is proposed to inter the body in St. Pancras Church-yard the day after to-morrow. The Chevalier had completed the 84th year of his age.

“ The declaration now made of the sex of this generally supposed *female* character, is likely to give rise to several actions, for the recovery of sums unjustly paid by various underwriters on the faith given to a certificate, after an examination of surgeons, 33 years ago ; several of these duped paymasters being still alive to reclaim such sums, and many of the *payees* also remaining in existence to answer such demands of re-payment. It may be remembered, that immediately after this pecuniary speculation was decided, the Chevalier assumed the female habit ; which to keep up the imposture, was worn to the day of death.

TRANSLATED FROM A PARIS PAPER.

To the Conductors of the Gazette de France.

GENTLEMEN,

The Journals of Paris have extracted from the English papers an article on the death of *La Chevaliere D'Eon*, which I cannot view in any other light than as an attempt at mystery. This article, which gives an account of a pretended inspection and anatomical operation on the body after her decease (the result of which goes to establish that she was of the male sex) contains as many lies as lines ; and I shall proceed to lay before you, in opposition to that account, unsupported as

it is by evidence, details which are supported by authentick documents and irrefragable proofs.

It was in the year 1777 that the French minister requested that the *Chevaliere D'Eon* would return to her native country in female attire. The person who was charged with the mission was M. Tort, who had been acquainted with her in England, and whom I had defended at the Chatelet, in her suit with the count, since the duke of Guisnes. It was supposed that I should have some influence in promoting the object of the negociation, and I accompanied him to London. In the coference we had with Mademoiselle D'Eon, I addressed her thus :—“To ask if Mademoiselle D'Eon, loves glory, would be to forget all she has done to acquire it; but does she not act contrary to her true interest by refusing, since she is confessedly a woman, to return to France dressed as it becomes a woman? Let us suppose that she continues to appear in her assumed dress, and that she presents herself adorned with her cross, she will be regarded merely as a chevalier of St. Louis, and she will be confounded with a thousand personages who wear that decoration; but let her appear in a female attire, and with her cross, in the publick walks at the theatres, assemblies, &c. she could not fail to attract universal attention—there is not an individual in France, in Europe, what do I say, no not in the whole world, who could be mistaken in her person.—Every admiring spectator, who had sense enough to know his own name would exclaim on seeing her—there is Mademoiselle D'Eon! Because she is the only woman in the world who has acquired by her merit that honourable distinction.”

She seemed struck with my observations, confessed that she felt the force of them, promised to follow me, and assured me that she would be in Paris in three weeks.

The *Chevaliere* kept her word and honoured me with a visit at my apartments, Rue de Foin St. Jacques, in the house formerly known by the name of *Hotel de la Reine*

Blanche. Here Mademoiselle Bertin, mantua maker to the Queen came to take measure, and to invest her with woman's clothes. My wife attended, and assisted at the toilet. She remained about three months in my family. During that time several of my friends saw and dined in company with her. She went afterwards to reside at Versailles.

I could give a circumstantial account of her reception at court, the occurrences there, her disgrace, her retirement to Tonnerre, where I passed ten days with her on my return from an excursion to Franche Compte ; and could relate the circumstances which attended her journey to London, in 1785, but this would be a good subject for a history, and there is no occasion for such a narrative in this place.

In 1791, two objects, one personal, and the other connected with the interest of a client, rendered it necessary for me to repair to England. On my arrival in London, I waited upon the Chevaliere, who never suffered me to take up my abode any where except in her house, No. 38, Brewer-street, Golden-square. My stay was unexpectedly prolonged. I arrived in the capital in the end of May and could not get away till the beginning of November. About a fortnight previously to my departure, my hostess was seized with a violent cholick, and so acute were the spasms, that her life appeared to be in imminent danger. M. De Lariviere wrote to the Marchioness De Lambert, his particular friend, who was indisposed ; ' I have in my heart, and in my disposition, a natural and compassionate tenderness for all who suffer ; pity employs but does not fatigue me ' In offering her his services, he added—' take me at my word. I will go and take care of you. I have no longer any sex, I will not interfere with your delicacy.' What M. De Lariviere wrote to the Marchioness, I repeated to Mademoiselle D'Eon. And well I might do so, for she was then 63 years old, and I was on the borders of my fiftieth.

During the whole time that she was in danger, which was 26 hours, I never left her, day nor night: nothing afforded her relief but the application of heated napkins to her stomach, renewing the application as frequently as possible. Assuredly in the course of the services rendered to her on this occasion, it was impossible to keep me in ignorance as to her sex. On my return to France she wrote to me, and pressed me to return to London; but I rejected all her intreaties.

The following year some members of the Assembly engaged her to come forward. *She offered her services either for war or for negotiations*, which were not accepted; and that is the inference to be deduced from a letter brought to my hand, by a singular accident, which she wrote to her mother the 4th July, 1802, in which she signs herself—‘your dear daughter, the Chevaliere D’Eon.’

In 1802, I had occasion to recal myself to her recollection. She wrote a long letter to me, dated 24th July, in which she gave me an account of several particulars, and spoke of some persons of our acquaintance. She said to me—‘That she did not set out in February, because she had fallen sick, and had not from that time left her house, her chamber, or her bed.’ She continues. ‘You know well that I am not an emigrant, inasmuch as I have been in this country since 1785, on account of my grand law suit against the heir of the late Lord Admiral Feriers, and that law suit is not yet terminated. I have by me, since 1792, my passports from the French Republick, authorizing me to return to France; but in order to have nothing to reproach myself with, I intend to return before the 1st Vendemaire, year I, in order to conform to the Decree of our hero Bonaparte, the saviour of France and of Europe. At present, my cares are devoted altogether to my health, and to the collection of a little money, to return to France. It is easier for me to recover my health, than to obtain all the money due to me on account of my pension of 12,000 livres, which I have not

touched since 1792. I beseech you to tell your very dear and amiable wife, that Mademoiselle D'Eon now blesses the Providence, that in 1777, obliged her to resume her first robe of innocence, &c. I am, for life and for death, your devoted servant, Genevieve D'Eon.'

From this time forth I received no account from her, either directly or indirectly. The fragments of this letter, which I lay before your eyes, prove, as I have stated to you, the falsehood of the statements contained in the article alluded to. You will observe by it, first, that the Chevaliere, did not live unknown at Tonnerre till 1792, inasmuch as she was in London since 1785; that it is not true that she offered her services to the convention, inasmuch as it was in 1792 that she corresponded with the national assembly; that she received passports from that assembly, and took passports from the English government, which is precisely the contrary of what the article says, 'that she came to England about that time,' for about that time she was ready to depart from it.

The pretended judgment of the court of King's Bench, and the alledged order of the French government, which caused her to belong to the feminine sex, are not more genuine, neither the one or the other. There were certainly wagers among the English, who are, as every one knows, great wager-makers, on the subject of her sex, during the time when she lived among them, under the name and habit of the chevalier D'Eon, but the judgment of the court declared the wagers void, as being *contra bonos meres*, and decided nothing upon her sex. I remember that the Chevaliere, who had at the same time a quarrel with the Sieur Caron De Beaumarchais, and caused a pamphlet to be printed on the occasion, returned thanks to the English judge for the manner in which he expressed his sentiments.

As to the supposed order of the French government to force her to dress herself as a woman, though she was a man—would common sense admit of it? From what motive

so absurd, unreasonable, and immoral could such an order be intimated ? But, above all, supposing the Chevaliere to be Chevalier D'Eon, how is it possible to suppose he could have been so base and spiritless a heart as to submit to that order, and shamefully to wear the dress of a woman ? There have been instances of women who felt themselves possessed of sufficient courage to support the characters of men and to dress themselves as men ; but the masquerades of men assuming the characters of women, without some tincture of madness in the case, are very rare indeed. And it would not, perhaps be easy to find a single parallel for that of the abbe De Choisy, whose scandalous history we have under the title of '*The Countess De Barres*,' who passed the first years of his manhood in the dress of a woman, in order to satisfy a disposition for libertinism.

But Mademoiselle D'Eon returning and resuming her female habits after she had passed her 48th year, has nothing in common with such a precedent. Besides, her morals were always pure and innocent ; and the most inveterate of her enemies, when compelled to do her justice on this head, never spoke of her otherwise than in terms of respect. What plausible motive can there be conceived to give a colour for this vile masquerade ? The will of the French ministry ? But for a long time previous there was no ministry ; no ministers who could have the least interest in this disguise. Her pension ? She no longer received it, as is seen by her letter, and moreover, would this pension have obliged her to use fiction, even with her mother ? And is it to be supposed, that in writing to her mother, she would have signed *your dear daughter*, if she had been a male. For surely it will not be disputed that the mother must have known something of the fact.

Indeed, it appears to me impossible, that the article alluded to has been drawn up in London, such as it appears in the Paris papers ; for it is impossible the Londoners could forget that in 1787 she had a fencing match (*assaut*

d'armes) in that city, with St. George, in the presence of the princes, which was the subject of a painting, the engraving made from which is every day presented to our eyes on the quays, and in the print shops every where.

In 1791, while I was with her, the proprietors of Vauxhall gave her a benefit, which was placarded at all the corners of the streets. What? was she then obscurely vegetating at Tonnerre? Is it to be conceived that in a city like London, not one will recollect events of so publick a nature? There is not a thing in that article which is not an insult to truth, without excepting even the age allotted to her. Her death is stated to have taken place the 21st May, 1810, at the age of 79 years; but she was born at Tonnerre, the 5th October, 1728, and must, therefore, be 82 years old instead of 79.

From all this, it is to be concluded, that the article is but a story inserted in a journal to fill a column; or that, if it has any foundation, if the pretended examination of the body has taken place, it must have been some adventurer, who made use of her name, to profit by the interest which she would inspire; and that all those who are named as witnesses were deceived, and certified an error.

This opinion leads us to the consoling idea, that she is not dead, and I do not yet despair, of receiving one day her acknowledgements for the proofs I give in your journal, of my zeal for her glory, and of the attachment I owe to the friendship she showed for me, and that I sincerely felt for her.

FALCONNET, Ancien Avocat.

MILITIA MUSTER.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Fugey,

I happened not long since to be present at the muster of a captain's company in a remote part of one of the counties, and as no general description could convey an accurate idea of the achievements of that day, I must be permitted to go a little into the detail, as well as my recollection will serve me.

The men had been notified to meet at nine o'clock, 'armed and equipped as the law directs,' that is to say, with a gun and cartridge box at least, but, as directed by a law of the United States, 'with a good firelock, a sufficient bayonet and belt and a pouch with a box to contain not less than twenty-four sufficient cartridges of powder and ball.' At twelve, about one third, perhaps one half of the men had collected, and an inspector's return of the number present, and of their arms would have stood nearly thus : 1 captain, 1 lieutenant ; ensign, none ; fifers none ; privates, present, 23 ; ditto absent, 50 ; guns, 15 ; gunlocks, 12 ; ramrods, 10 ; rifle pouches 3 ; bayonets, none ; horsewhips, walking canes, and umbrellas 22. A little before one, the captain, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Clodpole, gave directions for forming the line of parade. In obedience to this order, one of the sergeants, whose lungs had long supplied the place of a drum and fife, placed himself in front of the house, and began to bawl with great vehemence, ' All captain Clodpole's company to parade here ! Come GENTLEMEN, parade here ! ' says he, ' and all you that hasn't guns fall into the lower end.' He might have bawled till this time with as little success as the Syrens sung to Ulysses had he not changed his post to a neighbouring shade. There he was immediately joined by all who were then at leisure ; the others were at that time engaged, either as parties

or spectators, at a game of fives, and could not just then attend. However, in less than half an hour the game was finished, and the captain enabled to form his company and proceed in the duties of the day.

Look to the right, and dress !

They were soon, by the help of the non-commissioned officers, placed in a straight line, but as every man was anxious to see how the rest stood, those on the wings pressed forward for the purpose, till the whole line assumed nearly the form of a crescent.

‘ Why look at ’em,’ says the captain—‘ why gentlemen you are all a crooking here at both *eends*, so that you will get on to me by and by—come gentlemen, *dress ! dress !*’

This was accordingly done, but impelled by the same motive as before, they soon resumed their former figure, and so they were permitted to remain.

Now gentlemen, says the captain, I am going to carry you through the *revolutions* of the manual exercise, and I want you gentlemen, to pay particular attention to the word of command, *jist* exactly as I give it out to you. I hope you will have a little patience, gentleman, if you please, and I’ll be as short as possible, and if I be a going wrong, I will be much obliged to any of you gentlemen, to put me right again, for I mean all for the best, and I hope you will excuse me, if you please. And one thing, gentlemen, I must caution you against, in particular, and that is this, not to make any mistakes if you can possibly help it ; and the best way to do this, will be to do all the motions right at first, and that will also help us to get along so much the faster, and we’ll try to have it over as soon as possible.—Come, boys, come to the shoulder.

Poise, foolk !

Cock, foolk ! Very handsomely done.

Take, aim !

Ram down cartridge ! No ! no ! *Fire !* I recollect now

that firing comes next after taking aim, according to Steuben; but with your permission gentlemen, I'll *read* the words just exactly as they are printed in the book, and then I shall be sure to be right. 'O yes ! read it captain, read it (exclaimed twenty voices at once) that will save time.'

'Tention the whole then ; please to observe, gentlemen, that at the word of *fire* ! you must fire, that is, if any of your guns are *loaden'd*, you must not shoot in *year'ncst*, but only make pretence like, and you gentlemen fellow-soldiers, who's armed with nothing but sticks, riding-switches and corn-stalks, need'n't go through the firings, but stand as you are, and keep yourselves to yourselves.

Half cock, folk ! Very well done.

S, h, u, t, (spelling) *Shet pan !* That *too* would have been very handsomely done, if you had'n't handled catridge instead of shettin pan, but I suppose you want noticing. Now 'tention one and all gentlemen, and do that motion again.

Shet pan ! Very good, very well indeed, you did that motion equal to any old soldier—you improve 'stonishingly.

Handle, catridge ! Pretty well, considering you did it wrong end foremost, as if you took the catridge out of your mouth and bit off the twist with the catridge-box.

Draw rammer ! Those that havn't no rammer to their guns need not draw, but only make the motion ; it will do just as well, and save a great deal of time.

Return rammer ! Very well again ! But that would have been done, I think, with greater expertness, if you had performed the motion with a little more dexterity.

S, h, o, u, l,—Shoulder folk ! Very handsomely done indeed ! Put your guns on the other shoulder, gentlemen.

Order, folk ! Not quite so well, gentlemen—not quite altogether, but perhaps I did not speak loud enough for you to hear me all at once. Try once more if you please ; I hope you will be patient gentlemen, we will soon be through.

*Order, folk ! Handsomely done, gentlemen ! very handsomely done ! and altogether too, except that a few of you were a *leetle* too soon, and some others a *leetle* too late.*

In laying down your guns, gentlemen, take care to lay the locks up and the other sides down.

'Tention the whole ! Ground folk ! Very well.

Charge, bayonet ! (some of the men)—That can't be right, captain : pray look again, for how can we charge bayonet without our guns ?

(Captain.) I don't know as to that, but I know I'm right, for here 'tis printed in the book—c, h, a, r, yes, charge bayonet, that's right, that's the word, if I know how to read ; come, gentlemen, do pray charge bayonet ! Charge, I say ! Why don't you charge ? Do you think it ain't so ? Do you think I have lived to this time o'day and don't know what charge bayonet is ? Here, come and see for yourselves ; it's plain as the nose on your fa—stop—stay—no ! halt ! no ! no ! Faith I'm wrong ! I turned over two leaves at once, but I beg your pardon ; gentlemen we will not stay out long, and we'll have something to drink as soon as we have done. Come boys, get up off the stumps and logs and take up your guns, we'll soon be done ; excuse me if you please.

Fix bayonet !

*Advance, arms ! Very well done, turn the stocks of your guns in front gentlemen, and that will bring the barrels behind ; and hold them strait up and down if you please. Let go with your left hand and take hold with your right just below the guard. Steuben says the gun must be held p, e, r, *petic'lar*—yes, you must always mind and hold your guns very *petic'lar*. Now boys—'tention the whole !*

Present, arms ! Very handsomely done ! hold the guns over t'other knee ; t'other hand up—turn your hands round a little, and raise them up higher—draw the other foot back ! Now you are nearly right—very well done, GENTLEMEN ; you have improved vastly since I first saw you ; you are getting

too slick for taller! What a charming thing it is to see men under good discipline! Now, GENTLEMEN, we come to the *revolutions*—but, lord, men, you have got all in a sort of a snark, as I may say: how did you get all into such a higglety pigglety.

The fact was, the shade had moved considerably to the eastward, and had exposed the right wing of these hardy veterans to a galling fire of the sun. Being but poorly provided with umbrellas at this end of the line, they found it convenient to follow the shade, and in huddling to the left for this purpose, they had changed the figure of their line from that of a crescent to one which more nearly resembles a pair of pot-hooks.

“Come, gentlemen,” (says the captain) “spread yourselves out again into a straight line, and let us get into the wheelings and other matters as soon as possible.”

But this was strenuously opposed by the soldiers. They objected to going into these *revolutions* at all, inasmuch as the weather was extremely hot, and they already had been kept in the field upwards of three quarters of an hour. They reminded the captain of his repeated promise to be as short as he possibly could, and it was clear he could dispense with all this same wheeling and flourishing if he chose. They were already very thirsty, and if he would not dismiss them, they declared they would go off without dismission and get something to drink, and he might fine them if that would do him any good; they were able to pay their fine, but could not go without drink to please any body, and they swore they would never vote for another captain who wished to be so unreasonably strict.

The captain behaved with great spirit on this occasion, and a smart colloquy ensued; when at length becoming exasperated to the last degree, he roundly asserted that no soldier ought never to think *hard* of the orders of his officer; and finally he went so far as to say that he did not think any

gentleman on that ground had any just cause to be offended with him :—The dispute was finally settled by the captain's sending for some grog for their present accommodation, and agreeing to omit reading the military law, as directed by a late act, and also all the military manœuvres, except two or three such easy and simple ones as could be performed within the compass of the shade. After they had drank their grog, and had spread themselves, they were divided into platoons.

‘Tention the whole ! *To the right wheel !* Each man faced to the right about.

Why, Gentlemen ! I didn't mean for every man to stand still and turn himself *nayturally* right round ; but when I told you to the right I intended for you to wheel round to the right as it were.—Please to try that again, gentlemen ; every right hand must stand fast, and only the others turn round

In a previous part of the exercise, it had, for the purpose of sizing, been necessary to denominate every second person a right hand man. A very natural consequence was, that on the present occasion those right hand men maintained their position, all the intermediate ones facing about as before.

Why look at' em now ! exclaimed the captain, in extreme vexation ; I'll be d—d if you can understand a word I say. Excuse me gentlemen, but it *rayly* seems as if you could not come at it exactly. In wheeling to the right, the right hand *eend* of the platoon stand fast, and the other *eend* comes round like a swingletree ; those on the outside, must march faster than those on the inside, and those on the inside not near so fast as those on the outside. You *sartainly* must understand me now gentlemen, and now please to try *onst* more.

In this, they were somewhat more successful.

‘Tention the whole ! *To the left—left, no—right—that is, the left—I mean the right—left wheel ! march !*

In this he was strictly obeyed ; some wheeled to the right, left, or both ways..

“ Stop ! halt ! let us try again ! I could not jist then tell my right hand from my left ! you must excuse me gentlemen, if you please, experience makes perfect, as the saying is ; long as I have served, I find something new to learn every day : but all’s one for that. Now gentlemen, do that motion once more.”

By the help of a non-commissioned officer in front of each platoon, they wheeled this time with tolerable regularity.

“ Now boys you must try to wheel by divisions ; and there is one thing in particular which I have to request of you gentlemen, and it is this, not to make any blunder in your wheeling. You must mind and keep at a wheeling distance, and not talk in the ranks nor get out of size again ; for I want you to do this motion well, and not to make any blunder now.

“ Tention the whole ! *By divisions to the right wheel ! march !*

In doing this it seemed as if bedlam had broke loose ; every man took the command. Not so fast on the right ! Slow now, slow now ! Haul down them umbrellars ! Faster on the left ! Keep back a little there ! Don’t crowd so ! Hold up your gun Sam ! Go faster there ! faster ! Who trod on my——d——your *huffs* ! Keep back, keep back ! Stop us captain, do stop us ! Go faster there ! I’ve lost my shoe ! Get up again, Ned ! halt ! halt ! halt ! stop gentlemen ! stop, stop ! d——n it, I say, can’t you stop !

By this time they got into utter and inexplicable confusion, and so I left them.

TIMOTHY CRABSHAW.

CRITICISM.

Annual Discourse, delivered before the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on the 13th Nov. 1810.—By Joseph Hopkinson. pp. 32. Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia.

Extravagant expectations are usually disappointed. When we understood that Mr. Hopkinson had been selected as the orator on this occasion, we anticipated a much more copious and elaborate discussion of the subject than it appears to have undergone. We have longed wished to see "the fastidious arrogance of the reviewers and magazine makers of Great Britain" humbled by a fair display of our progress "in literature, taste, morals, and the arts;" and from the reputation which this gentleman enjoys, we know no one better qualified to perform this task. His ardent zeal in the promotion of every thing that conduces to elevate the character of his country, is said to be ably seconded by the quickness with which he perceives and the ability with which he scans, her interest, resources and strength.

This oration is, confessedly "composed of mere hints and sketches put together with unwarrantable haste," but it exhibits the *disjecta membra* throughout, of a mind richly imbued with taste and reflection; and it leaves us little to regret, but that the more important avocations of the author had not permitted him to enter more fully into his subject. The facts adduced in support of his argument are too scanty, and, with a single exception, they are confined to a view of our progress in the art of printing. Of the COLUMBIAD we have understood that the engravings were imported from London, but the typographical execution, for accuracy, excellence and taste, will rank Messrs. Fry & Kammerer among the Elzevirs, the Baskervilles and the Bulmers of other nations. But on the score of literature this bulky epic probably will never be cited, with much complacency, by an

American, who would point out the places in his native region "where the muses haunt."

The publication of a large edition of the *Encyclopedi*a and the extensive circulation of *Rees's Cyclopedi*a, now publishing, are highly honourable to the literary character of our nation. They show that we are far from being indifferent to the acquisition of useful knowledge and that we are not wholly absorpt in pecuniary speculations and political broils.

But when the orator quits the detail of facts, which cannot well be interwoven in a rhetorical composition, and indulges in general reasoning, his subject is illustrated with great ingenuity and force. It is his "design to point out the uses to be derived from this institution; its claims to publick patronage, the peculiar propriety of encouraging the arts in our country at this time, and to remove the objections and prejudices, which may impede their progress."

Among the uses of such an institution, the most important is, that of furnishing incentives and rewards, to the ingenious, by which they may be restrained at home, and prevented from migrating to other countries, in search of subsistence and distinction. It is observed by the orator, that the United States, "in proportion to their age and population, have produced a very remarkable number of painters, who have been obliged to seek abroad, for those means of improvement, which it is the object of this academy to seek at home." He next adverts to the opinions which have been entertained, as to the fitness of particular climates or portions of the earth, for the production of genius, and observes, that we are placed in a happy medium, between those extremes of latitude, which are supposed by fanciful theorists to debase or expand the mind.

Possessing such a country, he thinks this a suitable time when plenty blooms in every field, and we hear only the echo of war, to invite the arts and sciences, from the noise and bloodshed, by which the fairest countries of Europe are agi-

tated, to our shores, where “the *ruined* victims find a safe asylum and honest industry is protected in her gains.”

“Let us for a moment reflect,” says he “what a vast mass of intellect is acquired in the thousands and tens of thousands who seek refuge in our land; and when we further reflect that these people migrate from countries in which the arts and sciences have long flourished, the value of *such of them* as have been there engaged, in such useful and honourable pursuits, and come here to continue in them, is incalculable. In the present state of our country, every skilful, industrious mechanick; every man of genius and science, is indeed a treasure; a growing treasure which will communicate its virtue, and spread its utility to a boundless extent.”

To receive with liberal favour, he continues, the honest industry, the cultivated intellect, the refined taste and improved genius which comes to enrich and not to disturb us, is dictated both by humanity and policy. Such kindness, says the orator, with a felicity of quotation, which we have more than once had occasion to admire in these pages,

“ is twice blest,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.”

But if it be true, and we know the picture is no caricature—we know the artist to be a very *Stuart* in the delineation of character—if it be true that “our citizens are daily seeking new and expensive gratifications,” that “the cook or upholsterer, who brings some new luxury to the opulent votaries of fashion, finds full employment and extravagant reward,” that “palaces are built from ice creams and sugar plumbs, and country seats are purchased with soups and gravies,” if “the new curtain ensures a fortune, and the man may keep a carriage who can make one, on a new and fantastical model”—if this be a correct picture of Philadelphia, and many will exclaim *hic dicier* as they peruse the traces of this sarcastick pencil, much is yet to be done, before the publick

taste shall be so far refined that the people will be gratified by more noble and dignified sources of enjoyment. Many years must yet elapse before "our citizens" will be *capable* of reflecting on the satisfaction which may be derived from patronizing an academy of arts. They may probably attempt to "compare," but the result is obvious, "such pleasures, with the mean, the miserable ostentation of a splendid feast, a tumultuous rout; where a few days of anxious, labourious, bustling uncomfortable preparation, is followed in its best success, with a short lived contemptible triumph, mixed with some mortifying sarcasm, some unexpected discontent." "The result will be," notwithstanding such caustic and elegant satire as this, "that the citizen pampers at an enormous expense, some hundreds of beings, for the most part wholly indifferent, perhaps disagreeable to him, but as they serve to fill his rooms and swell the pageant: who regard him but as the caterer of their appetites, and remember him and his feast only until another supercedes him."

No, no, Mr. Hopkinson! your "desultory mah" must trim his midnight lamp and grow still paler, before your "fat and greasy citizens" shall be purged of their gross appetites, and be stimulated to the investment of any money in a stock which offers no interest. Here is the great secret of Philadelphian enterprize and liberality, of which so much has been vaunted. It was settled a century ago, not by wretched wanderers who sought subsistence, but by a peaceable, orderly, unostentatious, and wealthy set of men, who were in the enjoyment of every thing but a toleration of their religious opinions. This sect, by far the most valuable of any class of society, had no wild passions, no desire of empty parade to gratify. But the plain simplicity and habits of contentment, in which they lived, have in a great degree, passed away. Ancient and modern Philadelphia, are as different as ancient and modern Athens. Yet although little trace of the former purity of principle remains, the city is populous and wealthy

to a wonderful degree, and undoubtedly contains a greater weight of talents than any other city in the union. Let any enterprize be suggested which promises to yield a good interest, and an immense capital can instantly be set in motion. Talk of a bridge over Skuylkill, and an interest of eight per cent. on the stock, and her stubborn waves are taught to yield to the chisel and the hammer. But *Mr. Peale* may devote a life to the collection of those articles, which nature has hidden in her secret recesses, and an *Academy of Arts* may labour for "five years," and our "citizens" will still be found, building palaces with ice creams and sugar plumbs, and exchanging soups and gravies for country seats. Honest "master Dilworth," notwithstanding his homely face, and his brown paper, is still a more necessary book to ninety nine out of a hundred of these *modern Athenians*, as they call themselves, than a hot pressed, wire woven epic poem.

The illustrious name of *Lorenzo*, which is immortalized by its connexion with that of *Michael Angelo*, is introduced by the authour as a stimulus to the pride of that class of his hearers, to whom this distinguished patron of literature belonged. The family of *de Medici*, it is well known, were merchants, and the same vessel in which they imported bales of goods, as *Gibbon* expresses it, frequently brought classical manuscripts at an immense expense.

The following passage is given in our authour's best manner, and we shall quote it at length.

"The honourable testimonials of merit presented to *commodore Truxton* and *Mr. Dobel*, naturally lead us to a very obvious and important use to be derived from the fine arts, particularly applicable to republican governments. When some eminent citizen, eminent by his virtue, devotes his life, and all his faculties, to the service of his country ; when, by an illustrious sacrifice of himself he averts some dreaded calamity, some threatening ruin, what has the gratitude, the justice of a republick to give ? How shall she acknowledge

and acquit the obligation? Instead of rank and titles incompatible with her principles; instead of grants and pensions which exhaust the publick wealth, and excite rather a spirit of avarice or luxury, than patriotism, the vast debt is cheaply paid by the skill of the artist, consecrated by the voice of the nation. Such rewards neither encourage nor gratify any sordid disposition, but operate only on the generous, the disinterested, the sublime passions of the soul. They neither give power nor endanger liberty; yet they satisfy the patriot and excite the noblest emulation. The greatest minds are impelled to their boldest exploits by the suggestions of honour, and the prospect of some publick and permanent testimony of their merit and services. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey" was in the heart and on the lips of the immortal Nelson whenever he was about to plunge into some perilous enterprize. When hereafter our commonwealth shall produce Nelsons blazing with glory; when we shall have statesmen and generals rivalling the heroes of the ancient republicks, in the purity of their virtues and importance of their services, performed by incredible exertions, by extreme suffering, by premature death, where is the art or the artist to bear down to future ages the fame of their achievements, or proclaim the gratitude of their country. Shall we disgracefully apply to the very enemy they have defeated to commemorate the triumph? Must the conqueror thus stoop to be conquered, acknowledging a degrading and mortifying inferiority? Athens was the teacher of Rome in those things which really dignify a nation, after the arms of Rome had subjugated the liberties of Greece: and Athens is remembered and revered more as the mistress of learning and the arts than for all her victories."

"But shall any future patriot hope to have his memory perpetuated when WASHINGTON lies neglected. Not a stone tells the stranger where the hero is laid. No proud column declares that *his country is grateful*. If but an infant

perish, even before its smiles have touched a parent's heart, yet a parent's love marks with some honour the earth that covers it. 'Tis the last tribute which the humblest pay to the most humble.

" Yet e'en those bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh ;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd ;
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

" The stranger, who in days to come, shall visit our shore will exclaim, show me the statue of your **WASHINGTON**, that I may contemplate the majestick form that encompassed his mighty soul ; that I may gaze upon those features once lighted with every virtue ; and learn to love virtue as I behold them. Alas ! there is no such statue. Lead me then, American, to the tomb your country has provided for her deliverer ; to the everlasting monument she has erected to his fame. Alas ! his country has not given him a tomb ; she has erected no monument to his fame. His grave is in the bosom of *his own soil*, and the cedar, that was watered by his hand, is all that rests upon it. Tell me whence is this inhuman supineness ? Is it envy, jealousy, or ingratitude ? Or is it that, in the great struggle for power and place, every thing else is forgotten ; every noble, generous, and national sentiment disregarded or despised ? Whatever be the cause, the curse of ingratitude is upon us until it be removed."

With the assertion in the last sentence of this eloquent passage, we cannot entirely agree. The name of Washington is engraven on a more solid monument than could be erected by the combined skill of Rome and Greece. It lives in the memory of a grateful people, and an admiring world. A vast territory released from the licentious dominion of court minions, and rising with rapid strides to the pinnacle of political eminence, a variety of jarring interests reconciled, and concentrated, an immense mass of discontented popula-

tion reduced to the wisest scheme of polity that ever was devised, blooming plains instead of uncultivated wilds, the arts and science flourishing and the necessaries of life in abundance, instead of ignorance, rudeness and misery,—these are the reflections which fill our minds when the name of Washington is pronounced. The metropolis of the nation, innumerable counties, villages, benevolent and political societies are dignified by his illustrious name. “Where,” to adopt a quotation which is introduced by our authour, “where is Troy & Mycene, and Persepolis & Agrigentum?” Their proud gates have been trodden under the feet of the conquerer and their walls have been scattered by the winds. Though the care of the antiquary may have snatched an arm of this goddess, or a legg of that hero, from the corroding hand of time, yet one line of Homer is worth all the contents of Herculaneum. It is here that we find not merely the features, but the minds of these distinguished men of former times. The time shall come when the column of Washington’s fame will be inscribed in those permanent characters which defy the rage of war and the envy of time. In the meanwhile we are doing all that can be expected from a country which has as yet done little more than to provide the comforts of life. Every man, woman and child in America, *can* “tell the stranger where the hero is laid;” every tongue, that utters his name, with a few disgraceful and conspicuous exceptions, avows that “*his country is grateful*;” his “statue” may be seen in the capital of his native state, and there is scarcely a cabbin in the country which cannot exhibit some honest though humble memorial of him, who enabled its tenant to exclaim, *this house is mine*. At this moment, extensive arrangements have been made and are in active operation, to erect a splendid tribute of national gratitude to the father of his country. We allude to the monument about to be placed in this city, under the authority of the state.

But we fear this article has grown to an unwarrantable length. We hope our observations will attract many to the *study* of this oration. Though brief, it will be found to contain ample matter for the reflections of the liberal, the enlightened and the patriotick. The orator pleads the cause of his society with zeal and ingenuity. The instances which are quoted to exhibit the progress of the arts, though confined to the city of Philadelphia, for which a Philadelphian *must* be forgiven, and though not very conspicuous, are curious and interesting.

We cannot close the pamphlet, however without one quotation more. The writer is speaking of the patronage which the institution has received from the ladies, and he advertises, with not less justness and gallantry, than elegance, to the general influence of the sex.

"In the present state of society, woman is inseperably connected with every thing that civilizes, refines, and sublimates man. The barbarous days are now but dimly seen in the mist of distant ages, when she was considered and treated as the slave of an unfeeling master; born only to perpetuate his savage race, and indulge his grosser appetites. On many subjects of human knowledge her intellect has proved itself equal to the powers of man; and in some of the best properties of our nature she is much his superior. The gardens of literature are now illumined with many a lamp trimmed by a female hand; and the arts of painting and engraving have softened under the tenderness of the female touch."

ANECDOTES, &c.

RUSSIAN POETRY—Almost all civilized nations have recourse to poetry when any thing important occurs to them. The common people of Russia are not yet civilized, but of a raw and docile nature, and when they disapprove of their superiors, they do it without the bold coarseness of an Eng-

lishman, or the covered malignity of a Frenchman. The following is a literal translation of a favourite allegory amongst the Russians in their last war against the Turks; intended to convey the highest compliment to Count Munich, and the most pointed reproach to Prince Gallitzin.

“The Almighty was enjoying himself in sleep. A great noise was heard in the heavens, and the Almighty awoke. He called unto the angel Gabriel, and said, ‘Gabriel, what noise is that? and Gabriel said ‘the Turks and Russians are going to war.’—‘My beloved Russians—who commands them?’ Gabriel answered ‘Count Munich.’ Then the Almighty said, ‘I am satisfied;’ and he turned round and went to sleep. On a sudden a greater noise was heard in heaven, and God awoke and called the angel Gabriel, and said, ‘what noise is that? and Gabriel said ‘the Russians and the Turks are at war’—‘Oh! my beloved Russians—who now leads them to battle?’ ‘Prince Gallitzin.’ Then the Almighty said, ‘give me my boots for I must go myself.’”

MR. DODDINGTON—Immediately after George (afterwards George Bubb Doddington) was appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid, he was lamenting to Chesterfield the unfortunate brevity of his name which he feared would render him contemptible in the estimation of the Spaniards, who were all attached to the custom of using many names, and these long and sounding. The peer quickly replied, “you may easily lengthen it—call yourself *Silly-Bubb.*”

THE ABBE MAURY—When the celebrated Abbe Maury was dragged to the lamp iron by the infuriated zealots of Paris, who cried out *a la lanterne, a la lanterne*,—the Abbe said “well, when you have lighted me on your lamp iron, do you think you will see the better for it?” The fellows who held him clapped their hands at his wit; and while they clapt the Abbe ran off.

POETRY.

Among the primary objects of this MISCELLANY, is to be ranked the duty of exciting and fostering the genius of the country. Whatever the pride or ignorance of foreigners may assert, the fact is indisputable that America can boast of a large share of those talents which contribute to the comforts of life and the embellishments of luxury. In poetry, it is true, we have done little: the muse is yet unfledged, but, without vanity, we may hope that the time is not distant when she will shake her wings and dare a noble flight.

We assign a conspicuous place, in this department, to the following verses, both from a fondness of their authour and a desire to do him justice. An incorrect copy, without his approbation, has been *travelling the rounds* of our publick journals for some time past. For the following copy, we are indebted to a friend who has permitted us to transcribe it from an original.

It cannot, certainly, be said that artless numbers flow unstudied from the pen of our juvenile poet: but it is sufficiently evident that the visions of Fancy have gilded his slumbers and that his pencil pourtrays the tints of Imagination in colours which Taste will not disdain.

PUZZLE.

FATIGU'D and restless on my bed
I languish'd for the dawn of morrow,
Till slumber sooth'd my aching head
And lull'd in fairy dreams my sorrow.

I seem'd in that serene retreat,*
Which smiles in spite of stormy weather ;
Where flow'rs and virtues clustering meet,
And cheeks and roses blush together.

* Alluding to a delightful country seat, the residence of the subject of these verses.

When soon, twelve Sylphlike forms, I dream'd
 Promiscuous on my vision darted,
 And still the latest comer seem'd
 Fairer than she who just departed.

Yet one there was whose azure eye
 A melting, holy lustre lighted,
 Which censur'd, while it wak'd, the sigh,
 And chid the feelings it excited.

“ Mortal !” a mystick speaker said,
 “ In these the sister months discover,
 Select from these the brightest maid
 Prove to the brightest maid a lover !”

I heard and felt no longer free,
 From all the rest I gladly sever,
 And in perennial joy with thee
 Dear MAY—O ! could reside forever !

ODE

TO TRANQUILLITY.

Thou peaceful power ! by whom unblest,
 The mind in vain will sigh for rest,
 Ah ! from my bosom sped,
 No more thy balmy spell I own,
 The prey of wo, and anguish wild,
 And care, that only makes her moan,
 When every joy of hope is dead,
 Of wasting grief the pining child !
 What charm o'er lifes chill altered scene,
 Shall fling one smiling ray serene ?
 Quenched is the sun of calm delight,
 And hoarsely howl around the raving blasts of night.

How soon thy halcyon reign was o'er,
 No gems, no treasure can restore !
 In vain to thee I breathe,
 With fervent lips, and at thy shrine,
 The constant prayer that asks thy aid ;
 In vain, with humble hands, I twine,
 Of varied flowers the votive wreath :
 Unheeded still, Oh, meekest maid !
 My supplicating accents flow ;
 No calm is here,—I feel the shore :
 My soul—a wave that never sleeps—
 In ceaseless tumult toss'd, one troubled motion keeps !

Broad gleaming on my dazzled mind,
 Ambition, goddess unconfin'd,
 Her lustre pour'd of day :
 Then all my dreams were full of fame,
 And future ages rose to view,
 That brightly seem'd to gild—a name ;
 When half in love's ignobler sway,
 Dissolved the vision fancy drew ;
 As sighs, to speak the captive soul,
 Oft from my melting bosom stole—
 With memory brooding o'er my pains,
 I sat, and feebly strove to snap the enervate chains.

Perhaps, retiring from the world,
 On which my destiny is hurl'd,
 I yet may reach the vale,
 Where thou, at dewy eve, may'st come,
 From out thy holy hermitage,
 To listen to the wild bees hum,
 To hear the turtle tell her tale,
 And once again my soul assuage ;
 Till, surged away each guilty fire,
 Each wild, irregular desire,
 The close of life at length may fall,
 A sweet and heavenly close, with peace incircling all !

Yet tho', Tranquillity, my lot
 Be ne'er to reach thy hallowed grot,
 Or haunts thy footsteps trace,
 When death has closed my aching eyes,
 That now with fruitless anguish weep,
 Thy hidden star for me shall rise ;
 The grave shall be my resting place,
 And thou shalt watch my dreamless sleep.—
 Oh ! in that still, that silent bed,
 Unnoted time shall o'er my head
 Pass with broad pinion, as the wind
 That leaves thro' viewless air no tell-tale track behind !

G. W. C.

EPIGRAMS,

FROM THE GREEK.

Farewell to wine—er if thou bid'st me sip,
 Present the cup, more honour'd, from thy lip ;
 Pour'd by thy hand to rosy draughts I fly.
 And cast away my stern sobriety ;
 For as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,
 That lovely Caroline has kiss'd the bowl.

67

Oh ! that I were some gentle air,
 That when the heats of summer glow,
 And lay thy panting bosom bare,
 I might upon that bosom blow !

Oh ! that I were yon blushing flower,
 Which, even now, thy hands have pressed,
 To live, though but for one short hour,
 Within the elysium of thy breast !*

68

*See Duman's song in Love's Labour Lost.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND WHO LOST HIS WATCH.

He that a watch would keep, this must he do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

G.

CANTATA:**FROM METASTASSIO.**

Gentle Zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my cruel fair,
Whisper softly, you're "a sigh,
Of a lover in despair,"—
But tell her not whose sigh you are.

Limpid brook, since by your side,
The lovely object oft appears,
Gently murmur as you glide,
" See a hapless lover's tears,"
But keep my name still from her ears.

J. C.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

December 4, 1810.—This being the day appointed by law for the meeting of the 2d Session of the 11th Congress, at 12 o'clock the Speaker took the chair; upon proceeding to call the members, 76 answered to their names, whereby it appeared that a quorum of the house was present.

On motion of Mr. Dawson, ordered, that Mr. Dawson and Mr. Shaw be a Committee, on the part of the House, jointly with such as may be appointed on the part of the Senate, to wait upon the President of the U. States, and inform him that a quorum of both houses is assembled and ready to receive such communications as he may think proper to make.

December 4.—A message was received from the Senate by Mr. Otis, their Secretary, informing, that a quorum of the Senate was assembled, and ready to proceed to business.

And also that they had concurred with the house in the appointment of a Committee to wait on the President of the U. States, to inform him that a quorum of the two houses are assembled and ready to receive such communications as he may think proper to make.

Mr. Dawson from the joint committee appointed to wait on the President of the U. States, reported that they had performed the service assigned them, and that the President gave for answer that he would make a communication to the two houses to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

December 5.—At 12 o'clock the message of the President was received and read. The house were occupied in reading the documents until 4 o'clock, when an adjournment took place without having gone through them.

December 6.—The house resumed the reading of the documents accompanying the President's Message. They were finished in little more than an hour, after which, on motion of Mr. Macon, they were referred to a committee of the whole on the state of the union, and 3000 copies ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. W. Alston, the several standing committees were ordered to be appointed.

Mr. Southard laid before the house several resolutions of the legislature of New-Jersey, dissenting from the amendment to the constitution of the U. States proposed by the legislature of Massachusetts, declaring that congress should have no power to lay an embargo for a longer period than 30 days; also, from the amendment proposed by the legislature of Virginia, respecting the removal of senators of the U. States; and lastly, from the amendment proposed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, for the establishing a new judiciary tribunal. Ordered to lie on the table.

December 7.—On motion of Mr. Root, the house resolved itself itself into a committee of the whole on the state of the union,—Mr. Macon in the chair.

Mr. Root then moved the appointment of several committees on the President's message; but it being suggested that the documents had not been laid on the tables of the members.

The committee rose without deciding on any thing in relation to the message.

Mr. Lewis presented the petition of the Stockholders of the Farmer's Bank of Alexandria, praying for a charter; which was referred to a committee on the District of Columbia.

On motion of Mr. Bacon.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be directed to lay before this House a list of the names of persons who have invented any new or useful arts, machine, manufacture or composition of matter, or any improvement thereon, and to whom patents have been issued for the same from that office, subsequent to the 23d day of January, 1805, with the dates and general objects of such patents.

Mr. Fisk laid upon the table the following resolution:

Resolved, That the apportionment of Representatives among the several states according to the 3d enumeration of the people ought to be in the ratio of one representative for every thousand persons in each state, and that a committee be appointed to report thereon, by bill or otherwise.

On the suggestion of Mr. Alston that the appointment ought to be fixed, before the census of each state was known, and thus avoid a difficulty which would arise in fixing on a ratio—

The House now took up a resolution, which was agreed to, and a committee of 7 appointed accordingly.

After the presentation and reference of some other petitions, amongst which were petitions from sundry sugar refiners—adjourned.

December 10.—On motion of Mr. W. Alston, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the whole on the state of the union.

Mr. Macon in the chair.

The resolutions of Mr. Root, offered on Friday, were read, and after some amendments, and modifications, we adopted as follows:

1. *Resolved*, That that part of the President's message on the subject of our foreign relations, be referred to a select committee.

2. *Resolved*, That so much of the President's message as relates to that part of W. Florida acquired by the cession of Louisiana, be referred to a select committee.

3. *Resolved*, That so much of the President's message as relates to the encouragement of American manufactures and navigation be referred to a committee of commerce and manufactures.

4. *Resolved*, That so much of the President's message as relates to the institution of a national university be referred to a select committee.

(To be continued.)

LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND.

Monday, November 5.—Being the day appointed by the Constitution for the meeting of the General Assembly, many members accordingly met, but there not being a sufficient number to form a quorum, they adjourned until

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—When 55 members appearing, they were severally qualified in the presence of each other, by taking the customary oaths required by the Constitution. The House then proceeded to ballot for a speaker, and it appeared, on counting the ballots, that T. E. Stansbury, Esq. was unanimously elected. Mr. John Brewer was appointed clerk: Mr. John S. Skinner, assistant clerk; Mr. Cornelius Mills serjeant at arms, and Mr. John Sullivan door keeper.

The Rev. Mr. Wyatt was requested to perform divine service every morning, at the meeting of the house.

Ordered, That this house sit this session, for the dispatch of publick business, from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon.

Ordered, That Mr. Marriot and Mr. Frazier wait on his excellency the governor, and inform him that this house having met, are ready to proceed to publick business, and to receive any communications he may think proper to lay before them.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—On motion, leave given to bring in a bill entitled, an act to confirm an act passed at November Session, 1809, to abolish all such parts of the Constitution and form of Government as require a property qualification in persons to be appointed, or holding offices of profit or trust in the state, and in persons elected members of the legislature, or electors for the senate.

On motion, leave given to bring in a bill for the valuation of real and personal property within this state.

On motion, leave given to bring in a bill, entitled “*an act to establish PUBLICK SCHOOLS in the several counties throughout this state, for the education of orphans, and the children of poor people.*”

The clerk of the council delivered a communication from the executive, enclosing letters from the governors of the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, New-Hampshire, and Georgia, which were read.

A petition was received from sundry inhabitants of the city of Baltimore, praying a law may pass to enable creditors to recover from debtors, as well in the county where the debt is contracted, as where the debtor resides, the amount of all debts due to them, which shall not respectively exceed the sum of fifty dollars, and which otherwise are accountable before a magistrate.

On motion, leave given to bring in a bill to confirm an act passed at November session, 1809, to alter all such parts of the declaration of rights, constitution, and form of government, as make it lawful to lay an equal and general tax for the support of the christian religion.

(*To be Continued.*)

SCRAPS.

BALTIMORE.—The following has been published by the Marshal, as the population of the City and Precincts of Baltimore, lately taken.

<i>White Males</i> —Under 10 years of age	-	-	-	4894
Of 10 and under 16	-	-	-	2195
Of 16 and under 26, including heads of families	-	-	-	3800
Of 26 and under 44, including heads of families	-	-	-	4140
Of 45 and upwards, including heads of families	-	-	-	1496
<i>White Females</i> —Under 10 years of age	-	-	-	4721
Of 10 and under 16	-	-	-	2222
Of 16 and under 26, including heads of families	-	-	-	3449
Of 26 and under 45, heads of families included	-	-	-	3617
Of 45 and upwards, heads of families included	-	-	-	1726
<i>Persons of Colour</i> —Free persons of colour	-	-	-	5366
Slaves	-	-	-	4255
Total	-	-	-	46485

Third Census.—The town of Petersburgh, (Virginia,) contains 1378 white males; 1030 white females; 1087 free people of colour, and 2161 slaves.

The town of Marblehead contains 2849 males; 2920 females, and 63 people of colour.

A Club has been established at Jamaica, consisting solely of European Settlers, and which is calculated to discredit the belief, that the climate of this island is uncongenial to European constitutions. The Club consists of 54 members, four of whom have been residents from 50 to 58 years; six from 40 to 47; sixteen from 30 to 38; ten 29; and eighteen from 25 to 28.

The House of Assembly of Jamaica have awarded to Mr. D. Fraser, of St. Jago de la Vega, a premium of 200 pounds sterling, for his specimens of hemp made from the stem of the plaintain and the leaf of the penguin trees.

An officer speaking of a *condemned* regiment, said, the greatest confidence might be placed on it, as it was almost entirely composed of *tried* men.

A Russian landholder in the government of Wilua, has by his last will, emancipated all his peasants, to the number of 7000. The emperor Alexander has confirmed this act of beneficence.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6. *A commotion among the Squirrels and Quails.*—The former are now migrating northwardly in immense numbers. Many thousands daily cross the Ohio at this place, and the boys load themselves with their dead carcases. The gardens and town are alive with quails, and hundreds of them are killed every day.

THE
BALTIMORE REPERTORY,
OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS:
BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre d'ont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on louie la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

Vol. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1811.

No. 2.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE ;

OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.—A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes—*Horace.*

(Continued from Page 18.)

AGRARIUS (whom for the future we shall call Denterville,) as, with the estate, he assumed the family name, did not, during the whole of his long journey, alight once from the chaise, and stopped no where on the road to receive any refreshment. His imagination, his fancy, and all the faculties of his mind, had already wafted themselves to their new habitation ; and he urged, sometimes with threats, but often with the alluring promise of an ample reward, the tardy driver, that kept so long separated his corporeal from his incorporeal parts. His body was tired by the unusual fatigue of a night and a day's incessant travelling, but his spirits still flowed with unabated vigour.

At length, towards the evening of the second day, he perceived at a distance, the lofty trees that overshadowed the

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I

castle ; and shortly after the castle itself arose to his view. His eye wandered with rapture over the extensive building ; its towering structure and magnificent appearance excited his admiration ; and his joy for the acquisition was blended with some amazement at the vast dimensions of the object he had acquired. His impatience augmented as the length of the journey diminished ; and he again pressed, with reiterated promises, the exhausted drivers to increase their speed. The chaise rolled with rapidity over the remaining ground ; passed through the great gates which led to the front of the mansion ; and drove up an avenue shaded on each side by a row of venerable oaks, which, the steward informed his master, had withstood the ravages of upwards of an hundred winters. Their boughs were now decorated with festoons of flowers, prepared by the hands of the neighbouring swains, in honour of the arrival of their new lord ; and these aged monarchs of the forest behold themselves crowned, for the first time, with the fragrant productions of a garden. The village bells rang a loud peal of congratulation ; the various instruments of the rustick musicians played a sonorous, though perhaps inharmonious air, and the universal joy that diffused itself over the country, plainly evinced the sympathy with which we are always ready to participate the good fortune of a fellow creature.

The sensations of Denterville, during the whole of this time, every one may imagine, though few could describe. As far as his eye could extend over the fertilized plains around him, he was now become the master. His estate, unincumbered with either mortgages or legacies, produced a clear 3000l. per annum ; and the sparkling lustre of his eye, and the quick palpitation of his heart, were sufficient demonstrations of the unspeakable delight the recollection of it afforded him. As he approached nearer to the castle, his former surprise was increased whilst he surveyed it. Even older than the trees by which it was surrounded, its firm cemented walls had re-

mained unshaken during the long space of more than two hundred years. The modern additions which had been made to it, agreeable to the taste of the latter proprietors, contrasted with the more venerable parts of the fabric gave it a grotesque and not unpleasing appearance ; and an attentive observer might have easily discerned, in the irregular members of which the building was composed, the various alterations and gradual improvements that architecture had undergone in the course of a couple of centuries ; from the thick walls and diminutive casements of a gothic structure, to the airy windows and elegant apartments of a modern edifice.

The chaise now stopped before the great folding door that opened in the front of the mansion, and Denterville beheld with wonder the numerous and obsequious train of domestics, all cloathed in their best apparel, that waited to hail him Lord of the Castle. All of them pressed forward with an emulous eagerness to be the first to serve him ; and he, who had hitherto lived in a state of obscure dependency, concerning whose existence no one had been interested, experienced, for the first time, the delightful importance that is invariably attached to wealth ; and observed with secret complacency, the anxious solicitude to please that was so visibly depicted in the countenances of every one about him. He descended from the chaise, and following the steps of his steward, was conducted by him through an extensive hall, into what was styled the " Little Parlour." It had obtained the epithet of " Little," not because it was in reality small (for it was a large and lofty apartment, and in our degenerate days might have been denominated a drawing room) but because it became comparatively little when contrasted with the bulk of its neighbour on the opposite side of the hall.

Fatigued by the exertion of a long journey, he seated himself with pleasure on an elegant sofa, that, by its rising softness, and voluptuous appearance, seemed to invite him to repose ; and desiring the steward to prepare his supper with

all possible speed, he turned his eyes to survey the valuable furniture with which the apartment was on all sides adorned. The lofty ceiling that was entirely composed of curious fret-work excited his astonishment ; he remarked with admiration the variegated flowers that appeared continually to rise from the downy carpet on which he was treading ; nor could he fail to observe the numerous pictures with which the walls of the room were decorated ; pictures, each of which represented one of the ancient proprietors of the castle, who, by their contracted eye-brows, and stern countenances, seemed to reproach, and even to menace, the gazing Denterville, as a base intruder upon their consecrated privacy.

The shades of evening now began gradually to appear, and in a short time a dainty repast was prepared and served before him, to which the length of his journey and his abstinence on the road had procured him no inconsiderable appetite. Comfortably seated in an arm-chair, a table profusely furnished with the most delicious viands, different wines of an exquisite flavour sparkling before him, four wax tapers blazing in front, and a servant in livery waiting behind him, Denterville could with difficulty contain the joyful, and almost tumultuous sensations, with which his bosom was agitated by such an exhilarating prospect. "Now," thought the entranced youth, raising to his lips a glass filled with some Burgundy almost coeval with himself in years, "now I must surely be happy. Possessing a splendid fortune, the remainder of my existence will gently glide away in an uninterrupted series of the most luxurious pleasures ; and continually immersed in the delightful and diversified gratifications that are attendant on wealth, I shall live wholly unacquainted with the world, its concerns, and its anxieties."

Alas, poor youth ! indulge for a while your pleasing dream of happiness ; harsh and melancholy experience will too soon snatch you from your couch of roses. She will tear the flattering illusion from before you. Her faithful mirror

will display the truth in its native colours to your astonished view ; but, oh ! wherefore does it happen that the sight of truth itself should be sometimes painful. Again and again, he filled his glass with the inebriating liquor, and, intoxicated with joy, and nearly so with wine, he rang for the servant, and at length rose to retire to rest.

As he passed through the extensive hall, to ascend the staircase which led to his chamber, he frequently stopped to satisfy his curiosity with a more accurate survey of the interior of his mansion. He remarked the enormous wooden beam that ran across the whole width of the hall to support it ; he contemplated, with mingled sensations of awe and astonishment, the heavy armour and military accoutrements that hung suspended from the dark oaken wainscoat ; arms, formerly wielded by the first proprietors of the castle, and which the affectionate care, united with the family pride, of succeeding generations, had still preserved free from rust ; and he observed, with a smile, the numerous and fantastic figures that were placed in niches around the hall, each of which, perhaps, had been formerly venerated by the simple superstition of his forefathers, like the lares of antiquity, as a kind and protecting deity that vigilantly guarded the security of the castle.

But to recite individually the numerous, and oftentimes insignificant, objects that were sufficient to rouse the admiration of a youth who had hitherto dwelt in necessitous obscurity, would be to tax too heavily the patience and good nature of the reader. Many things which a long and constant acquaintance has so familiarized to our own view, that we disregard, and almost despise them, have, nevertheless, the faculty of awakening no small degree of surprise and admiration in a spectator to whom they are uncommon ; and the pampered mortal who has spent his whole life in a gilded palace, surrounded from his infancy by luxury and elegance, may naturally be unable to conceive how such objects can have the

power of exciting any extraordinary emotions in the beholder. Those few only who experienced similar transitions of fortune, can easily estimate, by their own, what were the sensations of Denterville upon so sudden an elevation. To the latter the recapitulation of them would not be entertaining by its novelty, and the former it must disgust by apparent incredibility. Suffice it therefore to say, every thing he saw was new to him, every thing was splendid, and, for a short time, every thing pleased. After he had sufficiently examined and admired the furniture of the hall, he ascended a spacious staircase, and was conducted by the servant to the chamber prepared with magnificence for his reception. "I will," said he to himself, dismissing the man, and desiring him to call him in the morning, "I will hasten to repose, that I may awake early to-morrow, and survey a part of my estate before breakfast." He immediately undressed himself—the bed was down, and he slept undisturbed during the night.

When he awoke the next morning, he recollected the plan he had the over-night projected, and, rising from his bed with alacrity, he went to the window, and drew aside the curtain to admit the light more freely into his room; but what was his astonishment when he beheld the country around almost inundated, and the rain, which still poured incessantly, rendered his intended excursion wholly impracticable. He remained for some moments fixed in the attitude of surprise, and continued looking out of the window as if he was half inclined to doubt the clearness of his preception. "Humph," he at last exclaimed, much chagrined, and letting the curtain he held, drop from his hand, "wealth, I perceive, cannot influence or control the weather."

The natural accident by which his scheme had been frustrated, and the unimportanc of the project itself, would have reconciled another to have cheerfully, if not patiently, borne such a trifling and temporary disappointment; but it was sufficient so disquiet the sullen disposition of Denterville. The

unevaporated fumes of yesternight's wine still weighed down his head and stupefied his senses, and the gloomy appearance of the present morning contributed to increase the depression of his spirits. His mind was perplexed by a crowd of confused ideas; he drest himself in silence; and when he entered the parlour in the morning, it was in a temper far different from that with which he had left it on the preceding evening.

His breakfast was quickly prepared and placed before him, and the nice flavour of the chocolate, and the savory taste of some warm muffins, seemed in a small measure to compensate for his recent disappointment, and the gloomy aspect of the morning. He scarcely had finished his meal, when the steward entered the room and informed him that the principal tenants of his estate had just arrived at the castle, and were all assembled in the hall to present their respects and offer their congratulations to their new master.

Denterville immediately arose, and went out to receive them. They all paid him their separate compliments upon his sudden and fortunate elevation; they assured him, in the highest strain of adulation, how fortunate *they* likewise considered themselves to serve under one, whom, in the prophetick tone of inspiration, they unanimously ventured to affirm would always make a kind and indulgent master; but at the same time, they artfully insinuated, that they hoped, nay even that they were confident, he would not be unwilling to grant what was always customary on such extraordinary occasions, namely, the individual and trifling requests that each had to implore from his bounty. Denterville, who was disgusted with their flattery, and highly displeased at their selfishness, referred them to his steward, and retired from the hall.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY,

OR, ACCOUNTS OF OLD AND SCARCE BOOKS.

ARTICLE I.—COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS.

Being an account of some discourses that happen'd in a visit to the country last summer, on divers subjects; chiefly of the modern comedies of drinking, of translated verse, of painting and painters, of poets and poetry.

— Recubans sub tegmine fagi
Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena.

London : Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red Lyon in St. Paul's Church yard, 1694. Small 8 vo. p. p. 86.

In a short preface addressed to “to the Wits” the anonymous authour says, “ I have made bold to borrow one of your pens last summer, and employed it merely for a pass time, during the intervals of angling, and such like diversions of a country retreat ; *la maniere de bien penser* fell in my way, I know not how, and I had a mind to try how something of that nature would look in our language. I endeavoured to imitate (though faintly, and afar off) the original draught of *Le Pere Bouhours.*”

The work is divided into five sections according to the arrangement in the title, and from the fifth the following extract will not be unamusing to those who have been entertained by a modern dramatic authour at the conceit of a man falling in love with “ my grandmother.”

“ Among other arts which have interfered with poesie, I have observed, in a more especial manner, that of painting to live together in the same person. You seldom knew a poet but he was a lover of pictures, nor a painter who had not the like affection for poems and musick (which is really an inarticulate poesy). Some persons have attained to a great great perfection in both those arts ; such was *Leonardo da Vinci* ; I could name other Italians, and several of our own

nation ; but it is sufficient to instance only in one. A young lady of eminent virtue and beauty, was when she lived (which was not many years since) incomparable for her performances both with the pen and pencil ; I mean Mrs. Ann Killegrew, whose picture, drawn by herself, is printed before her book of Poems, published soon after her death. A gentleman of our acquaintance, though he had never seen her when living, fell really in love with her memory, and on the first view of her picture and poems, composed some verses which I think I can still remember.

Often have I conquered been,
With the beauties I have seen ;
Often have uncommon faces
Pleas'd and wounded with their graces ;
But till this hour, I never found
That the fair sex unseen can wound ;
Till now I never was a slave
To charms and beauties—in a grave.

Nor time can cure, nor hope can ease my care ;
At once I see, love, and despair.
Ah ! sweet remains of that lamented maid !
Ah ! lovely shadow of a shade !
Where's now the hand which this fair image drew ?
Where's that we miss, even when we view ?
Where is that noble fancy could design,
A face, and verse, both so divine ?
Where is that face that did all art defie,
That art that nature did outvie ?
Where in the sex shall we her virtue find ?
And where her wit in all mankind.

Absurd inquiries ! can such beauty dye,
Such wit be subject to mortality ?
Can such accomplishments as hers create,
Less than a miracle, and conquer fate ?

See, profane infidel, see here and find,
 In this eternal monument enshrined,
 Her very self ; her wit, her face, and mind. }

“ This seems, indeed, to be writ with as great affection as encomium, and more love than art. But you know *Philaster*, he is the authour.”

“ I did imagine, (said *Mitis*) it must be he ; he is himself a pretender to both these arts ; and that with as much success as he desires, since he never made either of them his business, but diversion.

THE VIGIL.

NO. 3.—OF WOMAN : CHARACTER OF SERENA.

Fram'd to give joy the lovely sex are seen ;
 Beauteous their form and heavenly in their mien.
 Silent, they charm the pleas'd beholder's sight,
 And speaking, strike us with a new delight :
 Words when pronounc'd by them, bear each a dart,
 Invade our ears, and wound us to the heart.
 To ne 'll ends the glorious passion aways,
 By love and honour bound the youth obeys ;
 Till by his service won, the grateful fair,
 Consents in time to ease the lover's care ;
 Seals all his hopes ; and in the bridal kiss
 Gives him a title to untainted bliss.

I have received from a correspondent the following communication which he assures me conveys but a feeble idea of one who is really in full life and existence. Among the *cynical*, many will be found who will be disposed to regard it as the amorous effusion of a person who entertained particular notions of the true excellence of the female character, and imagined, in the object of his admiration, the perfection of that excellence : as the romantick rhapsody of one who prescribes no bounds to his praise :

.....ultra
 Finem tendere opus. ————— *Hor.*

Yet my female readers may probably think otherwise. Some may think it is so far from being an overcharged portrait, that the authour's fancy has fallen far below what many ladies possess: and that the writer might have found in Baltimore, many females who far surpass this boasted paragon. Others may esteem him a mere dull philosophizing fellow, to suppose that the excellence of the female sex consisted in the perusal or display of musty learning: and that he can have neither feeling nor fancy to say so little of their personal charms. They will think that books are useless after the female is emancipated from the tyranny of the school, and that she has more delight in speculating on the changeable shapes of fashionable drapery or the memoirs of visits and parties, than on the idle dreams of poetry or the histories of buried generations. I shall not attempt to defend my correspondent: but leave him to find consolation in his own particular notions on this subject.

SIR,

I had for some time the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with SERENA; a young lady whose character I am about to sketch—I know that my delineation will display but a faint image of the beauties of her mind and person; but those who are unable to see the statue of the Venus de'Medici can imagine the perfections of the original from the roughest copy.

Her mind exhibits the most perfect harmony of strength of understanding and mildness of disposition; like a well toned organ, which at the same time awes us with the majesty and soothes us with the sweetness of its tones. Nature has endowed her with that vigour of judgment which is generally esteemed the distinction of the stronger sex, blended in so just a proportion with the softer graces as to give them dignity and respect, without impairing their attraction. Hence results the utmost propriety in her opinions and deportment, and an inflexible adherence to what is right: while her refusal

to deviate from this path is accompanied with a politeness which renders it more attractive than the most yielding acquiescence of others,

Until I saw her in pain I thought that Shakespere's image of Patience smiling at grief but a poet's vision. Yet this virtue in her maintains so happy a dominion that she seems to have erected her throne in the bosom of Serena, presenting her to the beholder as a model to admire and imitate.

But the sweetness of her temper defies the power of description. Like the vernal sun it diffuses every where cheerfulness and delight. Not a general undistinguishing good nature, so often the product of indolence and weakness of mind, and which is rather a fault than a virtue: but that active mildness which is the result of an indulgence of the follies of others and of an uniform desire to please. Her's is not the smile of vacancy or frivolity; but the cheerfulness and tranquillity of the mind impressed by habit on the features of the face.

A good education and a taste for reading have improved the natural qualities of her mind. The strictest principles of decorum and virtue having been implanted in a soil, prepared by nature for their growth, derive strength and maturity from an increase of knowledge. Her selection of books marks the correctness of her judgment and the soundness of her taste. Those pernicious novels, the offspring of degeneracy and corruption and the idols of dissipation and lassitude, are never the companions of her privacy. History, Poetry, Morals—in short, all the range of elegant literature which tends to enlarge knowledge, to refine conversation, to embellish the manners and to fortify religion and virtue, are the sources to which her leisure is studiously directed. Who can wonder to find SERENA in the garb of a female, converse with the elegance of a Poet and the wisdom of a Sage?

On her person, the highest encomium which I can pronounce, is to say; that like a true mirror, it reflects the graces of her mind. I might describe the mild lustre of her eyes, which speak the inmost emotions of her soul: the lilly tincture of her skin which faithlessly betrays to the beholder the blush which sometimes steals upon it: a mouth—But lest you should grow too enraptured with the picture, I will draw the curtain, and leave you to reflect on the happiness of those who have seen and conversed with the original.

ORLANDO.

I think it will be apparent, to a rational reader of this letter, that my correspondent has neither clothed his portrait in the gorgeous drapery of pompous panegyrick, nor adjusted his lights and shades from the heated imagination of a blind and zealous enthusiasm. An air of soberness pervades the piece which challenges the judgment of the beholder on the fidelity of the artist.

Nor is such a character so rare as some of my readers might imagine. The present is a brilliant æra in the history of women. Many of them in our time have cultivated, with signal success, those branches of knowledge which enlarge the mind and polish the manners. They have penetrated to the utmost limits of ancient learning; they have dreamed on “forked Parnassus,” and drank copiously of the Castalian stream. In the delineation of the human character, whose lines, among the moderns, are more accurate than those of Miss Burney? whose landscapes are more rich, wild, and yet natural, than those of Mrs. Radcliffe? who surpasses Mrs. West, Miss More, and the youthful Miss Smith in sound sense, in unaffected piety, in all those qualities which delight the heart and improve the understanding?

I know how difficult a task it is to speak of the sex, in proper terms. Many are by no means aware of their importance in society: and in their opinion, encomium would be regarded as irony, and invective be heard without reproach.

But if they will listen to one whose fitful reveries have often been dispelled by their cheerfulness, whose pains have been assuaged by their tenderness, who has uniformly found in them the safest guides, and the most indulgent censors, they may learn to regard them with the esteem and admiration which they deserve. It is the influence of their charms which inspires the imagination of the Poet with softer sounds and more exalted strains. Cheered by them the Lover finds his intellectual faculties awakened, he loses all relish for grosser pleasures, the ferocity of his disposition is softened by the amoenity of their manners, and they invigorate, with a new and a powerful incentive, the ardour of virtue and the confidence of truth.

In the illustration of this delightful topick, which I would urge with all the eagerness of sincerity, the authour of an old and scarce, but sensible treatise on the art of pleasing, has made a very happy application of a familiar fable, with which I shall conclude this lucubration.

The fable of the North Wind and the Sun contending to make the Man throw off his cloak, says this ingenious old gentleman, is not an improper picture of the specifick difference between the powers of either sex. The blustering fierceness of the former, instead of producing the effect at which it aimed, made the fellow but wrap himself up the closer: yet no sooner did the sun-beams play, than that which before protected, became now an incumbrance.

Just so, that pride which makes us tenacious in disputes between man and man, when applied to the ladies, inspires us with an eagerness, not to contend, but to obey.

S—Y.



CICERO, seeing Lentulus, his daughter's husband, who was a very little man, with a long sword by his side, enquired, "*Who had been tying his son-in-law to a sword?*"

MR. ROBINSON,

THE following calculations were made some years ago for a Magazine, conducted at that time in Philadelphia, by Charles C. Browne, Esquire, lately deceased. As the important subject to which they relate is about to be agitated again in the Congress, I flatter myself that a republication of them may not be altogether without effect.

I. E. H.

—♦—
SLAVES.

Calculations to show how far Slaves influence Political Representation in the United States.

Whole number of persons in the U. S. in 1790,	3,893,635
Deduct Slaves,	694,280
	<hr/>
	3,199,355

Three fifths of the Slaves, - - - 416,568

Whole number represented, - - - 3,615,923

Giving 109 representatives and a fraction of 13,923. But by the loss of fractional parts of the ratio of representation in the apportionment of the several states, the actual number was only 106.

Of the 694,280 slaves, the states of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, contained 645,023

Three fifths of which number is 387,012 which divided by 33,000 (and not calculating for fractional loss in the apportionment to the states, which would not in this case, amount to one member) gives, as the slave representation of the southern states, agreeable to the first census ELEVEN members and a fraction of 24,012.

Whole number of persons in the U. S. in 1800, exclusive of Tennessee, Ohio and the Territories, 5,140,208

Brought over			5,140,208
	Slaves	Total	
Tennessee	13,584	105,602	
Ohio		45,365	
Indiana	135	5,641	
Mississippi	3,489	8,850	
	17,208	165,438	165,468
In other states	875,225		
			5,305,676
	Deduct in Mississippi & Indiana, not being represented		14,491
Total slaves	892,433		
Deduct in Indiana & Mississippi			5,291,185
	3,624		
	888,809	Deduct slaves	888,809
			4,402,276
	Three-fifths of slaves		533,280
			4,935,556

Giving 149 representatives and a fraction of 18,556. But by the loss of fractional parts, &c. this number is only 142.

By the second census, of 888,809 slaves, the same states contain 832,922, three-fifths of which is 499,794, giving *fifteen representatives* and a fraction of 4,794.

The following table exhibits the decrease of slaves in the northern and middle, and their increase in the southern, states for 10 years.

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Vermont, contained in 1790, in total 1,009,522 ; Slaves 3,886. In 1800, total 1,233,011 ; Slaves 1,339. — New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, in 1790, total, 1,017,726 ; Slaves 45,371. In 1800, total 1,464,017 ; Slaves 40,894. Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, in 1790, total

1,866,387 ; Slaves 645,023. In 1800, total 2,457,231 ; Slaves 832,992. The Slaves in the Northern states have decreased from 3,886 to 1,339, almost in the ratio of 2 in 3. In the Middle states from 45,371 to 40,894, in that of nearly one-ninth. Increased in the Southern states from 645,023 to 832,992, nearly one-third of the original number, or in the ratio of 832 to 645.

Rhode Island has decreased from 948 to 380. Connecticut from 2,764 to 951. New York nearly stationary. Pennsylvania and Delaware have decreased a little, and Maryland made a small increase. Virginia has increased in the ratio of 345 to 292. Kentucky 40 to 12. North Carolina 133 to 100. South Carolina 146 to 107. Georgia has doubled her number. The *increase* gives *four* members of Congress, and as many electors of President to the Southern states.

The increase of the whole number of persons represented, has been as 49 to 36 ; that of Slaves, for which their masters are represented, as 53 to 41 ; that of Freemen as 44 to 31. Calculate upon the same ratio of increase for 10 years to come, and there will be 19 representatives for Slaves.

In the last ten years, the whole number of persons in the Northern or Eastern States has increased only in the proportion of 12 to 10 ; in the Middle as 14 to 10 ; in the Southern as 24 to 18. Free people, in the Eastern, as 12 to 10 ; Slaves in the Southern, as 83 to 64. Free people, in the Southern, from 1,221,364 to 1,604,239. Free people in the Eastern, one fifth only of the original number ; in the Southern, nearly one third ; Slaves in about the same proportion.

By the last census, the number of free persons in the Northern States was 1,231,872, & in the Southern 1,604,239. By the former census, free persons, in the Northern States, was 1,005,636, and Southern 1,221,364. By the first census, Vermont had 2 members, New-Hampshire 4, Massachusetts

14, Rhode Island 2, Connecticut 7; 29 members—Maryland 7, Virginia 19, Kentucky 2, North-Carolina 10, South-Carolina 6, Georgia 2—46 members. 1,005,636 free citizens in the Northern States had 29 representation, and 1,221,364 in the Southern, 46 representation. Without allowing any fractions of the ratio of representation in the apportionment to the several States, and making no allowance for Slaves, the Northern States would have been entitled, by the census of 1791, to 30 representatives, and a fraction of 15,636—the Southern to 37 only, and a trifling fraction of 364. In consequence, therefore, of the constitutional representation for Slaves, the relative weight of the Northern and Southern States was only as 29 to 46, when otherwise it would have been as 30 to 37.

By the present census, the Northern States have 35 representatives, and the Southern 64, including Tennessee.—1,231,672 free people, in the Northern States, have 35 representatives. The Southern States, including Tennessee, have 64 representatives for 1,696,257 free people. As above, the Northern States would have been entitled by the census of 1800, to 37 members, with a fraction of 10,672; the Southern to 51, and a fraction of 13,257. It is as 35 to 64, and, were freemen alone represented, and that equally, it would be as 37 to 51. Instead of being little more than half, it would be less than two-thirds.

The five Northern States contain 1,231,672 free people, and send 10 senators; the seven Southern States 1,696,257, and send 14 senators. The Southern States, by their numbers, in proportion to those of the Northern, are entitled only to 13 senators, with a fraction of 9 parts of 123. The Middle States stand almost on the same ground with the Northern. As it respects the Senate, they are on worse ground. With a free population, but one eighth less than that of the Southern States, they have but one more than half the number of Senators.

Vermont	for 154,000 free people, has 4 representatives			
Massachusetts	574,564	-	-	17
N. Hampshire	183,850	-	-	5
Connecticut	250,051	-	-	7
Rhode-Island	68,742	-	-	2
New-York	565,437	-	-	17
New-Jersey	198,727	-	-	6
Pennsylvania	600,839	-	-	18
Delaware	58,120	-	-	1
Virginia	534,404	-	-	22

The day is not far distant, when the Southern and Western States, will have more Representatives in Congress, and Electors of President, *for Slaves only*, than the Northern will have for all their free people.

DESCRIPTION OF HAMBURGH.

In a Letter from Germany to the Princess Royal of England.

BY HERBERT CROFT, L. L. B.

I WRITE, madam, from a city where the well fortified ramparts are of use only for walking, and the ill-paved streets for any thing but walking; where the outside of the houses is often all windows, and the inside all entrance; where it is not reckoned unmercantile to play at billiards in the 'change time; and to pass from making a hazard for nothing, to making a bargain for many thousands; where the circulation of commerce on their universal 'change, is an inverse ratio to the circulation of air in their stove-heated apartments; where families are forbidden by law to feed their servants with salmon more than twice a week; and where they are obliged by custom to give them carp for supper on Christmas eve; where a common long wagon, with two or three stools,

makes a usual carriage for country excursions ; and where a short wooden box, without a lid, and with nothing but two large bags of feathers, makes a common bed ; where the bells at all the doors tell of an arrival or a departure before either can take place ; and all the clocks of the churches tell the time half an hour before it arrives ; where life seems to be counted by the number of pipes, (whence king James, who wrote against the sin of tobacco, would have been whiffed away in an hour ;) but where the beef is improved by smoaking, whatever the men may be ; where they have more than eighty physicians to keep them from, or guide them to, Charon's ferry in the next world ; and almost as many bridges to save them the trouble of ferrying over their unhealthy and baneful canals in this ; where they who wish for hospitable and tempting suppers, as much as Johnson liked Scottish breakfasts, may be well content to live ; and they who, after a full meal of life, wish to be pompously and temptingly carried to their last home, should contrive to die ; where a female, when abroad, goes in all weathers without any thing on her head, or with a Danish hat, put on as if she were carrying it to some one else ; where the gates of the city are shut every evening, and the windows of many of the houses are not opened for weeks together ; where, in private apartments, one tastes, along with the sparkling, high-flavoured politeness of modern life, the full bodied, unadulterated manners of the last century ; and where, in the publick cellar of the city, one drinks genuine hock, solemnly dated almost two centuries ago (1620) ; where all the inhabitants are wakened with the beating of cottons, on the canals, for female dresses, and where I wake for no better purpose, perhaps, than to lay all my male and female readers to asleep ; where every two steps one meets travellers from all the four quarters of the world, and from almost all their different parts, and where in a week one confutes one's own language, and does not acquire another ; both which I fear this letter may prove.

But I write, madam, also, in a city which has many more things to boast of, than to be smiled at; in a city, which, though now perhaps the second in the world for commerce, exhibits a publick library, little known even in Germany, containing more than eighty thousand volumes, and many rare manuscripts; a city in which I know already more liberal, valuable, amiable, informed, and even learned characters, than I ever found any where else during the same space of time; which has such a connexion with the rest of Europe, at present, that one of its newspapers (the Correspondenten) published four days in the seven, prints ninety-six thousand copies every week; a city in which, the French revolution has enabled the resident at Geneva, under the old government, to show his good sense by becoming a bookseller; and where the literary traveller may find a regular bookseller, of whom I should say more in this letter from Hamburgh, if he were not the printer and publisher of it; a city where the late Empress of Russia was in part educated, and where Gustavus Vasa spent part of his retirement; while its sister Altona, affords a refuge, just now, to much worth and many talents, not often seen in a city which justly boasts that it has given birth, among its casks, its bales, and its packages, to such men as Hagedorn, Brockas, Gisecke, Fabricius Ehert, and Eschenpurg; which Klopstock has chosen to dignify by making it his abode for the last twenty-five years; and where a merchant, though an extensive one, (Casper Voght) displays the mind of a prince in trying every means to introduce into his country the various improvements he has found or heard of in Europe, and by studying the happiness of the poor, as if they were all his relations; a city, in short, which does not perhaps, yield to the capital of any empire in the general character of its inhabitants of every description; in the use generally made of its immense riches; in the number or nature of its publick chari.

ties ; or in any thing which at all regards government. Long may it flourish, and ever may its ramparts remain as useless as they happily are at present !

CRITICISM.

SCOTT'S LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

ALTHOUGH this delightful work does not rise to the sublime heights of epic poetry, yet it is never disgraced by the absurdities which are to be met with in most of those which affect that name. Even Homer himself, to whom nothing has appeared as yet *aut simile aut secundum*, has puerilities which are only to be excused, as Horace says, by supposing him sometimes to nod ; Virgil, more equal throughout, is less sublime ; but was so blind an idolater of his great master, that notwithstanding the judgment for which all ages have given him credit, he even copied some of his most glaring faults. Every schoolboy can point out the bombast and feebleness of Lucan, Statius, and Silius Italicus, notwithstanding the fine and even sublime passages which are to be found in them, especially the first. Of the modern Italian Poets, Boiardo and Ariosto were writers of romance in verse, and as such, however engaging, are hardly subject to the rules of criticism. Tasso's *Gierusaleme Liberata* is more regular, and has many beautiful and affecting passages, but seldom rises to sublimity. The same may be said of the Portuguese Camoens, whose subject indeed is less generally interesting than the others ! Voltaire's *Henriaade* is more approved by the judgment than the fancy. It is coldly correct, and though it cannot be denied to have beauties, few persons are tempted to search for them a second time.

In English literature the attempts in this difficult line of writing have not been fortunate, always excepting the noble poem of Milton, which shines, among all which have appeared since Homer, *velut inter ignes luna minores*. Yet it is far from being free from defects ; both in the design and execution ; and like Homer, *aliquando dormitat*. Cowley failed both in his choice of a subject, and in his manner of treating it.* To have read Blackmore, requires more patience and perseverance than I am master of. Spencer's justly celebrated *Faery Queen*, with infinite detached beauties, is merely an allegorical romance, and can hardly be considered as a whole. *Leonidas* and the *Epigoniad*, *proximus sed longe intervallo*, are know but little known and seldom read. So that a perfect epick poem is still, and probably always will be, a desideratum in that fascinating art.

Now the work which gave rise to these desultory observations, though it does not arrogate to itself that lofty name, has, perhaps, as good a claim to it as many that have more presumption. As the authour, however, has not thought proper so to call it, I have no right to name it for him, but shall proceed to point out some of its most striking beauties and defects.

Nothing can be more engaging than the introduction and close of every book ; and no reader, I believe, would wish these to be either shortened or altered. Both the thoughts and the versification are equally fine ; and the art of the old bard in his applications of the narrative to his hearers, is very pleasing and well imagined. The hero of the story itself appears to be Sir William of Deloraine, though he acts only a subordinate part in the conduct of it ; and this, perhaps,

* Subjects taken from Scripture have always failed in the execution ; witness the *Davideis*, Mrs. Rowe's *Joseph*, Duck's *Shunammite*, Cumberland's *Calvary*, and many others. The venerable and interesting simplicity of the narratives must be lost. Any thing taken from it leaves the story imperfect ; any thing added to it disgusts, and almost shocks us as impious. As Omar said of the Alexandrian Library, we may say of such writings, if they contain only what is in the Scriptures, they are superfluous ; if what is not in them, they are false.

may be deemed a fault,* but some amends for it are made by the exquisite delineation of his character, and the admirable manner in which it is supported throughout. He is precisely the Ferrau of Italian and French romance, excepting in the brutality of that giant ; for the Scotch marauder could mourn over a fallen enemy ; and though he

“ Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave
And slew his brother by dint of glaive,”

he lamented the death of an honourable foe, and would have given his lands to have redeemed his life. The whole of his character is pourtrayed with a masterly hand, and the contrast between him and Cranstoun, the exact counterpart of the gallant and courtly Knight of Charlemaigne or the Round Table, is drawn with great skill. When they engage, the one thinks of his mistress, and ejaculates a prayer ; the other has no mistress, and knows no prayer ; † but,

“ He stoop'd his head and he couch'd his lance,”

as the only preparation necessary for the combat.

The most interesting and highly-wrought passage of the whole book is, Deloraine's journey to Mellross Abbey, and the visit to Michael Scott's tomb there. The whole description of the abbey, of the wizard himself, who seems to exist in a state somewhat similar to that of the Vampyres in Hungary, and of Deloraine's aged conductor, is superior to any thing of the kind that has appeared in modern poems, and, perhaps, would not lose by a comparison with many of those which

* It is, however, such a fault as is imputed to Milton, who in the opinion of many able critics has erred in making Satan his hero instead of Adam.

† His ignorance who could not read, and knew no prayer,
“ Save to patter an Ave Mary,”

reminds me of one of the Montmorenci's, I think Anne the Constable, who used to make his mark only ; “ atelndre,” says Brantome, “ qu'il ne seavoit ni lire ni ecrire.”

are most esteemed among the ancients. It forms several separate pictures adorned with the most brilliant and vivid colouring, and they are so put together as to form a well-blended whole, in which all the parts unite, and without any one of which it would be incomplete.

Thus, for instance, their progress through the cloisters, where

“The pillared arches were over his head,
And under his feet were the bones of the dead,”

however common the fact may be to every ancient church, shows the authour to have possessed a truly poetical genius; of which one great part is the being enabled to seize upon striking and affecting images, drawn from common occurrences or objects that may be seen every day, and yet are passed unnoticed by vulgar minds.

The beauties of this poem are to be seen in almost every page, while its faults,—for it is not wholly exempt from defects,—are thinly scattered over the preface, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, neither glaring nor offensive. It is the part of just criticism, however,—though in its least pleasing office, to notice them as well as its excellence. The most important of them relates to the machinery; and here a violation of the well-known rule of Horace, *nec Deus intersit, &c.* is but too apparent. The dialogue overheard by the Grammered Countess between the two river Sprites, concerning Margaret's marriage, is needless, because the information might have been conveyed both to her and the reader by more obvious means; and it is unpoetical, because it is a violent use of supernatural assistance,—not to be resorted to without necessity,—and even such as, I believe, forms no part of the local superstition of the Lowlands.

In the tragedy of *Douglas*, Home, in his fine description of the storm, introduces a similar supernatural being to heighten the horrors of it.

“And loud and shrill
The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd.”

But I doubt whether there be any authority for supposing that the river Spirits meddle with the domestick concerns of the mansions on their banks, or meet to gossip about the intermarriages of the families which inhabit them. And the same learning that enabled the Countess to interpret their conversation, would have assisted her also to gain the requisite information without their help.

But the machinery of the greatest length, as well as consequence, is that of the magick book. This is so well described; its consequences are so striking and beautiful; the purport of it is concealed beneath a veil so thick, and its mystick contents are so darkly alluded to, and still left in that state of unexplained horror which so powerfully affects the mind, that few readers of taste will be inclined to object to the introduction of it. Yet it has been observed that it is not of use towards the conduct of the story, adequate to the eagerness of the Countess to possess it. And so far as to the furtherance of her schemes only, it is true; for the effect it produces is directly contrary to what she wished. But that magical art should deceive its votaries is very consonant with poetical justice: and it was only by the agency of the book that the catastrophe of the narrative, viz. the marriage of Cranstoun and Margaret is produced. For it was through the power of the book that "the young heir of Branksome" was stolen; and that Cranstoun was enabled to personate Deloraine, conquer Musgrave, and redeem the boy; which was the only way of inducing the Countess to consent to the marriage.

And here it ought to be pointed out, with respect to the moral conduct of the piece, how ingeniously it is contrived that the violent passions of the Countess, which led her to have recourse to those dark arts, which must not even be named, and for which the monk must do a treble penance for having only "thought them in his heart within," had the unlooked for effect of completely defeating her own purposes.

In this respect, therefore, here was *dignus vindici nodus* for the use of machinery; no common means, no human persuasions could have induced her to consent to resign her hatred to the family of Cranstoun. The end of the drama could not have been attained but by the aid of magick.

The conduct of the dwarf, which has also been objected to, is to be defended upon the same principle. The *book*, without him, would have been useless; and he, though far from intending it, was a principal agent in conducting the poem to its destined conclusion. The dark obscurity in which his story is involved, both when he was *lost* and *found*, is highly poetical, and affords a delightful scope for the imagination.

As a minor blemish, it may be observed, that the character of Margaret is not sufficiently prominent to excite much interest. There is nothing to distinguish it from any other; and, therefore, to most readers, the recovery of the “young Heir” will seem an event of more consequence than her marriage.

It has also been mentioned as a fault, that there are no similes throughout the poem; but whether that can be so deemed, in a work which lays claim to no higher rank than that of a *Minstrel’s Song*, is, I think, at least, doubtful. If the objection be well founded, it is one which only the judgment makes on reflection; and which the imagination, warmed with the beauty of the piece, and deeply engaged by the attention which it excites, can hardly stop to discover.

But there is another light in which this work has a claim to be considered, which is that of a narrative, meant to exemplify the curious system of Border manners. In this respect it is unrivalled: no history has yet appeared which gives so just an account, so interesting a picture of the lawless ravages of the Borders, which were equally a disgrace to both nations. With regard to these, the romance has the singular advantage of being a true history as to the general facts, and the usual

conduct of the Moss Troopers: and the characters of the two English leaders, Howard and Dacre, are admirably delineated, and evidently drawn from the most authentick sources of information.*

* Of the singular character of Lord William Howard, there are some curious traits recorded by Gilpin, in his *Tour to the Lakes*.—There is a history of the Borders by Ridpath, &c. and an account of the "Ancient State of the Borders" in Burn and Nicholson's *History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*; but a more complete account of them would be very acceptable to the lovers of history, and there are abundant materials for that purpose.

**KING PEPIN, a Tragedy, by ROGER HORN, School
Master of Newham.**

THE office of a literary reviewer, though frequently arduous and irksome, is not unattended with its peculiar pleasures. Of these, the chief, perhaps, is that conscious dignity which an intelligent critick must feel at the moment of annonncing a new performance to the world, and of fixing it conspicuous in the Temple of Fame, or spurning it down to the gulph of oblivion. He waves his pen with an air of majesty, likens himself to Jupiter weighing the fates of heroes, and is not sensible that the smile is hyperbolical. Then, if the work under consideration be of such a nature as he hath never attempted himself, nor hath any thoughts of attempting, (in which case alone he can possibly pronounce a favourable doom) with what supreme benignity he proceeds to twine the destined wreath of praise and glory! with what feelings of delight he calls the publick attention to the happy object of his favour! feelings, indeed, so delicious, that the writer of this article, at present under their influence, can find no language to express them.

The pathetick, interesting, original, and highly finished drama, which we have the felicity of introducing to the world, is the work of a poor pedagogue, in an obscure village of Northumberland. His history, as far as concerns his poetical character, is so well related, in a copious preface to the tragedy, that we shall take the liberty of giving it in his own words.

“ Even from my boyish days, I was enamoured of the divine Melpomene. At the age of 21 years, I did compose the first speech of the first scene of the first act of a tragedy ; and my intention was to have added the whole five acts in the usual manner, with all the scenes and speeches. But my school at this time coming into considerable repute, the great design was dropt ; and now, instructed by age and experience, I consider it only as a premature exertion of genius.

“ Still, however, the lecture of Tragick Poems, both in our own and other languages, formed the solace of my solitary hours ; except when Mr. Truncheon’s itinerant company of players came to exhibit in the next market town ; for then did I diligently attend the theatre, and enjoy with avidity the deceptions of the scene. After many years, and after much attention, reading and reflection, I resumed my design of writing a tragedy, but withal, resolved to do it after a novel and original mode. It had long appeared to me a most lamentable absurdity, that, after the performance of our most excellent tragedies, their whole effect should be destroyed by the exhibition of some contemptible buffoonery or other, and the audience dismissed perfectly contented and happy.—Would it not be better to get over all that stuff in the former part of the evening, and close with the grand piece ?”

He then proves the good effects that such a revolution would produce. The necessity of spinning every tragedy out to five acts, should be abolished, as three would be found abundantly sufficient to satisfy the audience. Of course, more new tragedies would appear ; for the Pegasus of many a poet, wanting strength of wing to soar over five divisions, might, without flagging, reach three. Even Aristotle, in fact, insists on no more ; for though he mentions five acts as the just measure of a dramatick poem, yet he reckons that a perfect fable, which hath a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*.

“With such views,” continues he, “King Pepin was composed; and, after careful correction, presented to Gregory Fadge, Esq. Manager of the Theatre Royal at _____. He approved highly of my proposed alterations, accepted the piece, and promised, upon his honour, and as he was a gentleman, to bring it out in three months at farthest; nay, more, to appear in the character of Pepin himself. This pleased me inexpressibly, as I had formerly seen him play Macbeth after a most inimitable fashion, and with unexampled applause. Now, Gregory Fadge, Esq. kept my piece three years, and then returned it in a very polite and honourable manner, saying, “It would not do.”

To see a man thus deprived of his just fame and profit, by conduct, which, in ordinary life, could not escape the name of villainy, must excite the strongest indignation; especially as the injured person has no means of redress, but by crying, “‘Sdeath, I’ll shame the fools, and print it!” This only course Mr. Horne hath taken, and we sincerely hope he shall find it successful. We trust that the liberality and applause of a generous and discerning publick, shall make him ample amends for the supercilious neglect of an ignorant and rascally buffoon. We shall, therefore, proceed to entertain our readers with an analysis of the piece; and, by way of specimen, lay before them the whole first act. For, though Mr. Roger Horn be an original writer, yet it must be owned he resembles his brethren, the modern tragedians, in one respect—his first act is the best.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PEPIN, King of France.

SAVARY, Duke of Acquitain.

TROMPART, Soldan of Egypt.

VALENTINE, a Beau, in love with Clermonda.

ORESON, a Buck in love with Eglantina.

PACOLET, a cunning man.

WOMEN.

CLERMONDA, a fine lady, in love with any body.

EGLANTINA, a fine lady, in love with every body.

SCENE, in the first act, is in the fields of Acquitain; afterward in an ale-house under the castle wall.

ACT I—SCENE I.

Scene, a field—the ramparts of Aquitain seen at a distance, and part of the Soldan of Egypt's camp.

Savary. The morning, in her richest purple robe,
Her azure vest, and crimson petticoat,
Leers wanton on this most auspicious day,
Which welcomes thee, great King, to Aquitain.
This day, O Pepin ! this important day,
Or fixes me a Duke, or from a throne
Throws Savary into Egyptian chains—
Detested thought! Soon as the sun shall reach
The half-way house in yonder marble sky,
Our truce expires, and then comes havock on.
Then shalt thou see death and the furies waiting
What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure
For the great spectacle.

Pepin. Then by my crown,
By the great faith and honour of a King;
By glorious war, and by immortal fame,
I swear to thee, my fixt opinion is—
We shall have hot work on't!

Sav. Thy thoughts, great king,
Are, as thy state, majestick, sage, and politick.

Pep. Yes, valiant Savary, it becomes us well,
Who, perched on Fortune's beaver, sit sublime
Amid the blaze of glory, oft to pause;
To pause and ponder; yea, and cogitate;
And also, moreover, to meditate.
But now, into thy barr'd and bolted ear
I will a secret lisp. Can'st thou be faithful?

Sav. Faithful! O, all ye gods!

Pep. Nay, Sir, your pardon!
As doubting thee I spoke not; O ! I spoke not
But from the ponderosity of the purpose,
Which lies like lead, and squeezes this sad bosom.

Sav. If friendship's lever
The pulleys of good counsel, wedge of valour;
Yea, or the screw of subtlety can ease thee,
By heav'n I will apply them all and severally!

Pep. Then list, O list! But hark! what sounds are these?
My weapon, ho! *(trumpets.)*

Sav. The Soldan comes, now for it!
Now, Monarch of the West, I say, now for it!
He has no train except his trumpeters;
I'll claw his pole.

Pep. His jacket I will work.

SCENE—*Pepin, Savary, Trompart, &c.*

Sav. Once more without the walls of Acquitain,
Proud Pagan, thou art met.

Trompart. And but once more
Shalt thou see Trompart, with his beaver up.
When next we meet, upon this plumed crest
Shall ghastly Death sit grinning. See yon Sun,
With smiles he rises ; mark him in the West,
When clouds of carnage bloat his setting beam,
And bring the night too soon. Yet, no ! by Mahomet,
To-night no night shall be ! The flames of Acquitain,
With horrid glare, shall fill the vast horizon,
And mock the pale fac'd moon.

Pep. Sir, by your leave,
And under favour of this puissant Duke,
I say, you are a most impudent scoundrel.

Trom. Scoundrel !

Pep. Scoundrel and coward.

Trom. Coward ! ha ! no more : (*drawing.*)
Thus, in thy filthy throat, villain ! thou liest !

Sav. He breaks the truce by striking the first blow ;
The law is on our side.

Trom. Ha ! say'st thou ? Then the law I will not break.
My wrongs I'll pocket for an hour or too : (*sheathing.*)
But yet, I swear, they shall not mouldy grow ! (*exit.*)

Sav. Bragart, avaunt ! he's gone.

Pep. Then let him go—

And now my tale of wonder I'll resume.
But how, ye Gods ! shall I fit utterance give
To things unutterable ? How shall I
Dare to describe what baffles all description ;
Bids Eloquence be dumb, and Rhetoric
Go hang himself ?

Sav. My noble liege, I find,
At least, I do suspect, this matter is,
Something of moment.

Pep. Moment ! O ye powers !
Moments, days, years, time, and eternity :
'Tis all in all : and this, sir, is the case :
But yet, I swear, great Duke, I cannot speak it,
Both from the grandeur of the subject matter,
And that I feel my throat is parched and dry.
O, for a drink, ye Gods ! it boots not what ;
Punch, porter, burgundy, or bottled beer.

Sav. Lo, here comes Pacolet, a proper man
In messages of speed to be employed ;
For on his wooden stead he mounts the air,
And hollow beats the swiftest pinioned gale.

(*To be continued.*)

A New Universal and Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English languages: containing above fifty thousand terms and names not to be found in the Dictionaries of Boyer, Perry, Nugent, Tocquot, or any other Lexicographer. To which is added, a vast fund of other information, equally beneficial and instructive, never before published in any work of this kind. For the use of the French and English Student, the Divine, Civilian, Lawyer, Justice of the Peace, Physician, Surgeon, Mineralogist, Chemist, Botanist, Agriculturalist, Apothecary, Mariner, Soldier, Merchant, Banker, Mathematician, Natural Philosopher, Astronomer, Geographer, Historian, Antiquary, Biographer, Architect, Printer, Painter, Manufacturer, Mechanick; and, in fine, for the benefit of all who may consider a knowledge of either Language an acquisition in their respective situations in life. By N. G. DUFIEF. Author of "Nature Displayed in her Mode of teaching Language to Man, applied to the French Language." In three volumes. Philadelphia. T. & G. Palmer. pp. 2226.

THE authour of the most wonderful monument of genius, industry and perseverance which his age produced, classes the labours of lexicography among those in which success is not crowned with applause, and diligence reaps no reward. But he was himself a brilliant exception to the truth of this remark. He threw so much of the fulgence of learning upon his toil, and prosecuted it with such activity of genius, that his labours, without exaggeration, may be said to have done as much in settling the language of his country, as the influence of the Norman conqueror accomplished in its transformation. The pen of Dr. Johnson has inscribed a land-mark in the literary history of the English language, at which the philologist will always be able to pause and take an observation of bearings and distances. The great end of language being to convey our thoughts, its first qualities are perspicuity and uniformity. It is in these respects that Dr. Johnson has done so much: and however ignorance may deride, or captiousness may object, we hope the day is very distant when his invaluable thesaurus of sterling English is to be superceded by a wampum of buskin vulgarisms, or yankee evasions.

Perhaps no country has produced more philological enquirers than France. Half a century was spent by her "embodied criticks" in this "harmless drudgery," with little effect—and her presses still produce dictionaries and grammars with the fecundity of the polypus. To the long list Mr. Dufief has added his name, which, though last in date,

we are convinced, will be ranked among the first in merit. We do not possess that perfect knowledge of the French idiom which would authorize us to enter into critical investigations of the manner in which he has traced his originals, and detailed their significations. But we can compare his plan with the schemes of others—and the result of this operation is a perfect conviction that he has done more to facilitate us the acquisition of his language than any of his predecessors.

The first volume contains,

1st. A more complete list of French words than can be found in any other Dictionary, illustrated frequently by sentences, on the plan of Dr. Johnson: and for the better convenience of the American reader, all his definitions are in the English tongue, and the extracts are translated. To prove how far this excells other Dictionaries in copiousness of explanation, we shall state, that, of words,

Delatainville, Dict. l'Acad. Boyer.

under the letter x

Dufief has	24	2	9	2
y	23	14	6	10
z	77	26	36	33
k	62	4	2	4

To establish this superiority still further, let us take the various acceptations of the verb *fondre* in

DUFIEF.

Fondre, (fon-dre) *v. a. to melt, to dissolve, to make liquid, to mix, to cast, (in painting) to to soften, to blend tints.*

Fondre des couleurs, to mix colours.—des soies pour faire des étoffes, to mix silks, to make stuffs.—un ouvrage dans un autre, to blend or comprise a work into another.—des actions des billets, to part with stocks, with notes for ready money.—une cloche, une statue, to cast a bell, a statue.—la cloche, to make an end of an affair.—Quand il fallut fondre la cloche, when it came to the winding up of the affair.

DÉLATAINVILLE.

Fondre, v. a. 6. to melt, to dissolve, to make liquid.

Foudre des couleurs, to mix colours;—des soies pour faire les étoffes, to mix silks, to make stuffs with them;—des actions, des billets, to part with stocks, with notes for ready money;—la cloche, to make an end of an affair.

DUFIEF.

Fondre, *v. n.* to melt, to dissolve, to become liquid; to sink, to fall in; to fall away, to grow lean; to become extinct; to perish, to rot (at the root); to attack, to fall upon, to rush upon; to make a sudden stop at, (as a hawk, &c. does.)

Fondre en pleurs ou en larmes, to melt, or dissolve in tears. Le plancher de la chambre fondit tout a coup, *the floor of the room fell in, or sunk all at once.* Il fond a vue d'œil, *he fails away visibly.* Tout ce qu'il tient fond entre ses mains, *every thing that he has slips through his fingers, or melts like butter before* (in or exposed to) *“the sun.* L'oiseau fondit tout d'un coup sur la perdrix, *the bird made a stoop at the partridge all on a sudden.*

L'orage fondit tout-a-coup, *the storm broke all of a sudden.* Ma tabatiere etait sur la table, elle est fondue, *my snuff-box was on the table, it vanished.*

Sé fondre, *v. n.* to melt, to dissolve, &c.

We do not bring forward the *Dictionary of the Academy* in this comparison, because, the present is little more than a copy of it, as to the explanations; with this difference, that they are given in our own tongue by Mr. *Dufief*, and are, therefore, more useful to us. The Academy, however, gives the participle *fondu*, which Mr. *D.* omits. This we regret, because it is sometimes used figuratively, and is, therefore, not easily understood by beginners. Thus they say, *elle est fondue*, of a person who has suddenly disappeared, without leaving any trace by which he may be found—*une maison est fondue dans une autre*—where the fortunes of one family have been transferred to another by the marriage of the heiress. The participle is also omitted by *Delatainville*. We find it omitted in some other words in *Dufief*, and, therefore, presume it has been done systematically. If we be

DELATAINVILLE.

Fondre, *v. n.* 6. to melt, to dissolve, to become liquid. 2. to sink. 3. to fall away, to grow lean. 4. to become extinct. 5. to perish, to rot at the root. 6. to attack, to fall upon.

Fondre en larmes, to melt in tears.

Se fondre *v.* 3. 6. to melt, to dissolve.

right in this conjecture, we hope the deficiency will be supplied in a second edition, which we have no doubt will soon be required.

The law term, *aleatoire*, signifying a species of contract, is not to be found: *symposiaque*, omitted by Deletainville and the Academy, appears to be explained, (*philosophical table talk*) in a sense, which is, at least, too restricted. It is from the Greek, (*sumposiarch*), and relates to conversations among persons who are drinking together: a kind of meeting at which Philosophy does not often preside. In modern symposiacks the unanimous cry is

“ Hang up philosophy” ;—
 “ Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,”
 “ Upset a watch, or turn a gamester’s luck,
 “ It helps not.”*

Besides a complete collection of words which are in common use, the authour has brought together and explained with great industry and perspicuity, a vast mass of conversation-phrases, proverbs, and technical terms, in which respects other dictionaries are generally deficient: likewise, all the jargon which was invented by the furies of the French revolution, to communicate their wild, blasphemous and factious notions, and a complete nomenclature of the sects into which this sperm of madness was divided, copied, we presume, from Dupré’s work. The pronunciation of each word is adjusted according to the most accurate and polished standards,

II. The second volume contains a complete English and French Dictionary, in which the authour has very properly adopted Walker for his guide in the orthography and pronunciation. To this is added, a

Liste des Verbes qui sont suivis de particules—liste des Verbes et des signes verbaux qui ne prennent point le signe to devant l’infinitif qu’ils regissent—table Alphabétique des principales particules Anglaises, et de leur usage dans cette langue—observations sur la poésie Anglaise—(of no use to any one) a table alphabétique des abréviations les plus usitées en écrivant et parlant l’Anglois—an alphabetical list of the most common Christian names of men and women, in French and English—liste alphabétique des noms de baptême les plus ordinaires, d’hommes et de femmes, (which was fully supplied by the preceding list) and abréviations des noms de baptême Anglais dont on se sert dans le discours familier.

* Shakspere.

The third volume contains

Dictionary of Sea Terms and Phrases, French and English. *Dictionary of Sea Terms and Phrases, English and French.* *Dictionary of Articles of Merchandise, Manufactures, &c.* *Dictionnaire des principaux Termes de Commerce, de Marchandise, &c.* *Tableau Comparatif des Monnaies d'Or et d'Argent, &c.* *Table of the Principal Gold and Silver Coins now current, containing their Weight, Fineness, &c.* *Table Comptile des Poids et Mesures décimales. Valeurs des Mesures et Poids. Anciens en Mesures et Poids Nouveaux.* *Table of the Present System of French Weights and Measures, &c.* *Dictionary of French Homonymy.* *Dictionary of English Synonyms.* *Dictionnaire des Synonymes, ou Acceptions de la Langue Française, &c.* *Principales Difficultés de la Langue Française, par ordre alphabétique, extraites des auteurs les plus estimés.* *Traité Complet de Versification Française.* *Traité de Ponctuation.* *Dictionnaire de Mythologie Universelle, Ancienne et Moderne, et d'Iconologie.* *Dictionnaire des Personnages cités par les Historiens, les Chronologues, et les Biographes, depuis la Cratation jusqu'à nos jours.* *Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle, suivant l'ancienne et la nouvelle division de la France, de l'Allemagne, de l'Italie, &c.* *Dictionary of the Latin Quotations which most frequently occur at the Bar, in Pleadings, in Courts, in Newspapers, &c. with their Explanations in English.* *Chronological Table of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions, from the Creation to the year 1810.* *French Republican Calendar.*

Our readers will scarcely expect a minute criticism on the contents of these volumes. I shall just hint that the dictionary of remarkable personages occupies a great number of pages to no good purpose whatsoever. Many of the names never will be sought, and if they are, it is saying little to inform us that the person was *un écrivain—savant grec poète latin.*—That much information we generally possess. But if the authour would make this section of the book really useful, he should add the age when the person flourished, or the period of his birth or death.

We conclude our brief account of this valuable compilation with our warmest approbation of the scrupulous accuracy and unwearied perseverance which it displays. Our own pursuits for some time past have led us far into the regions of French literature, and we have frequently been baffled by obstacles, to surmount which we were but feebly aided by the lexicons in ordinary use. What was obscure, *Dufief* has enlightened; what was difficult he has removed; what was deficient he has supplied. He is entitled to our

cordial gratitude for the addition which he has made to our stock of knowledge, by his Grammar and Dictionaries; and we are confident that every student who is learning the French language, if he take these works as his guide, will agree with us, that the industry and ingenuity of Mr. *Dufief*, have converted a rugged road into a path of velvet smoothness.

MINERALOGY.

Observations upon a Chromat of Iron, found on the Estate of Thomas Rutter, Esq; in the vicinity of Baltimore.

THE chromat of Iron has been found in tolerable plenty in France within these ten years or less; but it has not been noticed by the German minerallogists until very lately.—*Jameson* describes a steel-gray acicular chromat of Iron, with a yellow tarnish, and a green chrome-ochre, but our Baltimore mineral is not described by him. In France (Department of Var,) it is accompanied, as with us, by Steatite.

I believe *M. Godon*, the mineralogical lecturer, first noticed our mineral. He and Mr. *Peale* prepared a yellow pigment from it, which, although they sold it at two dollars *per ounce*, was all bought by the chair painters and sign painters in Philadelphia. But the profit, probably, does not compensate the trouble—for they make no more. It is certainly the most beautiful yellow pigment which is known. Their mode of preparing it I do not know; but it may be prepared thus:—Prepare a strong solution of lead in nitric acid; take care the acid is saturated with the lead; filter it; bruize the chromat of iron into a fine powder; mix with it three-fourths of its weight of pure nitre (refined saltpetre,) also in powder; expose them to a strong red heat, approaching to fusion, in a covered crucible, for an hour; wash the contents of this crucible in boiling rain water; filter; evaporate gently till a slight pellicle begins to appear on the furnace, or till the solution is about three ounces in quantity to one

ounce of nitre employed. With this solution, which will be a combination of the chronic acid with the alkali of the tartar, precipitate the solution of lead. The chromat of pot-ash will be decomposed; the chromat of lead will fall down in a bright yellow powder, and the supernatant liquor will be a solution of common nitre. The yellow powder must be collected on a filter, washed and dried on a chalk stone in the usual way.

In France, the chromic acid, procured either from the chromat of Iron, or the red chromat of lead of Siberia, is now used to give a green colour to glass, enamels, and porcelain, and is said to produce, by fusion, the finest green yet known. I presume the acid procured in *Vaugelin's* method by the decomposition of the red chromat of mercury, artificially prepared, much in the same manner with the above-mentioned chromat of lead, is ground up with glass of borax, and used as a pigment on the substance to which it is to be united by fusion at the surface.

It has begun to be used as a mordant in calico printing, wherein art has not yet been able to furnish a simple green; that is, a green that will stand washing and acids, from *one* substance. How far this improvement has been carried, I do not know.

It is said that Mr. *W. Hembell*, of Philadelphia, has succeeded in procuring a still finer yellow than *Godon* and *Peale*, but I do not know his process.

I have seen a very fine specimen of a chromat of iron discovered in Chester County, Pennsylvania, by a Mr. *Smith*, formerly of Philadelphia.

O.

PACUVIUS TAURUS, in hopes of obtaining a present from Augustus, told him, "It was commonly reported that he had received a considerable sum from him."—"But I would not have you believe it," said the emperor.

MACROB. *Saturn.*

POETRY.

DANAE—FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

Extracted from the Memoirs of Anacreon. M. S.

When the wild winds whistled by
 And midnight gloom o'erhung the sky:—
 When old Ocean's foaming tide
 Impetuous, dash'd the vessel's side:—
 Danae view'd the fearful deep
 And clasp'd her child, now bath'd in sleep.
 “ Alas! my child, while all around,
 Darkness and sad dismay are found ;
 I hear the angry billows roar,
 And idly lash the distant shore :
 I see the vivid lightning play
 Making, of night a fearful day :
 And while each hour wakes new alarms,
 Thou sleep'st sweet babe, upon my arms.
 No guilty pang disturbs thy heart ;
 No grief has bade thy tears to start.
 But could the surge that wets thy hair
 Awake thy bosom to despair,
 And make thee feel what I deplore,
 I then would bid thee sleep the more.
 But oh ! Great Jove ! in future years,
 When all the man my boy appears,*
 Oh ! give him valour bold and strong,
 That he may 'venge his mother's wrong !”

1805.

SEDLEY.

* Perseus—See Lempriere's Dict.

SONNET—TO WINTER.

A wrinkled crabbed man they picture thee,
 Old WINTER, with a ragged beard as grey
 As the long moss upon the apple tree ;
 Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
 Blue lipt, an ice drop at thy sharp blue nose,
 Plodding alone thro' sleet and drifting snows.
 They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
 Old WINTER ! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
 Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
 Or circled by them as their lips declare
 Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
 Of troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
 Pausing at times to stir the languid fire,
 Or taste the old October brown and bright.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

AN IMPROMTU.

'Tis WINTER ! and Winter's enough in all reason,
 Without complimenting us on his cold season ;
 Yet all who now meet, friend, acquaintance and brother,
 Are determined on congratulating each other.
 But what are the gifts that old Winter has given,
 Whilst far from our shores softer seasons are driven ?
 To one he obligingly sends a rheumatic,
 While another is pleasingly plagued with sciatic ;
 To one, of the tooth-ache he sends a small smack,
 And amuses another with pains in his back :
 To this, in his goodness, a cough he despatches,
 Whilst his colds are dispensed in delightful large batches :
 And chilblains, catarrhs, dismal head-aches, and sneezings,
 Are the compliments sent with old Winter's sharp freezings !

ON PERUSING THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SCOTIA ! erst in battle proved,
 Whose hardy chieftains war beloved,
 With mighty arm, from mountain height,
 Pour'd down the tempest of the fight,
 Till Southern bands in terror fled,
 And every foe man hid his head ;
 A prouder garland decks thee now,
 Than ever graced a warrior's brow !

Love and beauty, sweetly smiling,
 Valiant chief, and cloister'd nun,
 Crown the bard, whose song beguiling,
 All the praise of verse hath won.

Scotia ! well may mists enshroud
 Thy mountains in impervious cloud,
 If Genius shine on thee so bright
 And shed on thee his floods of light.
 Well may rough rocks thy clime deface,
 Since twining round thy rugged base,
 And shooting from their cliffs so high,
 Grow all the flowers of Minstrelsy.

Harp of the North !—Thy strains prolong,
 And every note shall echo bear,
 Till every valley find a tongue,
 And every mountain stoop to hear !

Lo ! touched by life inspiring rhyme,
 Awake the chiefs of elden time,
 Oblivion's massy bars unfold,
 And all is new, that late was old.
 The mould'ring warrior grasps his glaive,
 And lances break, and banners wave ;
 And modern eyes astonished see,
 The faery forms of Chivalry.

Hail! magick holy power of song,
 To whom all bend the knee ;
 No gate hath Earth or Heaven so strong,
 But it shall ope to thee.

List, virgins, list ! The song is yours,
 Of myrtle wreaths, and shady bowers,
 Of passion's soul bewildering trance,
 And cheeks that blush, and eyes that glance,
 Of bosoms white as trackless snow,
 And hearts that bleed, and hearts that glow ;
 Where like the silk-worm in his shell,
 Lurks the young god, you love so well.
 Be every maid like ELLEN fair,
 And every bard like SCOTT sublime ;
 Then every maid shall life immortal share,
 And every bard outlive the waste of time.

SONG.

AIR—AS PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

Old FLAM was a lawyer so grim,
 He married his maid, people say ;
 But scarce was the honey moon dim,
 When the devil cried, FLAM, come away !
 How she wish'd that the tear-drop would fall,
 But poor Mrs. FLAM could not weep ;
 And soon in a black velvet pall
 She popp'd the old lawyer to sleep.

She thought of her love as she lay,
 When the ghost of the late Mr. FLAM,
 In his green velvet cap, came to say,
 " Phoo ! nonsense ! your grief is all sham."

Quoth she, " Ghost, I'm no longer thine,
 I won't lie alone in the dark,
 And to-morrow, at half after nine,
 Mr. FLAM, I shall marry your clerk."

AUGUST 1810.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
 That play in ringlets round the fair :
 'Tis not her cheek o'erspread with smiles :
 'Tis not her voice which Care beguiles :
 'Tis not her lips with roses dress'd,
 Where vagrant bees would fondly rest :
 'Tis not her blue eyes' thrilling glance :
 'Tis not her feet that thrid the dance :
 'Tis not the grace with which they move,
 That warm my heart with ardent love——
 But 'tis her finely polish'd mind,
 By Virtue's, rarest rules refin'd.
 Like Hesper at the close of day,
 When Sol emits his rarest ray,
 Modest and meek without pretence
 To other charms than charms of sense——
 To charms which shine when beauty fades,
 And wrinkled age the form invades——
 To these a lovely maid aspires,
 And these awake my bosom's fires ;
 For they can warm my throbbing heart,
 Without the aid of Fancy's art.

When Time uplifts his palsying hand,
 And strikes the visage with his wand :
 When cheeks no more with ardour glow,
 And silver'd curls resemble snow :
 When eyes have lost their humid blue,
 And lips have chang'd their roseate hue :
 Ah ! then, how weak is Beauty's power,
 To charm the slowly passing hour !

SEDLEY.

AN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

Adieu ! to my flocks of white sheep,
 And adieu ! to the fields where they fed ;
 For though many the tears that I weep,
 The devil a tear have they shed.

Ye lambs and ye lambkins adieu !
 From the *Leasowes* your poet is off ;
 Farewell to each ram and each ewe,
 For I've got a most damnable cough.

The Devil may watch you for me,
 I'm sure he'll be sick of the job ;
 For your *Corydon's* off, do you see,
 Without ever sobbing a sob.

IRISH BOOKBINDING.

Teague, a true honest soul as e'er trod Irish ground,
 Once was sent by his master some books to get bound ;
 Bibles, essays, and poems, and works of *vertu*,
 To be deck'd with gilt letters in scarlet and blue.
 When the artizan view'd them, in terms of his trade,
 " Some of these must be done in *Morocco*," he said,
 " The Bibles in *Turkey*, and as for the rest,
 I think *Basil* and *Ruseia* will suit them the best."
 " Och" says Teague, " hold your bodder and outlandish stuff,
 Sure, wo'n't Irish binding look just well enough !
 Why these outlandish elves would ye be after troubling ?
 Master told me to get them all bound here in *Dublin*."

N. S.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, Dec. 10—[Continued from p. 51.]

5. *Resolved*, That so much of the President's message as relates to the violation of laws interdicting the slave trade, be referred to the committee of commerce and manufactures.

6. *Resolved*, That that part of the President's message relating to land forces and fortifications, be referred to a select committee.

7. *Resolved*, That that part of the President's message in regard to the militia, be referred to a select committee.

8. *Resolved*, That so much of the President's message as relates to the corps of engineers and the military academy, be referred to a select committee.

The resolution respecting West Florida brought on a short discussion.

Mr. Newton enquired why the gentleman (Mr. Root) had mentioned only a *part* of West Florida: was not the whole of it ceded by the treaty with France?

Mr. Root was of opinion that no more territory was acquired by that treaty, than lies west of the Perdido. If, however, all had been ceded, as West Florida was understood to extend eastward as far as Pensacola, so much the better: the resolution embraced all that was acquired by cession.

Mr. T. Moore moved the following amendment—"so much as relates to West Florida, as ceded to the United States."

Mr. Mitchell opposed the amendment. The resolution was sufficiently plain, and it was not worth while to enter into a discussion about mere appellations. It was enough if the resolution conformed to the message. The term West Florida was unknown in Spanish geography, and it was nothing more than a question between British and American geography on one side, and Spanish and French on the other.

The amendment was lost.

On motion of Mr. Bassett, the following resolution was added:

Resolved, That so much of the message of the President of the United States as relates to the navy, be referred to a select committee.

On motion of Mr. Bacon another resolution was added, as follows:

Resolved, That so much of the President's message as relates to the defects which may be found to exist in the provisions of the act concerning the commercial intercourse between the United States and Great-Britain and France, be referred to the committee of foreign relations.

The committee rose and reported the resolutions: the house immediately concurred, and ordered the necessary committees to be appointed.

Mr. Macon renewed the resolution which he offered the last session, proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States, declaring that no person elected as a member of the senate, or house of representatives, after having taken his seat, should be eligible to any civil office under the authority of the United States, during the term for which he was elected, or during the presidential term under which he was elected. Referred to a committee of the whole on the state of the union.

December 11.—The house proceeded to the choice of a Chaplain, when, on counting the ballots, it appeared that the Rev. Jesse Lee had 57 votes out of 105, and was consequently elected. Mr. Breckrenridge had 47.

December 12.—The usual reports from the treasury were received and referred.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a communication from the secretary of state, relative to the distresses of American seamen in foreign countries. Referred to the committee of ways and means.

Mr. Mitchell offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to enquire whether any, and what alterations are necessary in the act for securing to individuals exclusive privileges for their inventions and discoveries, with leave to report by bill or otherwise. Agreed to.

Mr. Vanhorn presented a petition from the new bank of Washington, praying for an act of incorporation. Referred to the committee on the district of Columbia.

A bill was received from the senate to suspend part of the act relative to foreign coins. Referred to a committee of the whole to-morrow.

December 18.—Mr. Mumford presented a petition from sundry merchants of New-York. The petitioners stated that they had ordered goods from England to a large amount; the orders were given before they had any knowledge of the renewal of the non-intercourse; the goods were purchased from the manufacturers, and would probably be in the hands of their agents in England at the risque of the American merchants: a large part of the goods were actually paid for: as but a part of these would arrive before the second of February, they prayed some relief in this case. Referred to the committee on foreign relations.

Mr. Johnson offered a resolution that the committee of ways and means be instructed to bring in a bill fixing the number and compensation of clerks in the several departments of the United States. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Fisk, the house went into a committee of the whole on the bill fixing the ratio of representation: Mr. Basset in the chair.

Mr. Fisk moved to fill the blank with "forty-five thousand" for every member. Motion lost, 39 to 56.

Mr. Alston moved to fill the blank with 50,000. After some debate, on motion of Mr. Smilie, the committee rose and reported progress.

The house went into a committee of the whole on the bill suspending for three years from the 4th of March next, the second section of the act regulating foreign coins; Mr. Basset in the chair. The bill passed in committee of the whole; a considerable debate rose in the house, when, on motion of Mr. Seybert, it was ordered to lie on the table, 50 to 46.

December 14.—Mr. Newton, from the committee of commerce and manufactures, reported a bill authorising the issuing of debentures in certain cases. This bill includes the case of Mr. Clason. The same committee was instructed to enquire into the expediency of making Iberia, in the territory of New-Orleans, a port of entry.

On motion, committees were appointed to enquire into the expediency of settling the boundaries of public lands at West Point.

The house resolved itself into a committee on the bill relative to foreign coins. After some observations on the difficulty of knowing the exact value of French and Spanish gold, which this bill would bring into circulation, the bill was re-committed.

The house then went into committee on the bill apportioning the representation. The question was tried on filling the blank with 50,000, and 43,000, and lost. It was then put to 40,000, when, after a short debate, it was carried, 78 members rising in the affirmative. It was afterwards taken up in the house, and, on motion of Mr. Quincy, postponed to Monday.

December 17. Mr. Poydras moved that the petition of the legislature of New-Orleans territory, presented to the house the last session, praying to be admitted into the union, be referred to a select committee. Agreed, and a committee of seven appointed.

The house resumed the consideration of the bill for apportioning representatives, &c.

The question pending was on concurrence of the committee of the whole, in filling the blank with 40,000.

Mr. Sturgess rose, and said, before he should sit down, he intended to make a motion, which would supersede the one before the house. He agreed with several gentlemen who preceded him, that the subject now under consideration was of the most serious importance to the United States. He regretted that there had heretofore appeared a disinclination to deliberate upon it in proportion to its importance. He thought there had been a partial view in *one respect* taken of this subject, which, if extended, might be useful in their decision. He considered it as almost a self-evident proposition, that by establishing a large ratio, the large states would be gainers at the expence of the small ones. He had prepared a statement, as to the apparent relative interests of the different states, and their fractions at the census in 1800,

which, although not perfectly accurate, yet was sufficiently so for his purpose. Virginia had a fraction of about 16,000. North-Carolina about 29,000. Pennsylvania, he understood, had a small one. Those of Massachusetts and New-York, he had not ascertained. The states he had mentioned may be considered as the large states. Two of them, New-York and Pennsylvania, are, not only large, but, owing to peculiarly favourable circumstances, have, and will continue to increase in their population. Whether they are all progressing rapidly in their population or not, they are, so far as respects a preponderance in our councils, interested in fixing a large ratio. The states of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio, although small at present, yet, owing to a variety of favourable circumstances, such as the quality of their soil, their geographical situation, and other encouragements to emigrations, must, for fifty or an hundred years, rapidly increase in population; they are also, therefore, interested in a large ratio. But look at some of the small states, which have been, and will continue to be, nearly stationary. Georgia, at the last census, had a fraction of about 6000, South-Carolina 23,000, Delaware 31,000, New-Jersey 9,000, Connecticut 20,000, Rhode-Island 9,000. If the last states mentioned have not increased much in their population, as is generally supposed, the probability is, if the ratio now proposed, viz. 40,000, is agreed to, then each of them must lose one or more of their representatives. In looking at the justice of such a ratio, compare, for instance, the state of Delaware with that of Virginia. The former, as she had before, will now have a fraction of 31,000. Supposing Virginia has the same, then the consequence will be, that nearly half of the population of Delaware will be unrepresented, and only a 22d part of that of Virginia. And here he said he would notice a statement or argument of a gentleman (Mr. W. Alston) from North-Carolina, the other day, who said a large ratio was in favour of the small states, and against the large ones; for, said he, if Delaware have a fraction of 29,000, and Virginia have the same, the former will have half of their population unrepresented, and the latter only a 22d part; therefore a large ratio is in favour of the small states. He thought it unnecessary to make any comments on this reasoning, and, therefore, would leave it.

Mr. S. observed, that he had said the *apparent* interest of the large states might be for a large ratio, but he would now address himself to a sense of the *real* interest of those gentlemen who represented the large states. He said it was in human nature (and from that only could we reason) "when men feel power they forget right." Was it to be expected, that the large states on this floor, having the power to controul the small ones, will not be tempted to sacrifice their interests? What will be the consequence? Those whose rights are not regarded will soon become uneasy; jealousies will arise, the harmony of the members of

this family will be endangered; the perpetuity of this union will be hazarded. He therefore again appealed to the real sense which gentlemen felt respecting their true interest. He observed that it had been said, the small states have a security from their equal representation in the Senate. He believed experience had already proved, and would continue hereafter to confirm the opinion, that very little security is to be expected from that circumstance. It afforded the small states very little consolation. From the construction of our government, it will ever be the case, that the influence of the large states in this house will, upon great national and interesting questions, operate upon the deliberations of the Senate. If the large states should happen to be united in their views as to the chief magistrate, the electoral votes which are to be given will always have the effect which they are calculated to produce.

Another reason which had been urged in favour of a large ratio, was the difficulty of doing business with a large representation. Mr. S. said this, like many other theories, was delusive and would not bear the test of fact and experience. He said the state of Connecticut, which he had the honour to represent, proved the truth of his remark. He said the popular branch of the legislature of that state was composed of about two hundred members, who sat three weeks only in the spring, and the same in autumn, in a room not more than half the size of this, and he would presume to say it, although he represented that state, and this statement would be corroborated by those who had attended the deliberations of that body, that for order, decorum, and despatch of business, they were not surpassed by any other deliberative body. He did not by this mean to apply any disparagement to other legislatures. For aught he knew, they all conducted their business with equal decorum. He was not over anxious to confine the ratio to what it is at present. If the population shall amount to what is generally supposed, viz. seven millions, a ratio of one for every 35,000, will give precisely two hundred members, which he thought would be a convenient number.

He said, an honourable gentleman from New-York the other day advanced a doctrine to which he could by no means subscribe. Mr. S. said, being a republican himself, he thought it did not by any means comport with true republicanism. The gentleman said, that our citizens were to look altogether to their state legislatures, and not to the national legislature, for the protection of their personal rights. This he did not agree to. But if our citizens are not to look here for the protection of their rights, he thought it highly important that the states should have a proper representation here, so as to guard against the encroachments of the general government upon the personal rights of citizens.

He asked the gentleman from New-York, whether he had not at any time heretofore been jealous of the encroachment of

this government on the personal rights of our citizens? As to the other gentleman from New-York, [Mr. Fisk] he said his remark was not applicable to him; for, he said, if he had been rightly informed, that gentleman had never, at any time heretofore, been jealous of any such encroachments.

Mr. S. said further, if harmony among the members of this union, and perpetuity to the same, were desirable, the large states would take heed how they unnecessarily degraded the small ones. He then appealed to the small and stationary states, how they ought to act upon the present occasion.

He said he trusted all difficulty would be avoided, if we would consent to wait, and accommodate, as far as may be, the ratio to the actual numbers which shall be returned, and to the fractions which will then appear upon any ratio which shall be proposed. He therefore moved an indefinite postponement.

After some debate the yeas and nays were called, and were, for an indefinite postponement 55, against it 62.

Mr. Pitkin then moved that the bill be postponed till the third Monday in February. Yeas 66, nays 59.

December 18—Mr. Pierson, after stating what had been done on this subject at the last session, offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to enquire into the conduct of Brigadier General James Wilkinson, in relation to his having, at any time, whilst in the service of the United States, corruptly received money from the government of Spain, or its agents; or, in relation to his having, during the time aforesaid, been an accomplice, or in any way concerned with the agents of any foreign power, or with Aaron Burr, in a project against the dominions of the King of Spain, or to dismember these United States. And that the said committee enquire generally into the conduct of the said James Wilkinson, as Brigadier General of the army of the United States: That the said committee have power to send for persons and papers, and compel their attendance and production—[and that the said James Wilkinson be notified, by the committee, of the time and place of their sitting, and that he be heard in his defence]—and that the committee report the result of their enquiry to this house.

Mr. Root moved that the resolution lie on the table. Mr. Pitkin was opposed to delay in this business, as was Mr. Taylor. Mr. Smilie thought this business unnecessary and unconstitutional from the beginning. The question was taken by ayes and noes and lost—aye 23, noes 78.

Mr. Love moved to postpone until to-morrow—lost 46 to 53. Mr. Troup moved the amendment in italics, which, after some debate was adopted by Mr. Pierson.

At half past three o'clock the final question on the passage of the resolution was taken and carried—aye 76, noes 36—and a committee of five was ordered to be appointed.

December 19.—The names of the committees appointed yesterday, are as follows :

The committee on the Bank petition—Messrs. Burwell, Findley, Southard, Mitchell, Franklin, Butler, J. C. Chamberlain, W. Chamberlain, Mosely, N. R. Moore, Millar, Smelt, Johnson, Morrow, Jackson, Garnet, and Poindexter.

The committee on Mr. Pierson's resolution—Messrs. Troup, Bacon, Sage, Wilson, and Breckenridge.

Mr. Love offered a resolution, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed. It is in substance as follows : To call on the Secretary of the Treasury for information—1st. of the amount of the debts due to the bank of the United States—2d of the amount of notes of said bank now in circulation—3d. whether the revenue of the U. States are deposited in that bank and its branches—whether any portion of it is deposited in other banks ; and what will be the probable amount of deposits in any bank or banks, on account of government, on the 1st day of March, 1811.

Mr. Newton moved that the report of the select committee made last session, appointed to enquire into the causes of the great mortality among the troops at New Orleans, be referred to a committee of the whole. Carried, yeas 68, nays 17.

Mr. Smilie immediately moved to reconsider this vote, on the ground that it was an unusual course of proceeding. This motion occasioned considerable debate, after which the question was taken, and carried, 49 to 39.

The same subject of enquiry was then, on motion of Mr. Newton, again referred to a select committee of 7, yeas 66.

December 20.—Mr. Bibb is appointed chairman of the committee to enquire into the conduct of Gen. Wilkinson, in the room of Mr. Troup, excused.

The house went into a committee of the whole, Mr. Cutts in the chair, on Macon's resolution for altering the constitution so as to render any senator or representative ineligible to any office under the government of the United States during the Presidential term, in which he is a senator or representative. After sometime, the committee rose and reported progress.

On motion of Mr. Sheffey, the committee of the whole was discharged, and the subject referred to a select committee of 5.

(*To be continued.*)

LEGISLATURE OF MARYLAND.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—[Continued from p. 59.]

On motion, leave given to bring in a bill, entitled an act to tax bank stock, and for other purposes.

Leave given to bring in a bill, entitled an act for the appointment by the people of the justices of the levy court.

Mr. Archer delivered a petition from sundry inhabitants of Harford county, praying that justices of the peace may be re-

strained from attending at places where spirituous liquors are sold, for the purpose of administering justice. Referred.

On motion, leave given to bring in a bill entitled an additional supplement to the act respecting the equity jurisdiction of the county courts.

On motion of Mr. Stevens, leave given to bring in a bill to confirm an act passed at November session, entitled, an act to alter all such parts of the constitution and form of government as relate to voters and qualification of voters.

On motion of Mr. Bland, leave given to bring in a bill entitled an act to prevent fraud.

On motion of Mr. Bland, leave given to bring in a bill to regulate judicial proceedings.

On motion of Mr. Bland, leave given to bring in a bill entitled a further supplement to the act for amending and reducing into system the laws and regulations concerning last wills and testaments, the duties of executors, administrators and guardians, and the rights of orphans, and other representatives of deceased persons.

Mr. Herbert delivered a bill to confirm an act passed at November session, 1809, entitled an act to alter and abolish all such parts of the constitution and form of government as requires a property qualification in persons to be appointed or holding offices of profit or trust in the state, and persons elected members of the legislature, or electors of the senate; which was read.

November 9.—On motion of Mr. Comegys, leave given to bring in a bill to alter and abolish all such parts of the constitution and form of government as relates to the mode of filling up vacancies in the senate.

On motion of Mr. T. B. Hall, leave given to bring in a bill making provision for, and appointing a jurisdiction over offences committed by the inhabitants of one county in the adjoining county.

On motion of Mr. Bland, leave given to bring in a bill to subject lands to the payment of debts.

On motion of Mr. Bland, leave given to bring in a bill entitled an act respecting the registering of marriages, births and deaths.

Mr. Randall delivered a bill to confirm an act passed at November session, 1809, entitled an act to abolish the 45th article of the constitution.

November 10. On motion by Mr. Archer, the resolutions of the state of Pennsylvania, proposing an alteration in the constitution of the United States, were referred to Messrs. Archer, Herbert, Bowles, T. B. Hall, and P. C. Blake.

Mr. Forwood delivered a bill to withdraw the salaries from the militia officers, and to make some provision for the privates.

Mr. Bland delivered a bill concerning partitions, joint-right, and obligations; which was read.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRAPS.

Abstract of the FUNDS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND. derived from the Treasurer's annual statement.

Estimate of debts due to the State of Maryland from its citizens, &c. with interest thereon to the 1st November 1810, on installed and uninstalled bonds, &c. after deducting what is deemed invalid. } 21,200*l. 6s. 7d.*

Due from the Supervisors of the public roads, and poor's house in Baltimore county. } 4,157*l. 14s. 4d.*

THE STATE'S CAPITAL.

	\$ C.
Six per cent. and deferred six per cent. stock of the United States	685,621 21
Three per cent. United States stock	335,104 74
Loan to Susquehanna Canal Company	480 00
Loan to Charlotte Hall School	2,666 67
Bonds that are valid	34,400 99
Balances due from Clerks, Sheriffs, &c.	18,986 57
Stock in Potomack Company	120,444 44
Bank of Baltimore	106,200 00
Union Bank of Maryland	42,400 00
Farmer's Bank of Maryland	190,000 00
Mechanic's Bank of Baltimore	77,500 00
Hager's-town Bank	20,000 00
Frederick-town Turnpike	10,000 00
York-town do.	5,000 00
Union Manufacturing Company	7,500 00
	<hr/>
	1,656,304 00

Receipt and Expenditures, for one year, ending 1st Nov. 1810.

	\$ C.
Balance in Treasury 1st Nov. 1809	66,455 20
Received the current year	190,086 42

	\$ C.
Expenditures the current year	256,541 62
	<hr/>
	160,247 16

	\$ C.
Deducting \$ 30,000 for Journal of Accounts, present session,	30,000 00
	<hr/>

	\$ C.
To this balance add the probable amount of receipts the ensuing year, estimated at	163,535 21
	<hr/>

	\$ C.
Deduct the probable demands therefrom, including the Journal of Accounts for 1811	229,829 67
	<hr/>

	\$ C.
In the Treasury, subject to future appropriations,	127,328 34

B. HARWOOD,
Treasurer of the Western Shore.

NEW-YORK.—According to the census just completed, the city and county of New York contain nearly *Ninety-Four Thousand* Inhabitants. The increase of population since the census, by order of the Corporation, in 1805, is more than *Eighteen Thousand*—and since the former census, by order of Congress, (in the year 1800) more than *Thirty three Thousand*.

The following statement may gratify the curious :

Census of	Inhabitants
1756	10,881
1771	21,868
1786	23,614
1790	33,131
1800	60,489
1805	75,770
1810	93,914

The following exhibits the number of inhabitants in each ward, according to the census just completed :

First Ward,	8,824
Second,	7,086
Third,	7,677
Fourth,	9,912
Fifth,	14,894
Sixth,	11,097
Seventh,	11,597
Eighth,	9,533
Ninth,	3,461
Tenth,	9,833

Total, 93,914

Constitutionalist.—A neat paper, with this title, has been established at Exeter, New Hampshire, by E. C. Beals. The paper makes good its name, and is conducted with considerable ability and taste. As the word “Constitutionalist” happens to contain just *seventeen* letters, the fanciful idea has occurred to Mr. B. of surrounding each letter, distinctly, with a handsome circle, which circles run into each other successively, and display, engraved upon their tops, the name of each state in capital letters. This gives the head of the paper a novel and *queer* appearance.

Merino Mania.—A few days since there died in a neighboring state a valuable Merino—an artful fellow obtained possession of the skin, and after preparing one of our common sheep for the purpose, neatly sewed it on; and then sold it for \$50. The cheat however, was soon discovered, and the ingenious maker of *merinoes* conducted to his winter lodgings free of expence.

A Belfast paper mentions, that within a few weeks past there has been no less than 1660 boxes of linen of 80 pieces each, shipped from Dublin for America; or about 100,000 pieces of 25 yds. each, being two millions five hundred thousand yards, which at the average of 2s. 6d. per yard, amount to more than 250,000/. *s.l.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. JUVENIS, who describes the effects of a "Fatal Attachment" upon Amelia, who "received her lessons under the iron rod of adversity, and while her corporeal powers had perished beneath the fierce *blast* of misfortune's fiery *ordeal*, her intellectual ones had risen from the *wreck*, purified, refined, exalted"—is informed that his "tale" is rejected. We give him full credit for the benevolent intentions with which it was written and highly approve of the generous indignation which he expresses against the vice of seduction. But his narrative excites ideas so disgusting that we cannot offend our readers by inserting it. Besides that, *Juvenis* should recollect that

"An honest tale speeds best, being *plainly told*."

Our thanks are due to X. Y. Z. for the letter of advice which we have received from him. The difficulty of procuring etchings of those figures which might be required in the elucidation of mathematical problems would be so great that we fear we cannot gratify him in that particular. We shall endeavor to accommodate him, occasionally.

The keen, crabbed and crusty iambics of *Morosus* cannot be preserved in our *Repertory*. Such abuse of lovely woman, is unmanly and unfair. Let him entertain nobler views of the sex that "man was born to please." Let him attune his pipe to milder strains and hail the

— "Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things
Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs."

THE
BALTIMORE REPERTORY,
OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS :

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre d'ont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on lolie la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

Vol. 1.

MARCH, 1811.

No. 3.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE ;

OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.—A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes. Horace.

(Continued from Page 67.)

THE celebrated author* of the *Essay on Man*, throughout the whole of that excellent performance, speaks no where with greater judgment or veracity, than where he affirms, and forcibly evinces, that

“ *Man never is, but always to be blest.*”

The animal and irrational part of the creation have, it is true, their various pains and their wants, their wishes and desires ; but when once the former are alleviated, and the latter are gratified, the contented creature immediately sinks into a state of ease and tranquillity, and appears to be made perfectly satisfied and happy, by the agreeable melioration of its condition. But man alone, who is endowed with a supe-

* Pope.

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P

riority of reason, seems at the same time, by a strange and unaccountable contradiction, to be likewise gifted with supremacy of dissatisfaction. "In whatsoever station he is placed," justly observes the † Roman satyrist, "whether his lot has been awarded him by the judicious hand of unerring reason, or whether it has been the gift of capricious and undiscerning fortune; he is invariably discontented." Even if, by a lucky concatenation of circumstances, he should at last acquire the possession of some favourite object which he has, perhaps, during a long series of years, indefatigably strove, or incessantly sighed to obtain; yet, wonderful as it may appear, instead of rejoicing at the valuable acquisition, he will probably, on examination, be found to be still more dissatisfied than formerly. Either the pleasure he at last receives is considerably diminished, if not wholly extinguished, by the unremitting labour and solicitude with which it has been acquired; either the object itself does not unfortunately arrive to that high degree of perfection with which long anticipation and a glowing imagination have pourtrayed it, or whatever else be the reason, yet, certain it is, that the first moment of his disgust may, in general, be safely dated from the first moment of his possession.

Of this Denterville was a convincing example. Whilst he had lived in a private and almost solitary retirement, enjoying sufficient barely to satisfy his actual necessities, his thoughts had been invariably directed towards the superb mansions of the opulent; to the luxuries and voluptuousness he had heard, and believed, they were constantly in a condition to enjoy; and to the happiness he imagined was naturally concomitant with their splendid and elevated situation. Now, raised by the indulgence of fortune to the exalted rank of those he had envied; the master of a magnificent mansion, and in the possession of an income adequate to the gra-

† Horace, Satire I. line 1, 2, 3, 4.

tification of all his real and even imaginary wants ; he felt, and it was with amazement, and almost with shame, that he felt, the same disagreeable discontented sensations which had so frequently haunted him whilst the inhabitant of a cottage.

A short month had scarcely elapsed before his new abode had ceased to charm by its novelty ; and during the course of another month, he began seriously to complain of its tiresome monotony. The pleasures of sense, after the repetition of a few times, delighted no longer, and his satiated nature soon sat down with indifference, and almost with disgust, to the luxurious feast and the sparkling banquet. Acquaintance he had scarcely any. His titled neighbours sedulously avoided any intimacy with a man on whom they unanimously bestowed the epithet of *upstart* ; as he unfortunately had no relish for the sports of the field, his company was avoided with equal diligence by the gentry around, amongst whom he was distinguished by the appellation of a *flat* ; and his own pride would scarcely permit him to descend to associate with the low and illiterate inhabitants of the adjacent village, or the rustic tenants of his extensive estate. Even the trifling attention he was unavoidably necessitated to allow to his domestic concerns, was considered as disagreeable, and almost as painful to a person of his natural indolence of disposition. His aged, and, as it commonly is the characteristic of old age, his talkative steward regularly disturbed him, with a tedious account of some advantageous purchase he earnestly recommended him to make, with a long panegyric on his own wonderful judgment and unerring experience ; or else with a still more tiresome recital of the various economical plans his prolific brain was perpetually producing, for the better regulation and further improvement of the estate and income of its new master. His servants would frequently apply to him for directions towards the management of his numerous household ; and Denterville was often heard to exclaim, with the exaggerating voice of discontent, that his

own situation was scarcely preferable to that of the lowest menial within the walls of his castle. "Alas!" said he, mournfully, to himself one day, "I am not yet satisfied. I perceive there is no good devoid of its concomitant evil; and the numerous pains are fully equivalent to the boasted pleasures of wealth. If the rich man has a greater profusion of delicacies daily spread on his table than they can perhaps obtain who are placed in a humble state of poverty, he has at the same time less appetite to enjoy them; and the hungry labourer, who always takes his coarse and frugal meal under the friendly shade of some neighbouring tree, may proudly boast of a luxury which the accumulated wealth of all the world would be insufficient to purchase. Besides, how often have I dejectedly sat down since my prosperity, and cursed the hours that moved so heavily forwards. Formerly, whatever were my other misfortunes, I never then had it in my power to complain either of the wearisome length of the day, or the want of something constantly to employ me. What can I do? or how is it possible to remedy this glaring fault in my condition? I will," continued he, after a moment's ruminations, "I will betake myself to study. My dear father, whilst he was living, taught me a little, and I recollect he has frequently mentioned with pleasure my docility to learn, and surprising quickness of comprehension. Besides I shall by this method, I hope, occupy some of the leisure time that now seems to move so slowly."

He no sooner had conceived his plan, than he was impatient to bring it into execution. He had now again something fresh to which he was able to look forward with sensations of delight, and his glowing fancy, always deceitful, painted to him the rugged road to literature, as if adorned with every flower.

Different masters, and innumerable volumes of books, were brought, at a large expence, from a great distance, and, with all possible expedition, to the castle; and, for a short

time, Denterville conceived himself happy. But the illusion was transient. He was undoubtedly possessed of a vast and capacious genius ; but he unfortunately was destitute of the application requisite to bring such extraordinary talents to vigour and maturity. The remarkable levity and indolence inherent in his disposition, would scarcely ever allow him to follow an object with that diligence and perseverance which was necessary for its attainment ; and he would always retire, with every symptom of satiety and disgust, from any difficult or perplexing pursuit. He was indeed anxiously desirous to be accounted learned, but the fatigue of study was intolerable to him. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that his recent project should quickly lose the gay attractions of its first appearance. The dry, but indispensable, study of a grammar appeared to him insufferable ; his ponderous dictionary soon became the subject of a very serious and heavy complaint ; and he frequently expressed his great astonishment, that any teacher who really desired to render a language easy and agreeable to his pupil, should begin with a couple of books so dull and uninteresting. His masters disturbed him with a long catalogue of rules which they pertinaciously insisted were absolutely necessary to be learnt ; but he unfortunately was of a different opinion. To rear the towering structure without first forming the solid foundations on which it was to stand ; to penetrate into the middle of a science without attending to the numberless imperceptible gradations which conduct insensibly to it, was what he desired. His masters would often remonstrate—it was methodical, they asserted, and could not be done. A dispute arose, at length, and they were immediately dismissed. He then sent for other instructors, promising them a double stipend if they would engage to teach him after a more easy method.—They all smiled at the simplicity, or rather folly, of the request ; and told him it was impossible. These were likewise

discharged ; and Denterville was compelled to acknowledge, with a sigh, that the Goddess of Literature is not to be won by Gold.

“ I have been mistaken,” said he, one day rising from a reverie which the disagreeable remembrance of his late unsuccess had thrown him into, “ I have hitherto been mistaken. Literary pursuits are beneath the consideration of a rich man. The son of wealth is independent of knowledge. Why should he bruise his foot in climbing up her steep ascent ; or confuse his soul by attending her through her mazy labyrinths ? The lore of science, the complicated theorem, and the profound investigation, are all the inheritance of the philosopher. *My* wealth is of a different stamp. He may boast of the endless immortality his sublime productions may procure him ; or of the unspeakable advantages he renders to society, by his midnight labour. But can this vaunted reputation afford one moment’s vigor to his debilitated body ? or is that good, he so proudly asserts, he renders another, an adequate compensation for his own exertions and incessant anxiety of mind ? The malevolent insinuations of envy will be sure to detract from his merit whilst he is alive ; and, after the short revolution of a single century, his laboured works will probably be found only on the dusty shelf of a bookseller, covered by cobwebs, the food of moths, and consigned forever to obscurity ; and why then should I fatigue myself with pursuing the delusive phantom of knowledge ? But still,” continued he, after a moment’s reflection, “ something is certainly necessary to fill the dreary chasm betwixt me and happiness. If I could once obtain domestic comfort I think I should be fully contented ; and who,” cried he, involuntarily starting from his seat, as the idea shot rapidly across his mind, “ who is able to bestow that happiness like a *wife*. If I marry, I shall have the satisfaction of beholding at least one person, whose existence will, in some degree be connected with my own. I shall possess a real and confi-

dential friend, to whom I may unfold the most secret thoughts of my heart ; and I shall enjoy the exquisite pleasure of sharing hers in return. How swift will the minutes fly in listening to her engaging conversation, whilst the secret, but mutual, desire of pleasing, will conspire to animate the discourse of us both. Besides, my servants, who now daily disturb me, with the concerns of my house, will then apply themselves to her ; and thus, this disagreeable burden will be entirely removed from off my shoulders."

The wonderful quickness of Denterville's conception, was only to be paralleled, by the great rapidity with which he always executed what he did conceive. His project, therefore, did not admit of either much consideration or delay ! He imagined the felicity of his whole life to be dependant on its immediate success, and he was consequently solicitous to behold its completion.

Amongst the numerous tenants who rented the extensive estates of Denterville, there was one of the most respectable, who could justly boast of a daughter, that, by the unanimous opinion of all the admiring swains, was accounted the ornament and beauty of that part of the country. The neighbouring villagers, who secretly felt, and were, with reason, amazed at, the powerful dominion she could exert over them, had distinguished her by the epithet of the enchantress ; and even the rustick maidens openly acknowledged, though perhaps they might secretly envy, the great superiority of her personal charms, and the irresistible captivations of her polished behaviour. Indeed, she truly deserved both the admiration of the one sex, and the envy of the other. The face of Caroline Pierreville, (for that was her name) was regularly beautiful ; and the symmetry of her features was crowned by an animation that gave a lustre to the whole. Her fine figure was as much the object of admiration as her countenance.—Insensibly verging in nice proportions towards the height which is denominated tall, it neither over-awed the gazing

beholder by its majesty of appearance, nor displeased the fastidious taste of the exactest critic, by too near an approach to the standard of diminutiveness. Her graceful gestures—her airy motions—the sweet smile of innocence that played around her mouth—and the melting languor that beamed from her eye—all demanded admiration, and fascinated the persons who viewed her. At the village feast, the most daring wish of the most presumptuous swain was to procure a seat by the lovely Caroline. In the mazy dance, the utmost ambition of every youth was to obtain the nimble Caroline for his partner; and at the country wake, the noblest reward of the conquering boxer, or triumphant wrestler, was a small token of approbation presented him by the white hand of the beautiful Caroline. The favourite work of Nature, she had been formed in her choicest mould, and all those qualities for which the sentimentalist so frequently sighs, and the voluptuary so often wishes, were united to render her person agreeable. Besides, an indulgent father had educated her in a manner far superior to her station—the happily joined the polite behaviour belonging to a city, to the healthy bloom that is peculiar to the country; and, by her agreeable conversation, and elegance of manners, she was enabled to preserve the conquests her beauty had procured her.

It cannot be supposed that Denterville, in the flower of youth, of an engaging person, possessed of a princely fortune, and the master of a magnificent mansion, should sigh at her feet in vain. As soon as his honorable intentions (for he immediately proposed marriage) were known, his numerous rivals, who had nothing but their ardent affection to recommend them, retired with vexation and envy from the unequal contest; and Caroline herself, whatever were the secret inclinations of her heart, dutifully acquiesced in the urgent solicitations, or rather peremptory commands of her delighted father, and gave her new admirer a decided preference.

If ever we are really happy, surely it is in anticipation ; when the vigorous imagination, bursting from its shackles, wantons caraptured through the long, dim regions of futurity, and pictures to itself events, not as they ever can, but as it wishes they should happen. Thus it was, at least, with Denterville ; his glowing but deceitful fancy displayed to his view a long assemblage of glittering objects, all delightful in idea, but all contemptible with reality. His imagination represented the altar of Hymen as the inestimable source of endless felicity ; and Caroline and marriage he seemed to consider as almost synonymous terms with constant pleasure and uninterrupted happiness. Engaged continually in the silent enjoyment of his visionary schemes, in the company and conversation of his beauteous mistress, or in making the requisite preparations for her reception at the castle, his time passed pleasantly, and almost imperceptibly along ; and perpetually busied in concerns for the future hour, he enjoyed with greater satisfaction the pleasures produced him by the present. "I will," said he to himself, "receive my wife without a portion, and thus will the chain of love receive additional strength from the ties of gratitude." He kept his word ; Caroline appeared delighted ; the transports of her father were unbounded at his generosity ; and after the usual preparatory, or rather probationary time, the rector of the village united them for life.

"Now," thought the enraptured youth, when returned from the ceremony, as he conducted his blooming bride thro' the spacious hall into the elegant parlour of the castle ;— "now I shall be extremely happy. The proud possessor of this angelic form, my whole life will certainly resemble one long uninterrupted nuptial day ; and blessed with my lovely Caroline, I shall henceforth drink of the cup of joy, pure and unimbittered." The gentle, but nevertheless expressive, pressure, which he at that moment bestowed on the soft hand of his mistress, sufficiently indicated the delicious ideas and

and transports of his heart ; and the tender glance that swiftly shot from the mild blue eye of the charming bride, and the gentle sigh that fled, almost involuntarily, from her bosom, were evident demonstrations of the delightful sensations, and also of the feminine tensedity with which her heart likewise was alternately agitated.

Fortune, indeed, seemed at last to be propitious to his wishes. A husband's title was yet a novelty to him—a husband's privileges were enjoyed with rapture by him ;—the matrimonial couch appeared to improve the charms of his Caroline ;—the converse of friendship, and the amusements of the country, diminished the tiresome length of the day ;—the united powers of love and repose sufficiently shortened the hours of night ; and Denterville, the fickle discontented Denterville, acknowledged himself to have been perfectly happy—for a week.

[To be continued.]

THE VIGIL.

NO. 4.—COMPARISON OF THE POET AND PAINTER.

In the *Port Folio* for October, 1809, is inserted a parallel between Painting and Poetry, the production of a writer of no ordinary pretensions to excellence in both. * In the preference there given to the Painter, the ingenuous author has made a very bold approach on the citadel of ancient opinion, strengthened too as it is by the logick, the wit, and the authority of Dryden. He has asserted the superiority of his favourite art with the ardour of an enthusiast and the skill of a logician. The conclusions of him who writes from the intimate experience of what he describes, are certainly preferable to those of the mere speculator, and the following ob-

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servations which the essay of our accomplished Painter has suggested, will prove, perhaps, without a direct confession, that their author has written in ignorance of the *entire* ground of the controversy. For my own part, however, I do not hesitate in adhering to the ancient preference which has been given to the Poet; and while I grant to the Painter a portion of the "*mene divinior*," which belongs to his competitor, equal delicacy of taste, and, perhaps, superior accuracy of conception, and difficulty of arriving at fluency in that graphick language in which he embodies the creation of his fancy, I must still claim for the Poet, from his more general and important influence, from his more numerous sources of interest and pleasure, the superiority which he has usually asserted.

Addressing themselves alike to the passions, they must, in order to produce on them the intended effect, range with discriminative taste through all that is beautiful or grand in art or in nature, must be conversant, in the words of a profound critick, "with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little." "The oak of the forest, and the flower of the field," nature in her most sublime and most minute combinations, must equally have their attention, and they must alike be endowed with that ardent sensibility, which, by causing them to enter with profound emotion into their subject, can alone enable them to transfuse corresponding feeling into the reader or beholder.

In this observation of nature, there is requisite in the Painter greater accuracy of conception, while the Poet must be more alive to the various relations of external objects: the one must study more attentively, the other more extensively; the Painter is occupied with the action of the mind on the body; the Poet must add to this a knowledge of the operation of mind on mind, and of one passion on another; and while the sphere of the Painter is thus chiefly confined to the material world, the Poet embraces in his the whole limits of the physical and spiritual creation.

In their delineations of nature, and their combinations of beautiful and interesting images, the Painter excels in the distinctness, while the poet surpasses in the breadth of his pictures : the Painter expresses with more effect a particular passion, perhaps a limited combination of them ; while the Poet can evolve at once all the hidden and delicate machinery of the heart : the Painter, by presenting to the eye a glowing picture, complete, distinct, and lively, leaves nothing to be filled up by the imagination, while the shadowy representations of the Poet fulfil, perhaps more completely, the object of both arts by giving at once both impulse and scope to its actions and glowing creations.

“ The forms and combinations of things,” observes the accomplished advocate of the Painter, “ the accidents of light and colour, the relatives of distance and degree, the passions, proportions and properties of men and animals, all the phenomena of the ‘ visible diurnal sphere,’ the Painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and, with the powers of a magician, call them up at a moment’s warning, from the ‘ vasty deep’ of his imagination,

“ To do his bidding and abide his will.”

How vast then the province of the Poet, who to all that inhabits “ this *visible* diurnal sphere,” must add a knowledge of all the secrets, must explore all the recesses of intellect, and pursue the shadowy forms of the mind in all their subtle and ever-varying combinations !

Herein is the principal point of the superiority claimed by the poet over the painter : the last is only an accurate exhibitor, the first mingled in his exhibitions the offices of the Philosopher and the Moralist : the one, (so to speak) presents us with facts from which the other elicits deductions : the Poet alone amidst the glowing creations of his fancy can address the judgement : the embodied realities of the mate-

rial world are adorned by him with analogies between it and the intellectual, which, by at once instructing and pleasing, open to him a field of interest impervious to the Painter.

In that masterly effort of Homer to elicit at once all the kindly sympathies of the heart, the parting between Hector and Andromache, the Painter would depict with equal, perhaps superior fidelity and effect to the Poet, the tenderness of Hector as he bent over his wife and child; but where is the one that could pourtray in the countenance of the hero, the sentiments he utters, when raising his infant in his arms, he supplicates the blessings of the immortals on his head, and could delineate at the same time that mixture of paternal affection and exalted courage, of anxious forebodings of the fate of his wife and infant, with haughty contempt of danger and death,—the contrast of which emotions constitute the highest and peculiar charm of the picture: the pencil of a Raphael or a Corregio must here fail to do justice to the admirable conceptions of the poet.

Descending from the delineations of passion to those of the scenery of nature, or what the Painter would technically term, still life, their several merits are more accurately balanced. It is here that we prefer the magick colouring of the Painter; his clear, defined, and palpable images to the shadowy imagery of the Poet. Where, therefore, the appeal is made to the eye, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be given to the Painter; for, as was before remarked, there is a charm in the very indistinctiveness of the Poet's delineations, the effect of which is to cause the imagination to picture what is unseen, and raise up creations of its own. But sound is not less delightful in delineation than visible objects, contributing, in no slight degree, to that void resemblance of nature which it is the excellency of Painting and Poetry to attain. Milton's

“ Russet lawns and fallows grey,
“ Where the nibbling flocks do stray,

“ Mountains on whose barren breast,
 “ The labouring clouds do often rest,
 “ Meadows trim with daises pied,
 “ Shallow brooks and rivers wide,”

might be more striking on the canvas than the page, but we should lose in the Painter’s delineation that part of the Poet’s description which is introduced with such striking effect,

“ The far-off curfew’s sound,
 “ Over some wide-water’d shore,
 “ Flinging low with sullen roar.”

In the Castle of Indolence, which is the most exquisite descriptive poem in the English language, what an effect is produced by the sounds there described ; as of

“ The wood
 “ Of black’ning pines, that waving to and fro,
 “ Sent forth a sleepy horrour through the blood,”

Of the streamlets,

“ Which, as they bicker’d thro’ the sunny glade,
 “ Tho’ restless, still themselves a lulling murmur made,”

and the distant noise of the ocean,

“ And far below
 “ The toiling main was heard and scarcely heard to flow,”

images, which convey to the imagination the most exquisite ideas of voluptuous repose, and which a Painter would find it altogether impossible to embody.

With regard to the language employed by either, although the Poet possesses an advantage from the daily and unavoidable exercise of his, and the Painter’s be perhaps most difficult of attainment, this will scarcely be urged as an argument for the superior excellence of the latter. Their respective superiority must be estimated by their respective effect. The Painter has been said to unite the characters of the Painter and the Actor, as he not only “ composes the scene, but fills up the characters of the Drama ;” so the Poet,

by adding to his delineations the charm of melody, the ornaments of number and measure, may be considered both Painter and Musician, addressing himself with the one to the eye and the heart, and appealing, with the other, to the magick influence of sound.

It is the Poet who is most exquisitely endowed with those acute sensibilities, those ardent affections of the soul, which characterize and peculiarize genius. More alive to the impressions of beauty, of pleasure, and sympathy, he is also more penetrable by the assaults of unhappiness, of melancholy, and despondency. In that shadowy world into which he is introduced, though new forms and sources of delight are discovered to the eye of his mind, they come not unaccompanied by woes which are, equally with his pleasures, unknown to "the vulgar herd of coarser clay composed." In the annals of Painting we know of few of its votaries who have been the victims of this excess of morbid sensibility: those of Poetry abound with them; the names of Otway and Collins, and Cowper, and White, and Chatterton, are associated in the minds of the lovers of the Muse, not only with the glory of the Poet, but with the melancholy recollection that this preeminence of genius was purchased at the expense of feelings too delicately organized to encounter the rough blasts of fortune and circumstances. The Painter must be considered of grosser mould: if superior to the Poet in manual, mechanical skill, in the comparison of their intellectual endowments, he is left behind at an immeasurable distance.

R,

NO. 5.—ON BENEVOLENCE OF CHARACTER.

Mankind may be compared to a company of voyages, who are embarked on the same ocean, liable to the same dangers, and prompted by a common wish to pass, with as much safety as they

can, through a voyage which they are all obliged to perform. Their course lies over a sea, which is oftener blackened by storms than enlivened by sunshine, from which many a frail bark, after being the sport of winds and waves, is thrown tempest-broken, into its destined port.

Methinks there cannot be a stronger incitement to humanity and benevolence of heart, than a contemplation of mankind in this light. I look upon the world, if the reader will allow me to change the figure upon him, as a kind of enchanted region, where the features of the landscape are comparatively soft and lovely, and the bloom and verdure rich and vivid, as long as the travellers over the magick ground are united by sympathy and actuated by benevolence towards each other. When they lose the influence of these sensations, the charm dissolves, the beauty of the landscape suddenly vanishes, the bloom and verdure fade before the view, and only a wide and dreary waste expands to the eye. Life considered as merely a preparatory state to one more exalted and felicitous, must necessarily present to us many hours of unhappiness, and many occasions of difficulty and solicitude : it is here that the faculties with which we are endowed must first expand into action and energy. But Providence, whilst it has enjoined on us the performance of a task, hath not left us unfurnished with means to alleviate our toil, and to blunt the edge of our difficulties ; and amongst various provisions for this kind purpose, it hath given to our minds such an exquisite and grateful sensibility to the benevolent sympathy of our fellow-creatures, as pours the most delightful balm into the wounds of affliction, and serves as a cordial to support and strengthen us in the performance of our toils and duties.

For this reason, I look upon humanity and benevolence with more respect than upon the most shining talents, when the last are unaccompanied with these most commendable qualities. There appears something so noble and disinterested in the benevolent character, as never fails to engage both our love and veneration. Indeed there is no disposition which partakes so much of the nature of the Deity as this, which likewise derives a greater dignity and lustre from its having the same object in view, as appears to

be that of the great Governor of the world, namely, the happiness of our fellowmen and his creatures. And although the exquisite enjoyment which results from the exercise of these benevolent affections, is from the perversion of some of the noblest of our faculties, known but to a small number, there is, nevertheless, a delightfulness in affording consolation and assistance to others, as well as receiving them ourselves, which is unequalled by any other emotion, if we except that pleasure which arises from the approbation of conscience, and which is indeed only distinguished from that of which I here speak as the *genus* from a *species*.

I do not know a better illustration of the temper of heart which I mean, and the delights attending on it, than the character of the village clergyman, as pourtrayed by the pen of Goldsmith. It is the most interesting of all his delineations, and the poet has introduced some circumstances into the description, which bring to view a powerful, if not the only principle of the benevolence which he so beautifully paints. That piety to the Almighty, and repose on his providence ; that humble but noble aspiration to the objects and happiness of heaven : that indifference to all earthly interests and concerns : and that complacent affection and desire for the welfare of his fellow mortals, which he feelingly works up into the portrait of the clergyman, must all unite in the man of exalted benevolence ; and the poet concludes his picture by a comparison, which describes with the greatest beauty and force, the happiness produced by this noble affection of the soul.

“ To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv’n,
 “ But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav’n.
 “ As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 “ Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 “ The’ sound its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 “ Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Our feeling and nervous bard has not exaggerated the happiness and tranquillity of which the man of benevolence is possessed, and we may here, likewise, distinguish between the two particular species of pleasure which result—one of which is the de-

R

light that we naturally experience from the mere exercise of the sympathetic and benevolent affections, and to which the poet alludes in the first line of the passage just quoted, and the other, that inward serenity suggested by a consciousness of the performance of duty, which is so sublimely figured in the concluding line of the simile. The last of these is undoubtedly the most constant and delightful, and produces a never-ending flow of cheerfulness in the soul, as it proceeds not only from the immediate performance of a benevolent action, but from the retrospection of all of a similar nature which memory is able to recal. The senses may become palled by satiety, the imagination may weary and restrain its flights, but he whose breast is forever swelling with the emotions of benevolence, and prompting him to humane and beneficent acts, is provided in the approbation of his conscience, with a salient fountain of delights, from which he may perpetually quaff the most delicious and enlivening draughts.

But, as I have hinted before, there is another sort of pleasure attending the exertions of benevolence, which proceeds from the mere exercise of the sympathetick affections, independently of the approbation of the conscience, and which is perceptible not only when we participate in the joys, but when we sympathize in the sorrows of others. Adam Smith and other metaphysicians, have endeavoured to account for this singularity in the formation of the soul—the former, with much beauty and plausibility. But whatever may be the necessary cause of the pleasure which arises from these sympathetic emotions, there undoubtedly subsists such a delight which shows itself in every heart that is unwarped by opposing passions, or is not indurated by habitual unrelentingness. Man is naturally a gregarious animal ; his heart is diffusive and wide open to the joys and sorrows of his fellows, and he flies as naturally to share and alleviate affliction as to participate in gladness. Each appears to strike upon master chords in his breast, whose tension, however, is unfortunately relaxed, as he advances in refinement, by opposing interests and passions. From all which we may observe, that whatever principle may produce the feelings of benevolence in our breasts, it does not implant in us a new set of amiable affections,

but only reinstates those which have been eradicated by the opposing emotions of the envy and competition of the world.

We may here likewise unmask the wisdom of Providence, which has thus beautifully contrived to mingle so pleasing an emotion with the performance of a most important class of duties. In the contention for the advantages and distinctions of the world, the ties which ought to connect us with our fellow creatures are often wantonly broken; and although this sympathy and compassion for the misfortunes of others, may appear to be but a feeble incitement to maintaining them unbroken, in opposition to the suggestions of interest and rivalship, there is no doubt but that it possesses a portion of influence. To which, it may be added, that this principle must have had a considerable share in the first formation of societies, and that not only the desire of preserving themselves and their property united mankind, but also an instinctive delight in mutual association, and the interchange of benevolence and sympathy.

These sympathetic affections, however, if of inconsiderable influence on the great mass of society, rise into very powerful passions amongst those who are connected by the ties of blood. However passive the feelings of a man may be in the other relations of life, he is seldom impenetrable to social emotions, and he, who, on the theatre of the world, is haughty and unfeeling, melts down, in the domestick circle, into the endearing husband or the tender father. In the former relation, mankind may be aptly compared to a tumultuous crowd climbing on the hill of life from one height to another; and where he, who has gained an eminence, is exposed to the combined exertions of all that are below him to pull him from his station: in the latter, to a small and cheerful company, advancing together on the journey, assisting each other to climb the rocks and steeps which occur on the way, and surmounting, by their united endeavours, the abruptness of the ascent.

But that extended and perfect benevolence of heart, which stretches beyond the bounds of mere kindred and relationship, and comprehends within its grasp, the whole family of men, is as rare as it is noble and admirable. There is something in it,

so generous and disinterested, as to unfit it for reception in common minds and contracted hearts, and we accordingly very seldom find this disposition in the world, which is, for the most part, engrossed with schemes for individual honour and advantage, and closed against all the amiable affections of the soul by an unceasing spirit of rivalship and envy. The pleasurable feelings, which humane and benevolent actions impart, are lost, as it were, in a torrent of less pleasing but more tumultuous emotions, which usurp dominion in the breast, and produce a continual anxiety after a kind of felicity which is visionary and unattainable, in place of delights which are tranquil and perpetual. It is only the mind of virtuous principles, which feels a philosophical contempt for any other pleasures than what are derived from the performance of duty, and the exercise of its moral affections, that is capable of them. The man then feels a kind of superiority to the distinctions and advantages which are sought after by mankind, as if he were situated beyond the sphere of competition, where his benevolent affections may have full room to play, without being impeded by the suggestions of interest and rivalship. He possesses pleasures which are peculiar to himself and presents a spectacle of noble tranquillity upon which, to use an expression of Seneca, "the Gods themselves may look down with pleasure." I shall conclude this speculation by suggesting another topic of pleasure to a character like this, which is the consideration that, in the future improvement of our faculties and dispositions, these social affections will no doubt have a part, and will contribute to our felicity proportionably to the progress we have made here in their cultivation. The ancient Platonists had an idea, that the soul, after death, is subject to the same passions, whether good or evil, as during its incarceration in the body. In pursuance of the notion of these philosophers, we may conceive the benevolence exercised, in this world, to be increased and expanded in heaven into the most noble affections for the companions of our bliss, and thus, that sympathy which ministered to the joys and sorrows of our fellows upon earth, to be there converted, to a fountain of delights increasing to all eternity.

C.

EVENING RECREATIONS,

BY A DESULTORY READER.

No. II.

A LOVER.

My studies this evening afford me a character, which I am confident the ladies will admire, and I therefore hope the sighing Strephons will endeavour to imitate it.

A lady, upon being reproached with insensibility, and an unnatural coldness of disposition, made the following reply. It may be added that the original is in the French language.

The austere coldness and insensibility with which you reproach me, and perhaps think a constitutional defect, is neither the effect of prudery, nor the melancholy scruples of a silly saint. Believe me above such little motives of action ; believe that my blood often circulates with rapidity ; believe that I know there is but one spring in the year of life, and that love is combined with and attached to humanity ; nay, I will even permit you to believe that Cupid, in certain attire, has as many charms in my eyes as in those of the rest of my sex—Yet, after all these confessions, which I make with pleasure and openness, as artifice and disguise are only the refuge of little minds, for which I have no occasion, I tell you, that as I honour love, *I despise lovers*, and detest their perfidious flames, their deceitful arts, with their false vows, alas ! often but too much credited by our amiable and credulous sex, merely because they feel no trace of such perfidy in their own gentle bosoms.

But if you would see my frigid system vanish into air, let fortune throw in my way such a man as my imagination sometimes creates, and whom I am afraid is only to be found there :—however, take my mental picture of him.

He must have a gentle though a lively temper, to hide a strong and masculine mind.

His expressions of attachment must neither be dictated by avarice nor vanity, but proceed directly from a feeling heart.

He must be well-informed without pretensions, serious with-

out melancholy, free without licentiousness, and, in short, carry nothing to excess but love and prudence ; nay, he may charm all my sex, and adore—but me.

He must hide his passion in publick, as I desire no other proofs of it there, than a *passing glance* to convey the feelings of his heart, which nobody must observe but me.

In private he may make up for publick restraint, by breathing a chaste and delicate passion ; and, if he merits it, he may probably hear of a reciprocal flame, pure as the love that fans it.

To render this union of the heart more durable, he must be my guide, my friend, my counsellor, and my lover : so that when near him, my mind may acquire elevation.

Yes, I confess it, should Fortune throw such a man in my way, my coldness would vanish at his approach, like snow in sunshine, and I would accompany his footsteps at all times and in all places ; but whether in a cottage or a palace, I would never deign to bestow a thought.

Until that idol of my heart and mind be realized, I desire not to please, and shall persevere in my coldness, which never costs me an effort.

The group of admirers which my feeble charms attract is not flattering to me. I despise their sentiments, with their little arts to please, and *yawn* at their incense.

Let them seek the weak and the vain, who will listen to their sighs and their sufferings :—the zephyr bends the reed, but has no effect upon the oak.

FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.

Few writers have thrown more light upon the ancient history of England than the famous FROISSART. His Chronicle commences with the accession of Richard III, and ends with the death of Edward II, comprising a period of seventy-three years. Like almost every other writer, he has numerous and obvious imperfections. But what Plutarch has remarked of a passage in Zenophon, may, with equal justice, be applied to this authour. Froissart does not describe a march, a battle, a siege, or a pursuit, but he places them before our eyes. By the first stroke of his

artless yet magical pen, we are transported into the tumult of action, and forget that we continue in the closet. He has not, indeed, attempted the higher walks of eloquence. He is neither Thucydides nor Sallust, nor does he display the judgment and accuracy of Polybius: but he deserves to be styled the Xenophon of his age. Replete with materials, it is true that he has inserted a multiplicity of particulars, which are no longer interesting at the distance of four centuries; but wherever his subject rises equal to his abilities, full without redundancy, intelligent and instructive without ostentation, he charms by that pathetick simplicity of manner, that minute but happy selection of circumstances, which animate the page of the admired Athenian. Nor is it the least honourable part of his praise, that he appears to have been entirely divested of national and of personal prejudice, and that, without any vestige of parade or ostentation, he frequently discovers the traces of a heart tenderly alive to the softer feelings.

While we are hourly oppressed with a fresh multitude of insipid compilations from compilations, we are in danger of forgetting the very existence of those inestimable writers from whom all our sources of information are originally derived. Of the numerous treatises on Roman affairs, which English and still more French idleness, has dragged into light, a numberless majority make not the most distant approaches to classical merit; and yet of the greater part of Greek and Roman historians, an entire and decent translation will be sought for in vain in either language. After such mournful evidence of our stupidity, it is hopeless to add that an accurate version of Froissart would be an important acquisition to the literary world.

His memoirs exhibit a beautiful portion of feudal history; and the liberal mind will observe, with peculiar pleasure, that they are not deformed by the madness of theological rancour. They do not exhibit the horrid farce of nations exterminating each other for antiquated systems of faith, in the wildest degree absurd, or absolutely unintelligible. This venerable veteran was not to disgust us by the detail of controversies and martyrdoms, where learning is frivolity, and fortitude at best but the frenzy of

ignorance. Nor were a cockfight and a card-table, a masquerade and a horse race, to limit the amusements and ambition of a brave and proud nobility. Neither his father nor his fellow soldiers would have admired his magnanimity. Glowing with the most exalted sentiments of personal independence and heroick fame, it was to vindicate the importance of his family, or the beauty of his mistress, that the knight couched his lance, and rushed into the field. The rough but manly features displayed an interesting dignity ; the passions blazed into their mildest effort ; and, though reason and humanity cannot always approve, the tear of sensibility and the eye of curiosity twinkling by the midnight lamp, attest what we admire.

HAZARDOUS ATTEMPT.

The promontory of the Land's End thrusts itself into the waves in a wedge-like form, gradually tapering towards a point, till it meets the waves. About two hundred yards before it terminates, a sudden depression takes place in its surface, which continues falling with a pretty rapid descent for some distance. The southern side of this portion of the promontory is absolutely perpendicular, its base covered with masses of rock, which at high tides and in gloomy weather are mingled with the surf. Its greatest width does not exceed fifty yards, and its elevation above the water cannot be less than 250 feet. Common prudence would seem to interdict an approach to the point over such a dangerous passage as this, by any other mode than that of walking. There are heroes, however, who soar above all the suggestions of this sage adviser in their pursuit of fame ; and scorn the road of glory trodden by the vulgar foot. Empedocles plunged into the centre of Mount *Etna*, that he might acquire the reputation of being immortal ;

“ Deus immortali habet
Dum putat Empedocles, ardenter frigidus *Etnam*,
Insiluit : ”

and Herostratus fired the temple of Ephesus, to obtain a name that should last forever. The same rash ambition seems

to have influenced a traveller who visited Land's End; and though no fatal effects were the consequences of his imprudence, yet its result was such as we hope will caution every future visitor of the place against any similar display of false courage. He was mounted on a valuable, spirited horse, and had proceeded to the declivity just mentioned, though the animal before he reached it had evinced every mark of astonishment at the novelty of the scene before him. Here the guide requested him to dismount, but in vain ; the *glory* of the *achievement* of reaching the last rock on horseback, preponderated over every representation of danger, and on he rode. With some difficulty he prevailed on his horse to carry him to the point ; but the mingled roar of the wind and waves, and the horrid forms of the rocks, which lift their craggy heads on all sides, so terrified the beast that he became unmanageable. He snorted, plunged, reared, and exhibited every symptom of ungovernable fear. The gentleman, convinced too late of his rashness and folly, turned him to the main land, and spurred him forwards. Insensible, however, to every thing but the impression of dread, the animal curveted to the brink of the precipice. The fate of the rider hung upon a moment. He threw himself with desperation on the ground from the back of his horse, which the next instant plunged down the precipice and was dashed to atoms. The guides afterwards recovered the bridle and saddle by descending on the northern side of the point, and passing through a perforation at the bottom to the rocks on which the animal had fallen. The only particulars we could learn of his rider, were, that he was taken up more dead than alive, with terror, and that his nervous system had been so shaken by the adventure as still to remain in the most shattered state.

ALFRED AND WASHINGTON.

Viewed either as a legislator, a warrior, a scholar, a philosopher, or a christian, I think we may venture to say, that the character of Alfred stands unrivalled in the history of the world, and every way deserves the splendid eulogies which have been accumulated upon it. Would to heaven, that encomium and desert were always as legitimately joined together, as in this in-

stance ! But it is melancholy to reflect how seldom this is the case, how few of what the world calls *great men*, can claim the applause of the wise, or the approbation of the good ; how unfrequently the character of the *true hero* appears ; or how rarely the *conqueror* deserves the blessings of mankind ! I may be fastidious, or perhaps, forgetful ; but at present none such occur to my recollection, save the august subject of the present page, and the illustrious deliverer of America :

“ Theu, patriot conqueror !—
 “ —who in the western world
 “ Thine own delivered country, for thyself
 “ Hadst planted an immortal grove, and there,
 “ Upon the glorious mount of liberty
 “ Reposing, sat’st beneath the palmy shade.”

COCKNEY FARE.

THE Cornish people are remarkably fond of *pies* ; indeed they have a proverb expression of this partiality, for it is said “ if a Cornish man were to catch the *Devil*, he would put him in a pie.” A Cockney traveller, who had a mind to see the world, strayed down as far as St. Ives in his tour. He entered a publick house there in the evening and called for supper. “ Have you any beef for a steak ?” “ No !” “ Any veal for a cutlet ?” “ No !” “ Any mutton for a chop ?” “ No !” “ What, no meat ?” “ No ! an please your honour, except a nice *lammy-pie*, which was baked to-day.” The traveller, as ravenous as the grave, licked his lips at the prospect of so nice a thing as a cold *lamb-pie*, and ordered it up. Hunger was his sauce ; he ate heartily, and relished his meal exceedingly. He passed the night in horrours, but had no idea they arose from the indigestible quality of his supper till the next morning, when he was about to mount his horse : “ Well, Sir,” said the ostler, seeing he was a stranger, “ how did you liks mistress’s *lammy-pie* last night ?” “ Excellent,” replied he ; “ ‘twas the best *lamb* I ever tasted.” “ Lord love

ye," returned John, " it was not *that*: *lammy-fie* is not made of lamb." Why what the devil was it then?" exclaimed the terrified traveller. " Why, our poor *kiddy*, to be sure," returned the other, " who died yesterday of the *shab*." *

* A cutaneous disorder to which kids are liable.

ON DUELLING.

[ALTHOUGH we are on our probation before the publick, and should, therefore, rather wink at, than ridicule, the follies of the day, we are urgently impelled to insert the following letter. The practice to which the sensible writer adverts, is too ridiculous to escape the smile of the wit, and too abominable to be contemplated without horror by the Christian. It is the solemn duty of every writer who aspires to the arduous task of directing publick opinion, to hold up this custom to utter contempt and detestation. By constant attrition the hardest rock is worn away.

Who are the legislators in this code, which imperiously calls upon us to mock the express prohibitions of Heaven and act in defiance of common understanding? Seek them at the gaming table, on the turf, or in the brothel. Go not in those places where Wisdom holds her courts, where Virtue listens to the still small voice of self-gratulation, where Courtesy is studied, not from *fear*, but a desire to please—go not to such haunts, for there you most assuredly shall not find these lawgivers to cowardice, weakness, and vice.]

SIR,

IT is very amusing, and sometimes not unprofitable, to compare the manners and customs of our own times with those of former ages, and our vanity is not a little gratified when we find the result in our own favour. People who are pretty far advanced in life, are very apt to rail at the "degeneracy of the age," whilst the young, enjoying the present hour with avidity, are satisfied to take the world as it goes, and leave their grandsires to

complain that things are not as they used to be! For my own part, I am neither young nor antiquated; neither a blind idolator of the haughty ancients, nor a courteous flatterer of the enlightened moderns; but exalted on the pinnacle of truth, I examine their several pretensions with candour, and am compelled to declare that I find the advantage altogether in favour of our own illustrious times! The human mind in our day has reached the utmost climax of possible perfection in both moral and intellectual science, and we are very far before the Greeks or Romans, the Babylonians, or Egyptians in inventions and refinements—in all the arts of living, and of dying too.

I have been led to these reflections by a passage which arrested my attention in “Sully’s Memoirs,” and which I hope will place my argument in a convincing point of view to your readers.

Henry IVth, of France, was a very gallant prince, as much at his ease in the midst of battle, as in the pleasures of his court. His nobles were high-spirited, *honourable* gentlemen, who set at naught their own lives, or those of their neighbours; insomuch, “that every day, and for the slightest occasions, some blood was shed.” But Henry had been accustomed to the sight of blood—it never touched his nerves—yet he was humane and good-natured, and was easily prevailed on by Sully, indignant and intractable, to issue severe edicts, at different times, against Duelling, which that austere minister was pleased to term, “a barbarous and detestable practice.” On one of these occasions, the king commanded him to draw up a memorial on that subject from the abundant stores of his wisdom and knowledge; and the following, which he presented, contains an account of the manner in which that genteel mode of ridding the world of a troublesome person, in times prior to his, was conducted—and I am about to quote it as an example of the barbarism of those days, compared with the transcendent illumination of our own.

“In the first place, (says Sully) nobody, however offended, “might take vengeance in his own right; and as it is now practised in the first emotion of caprice and passion, and much less “in mere bravado, which, in my opinion, is of all things contrary

" to the laws of society. They had their judges, before whom, " he that thought himself injured in his honour, was to give an ac- " count of the wrong suffered, and demand permission to prove, " in the way of arms, that he did not lay upon his enemy a false " accusation. It was then considered shameful to desire blood for " blood. The judge, who was commonly the lord of the place, " made the person accused appear likewise before him, and never " allowed the decision of battle, which was demanded by throwing " a glove, or some other pledge, upon the ground, but when he " could get no other proof of either guilt or innocence. The " pledges were received, and the judge deferred the decision of " the quarrel to the end of two months, during the first of which " the two enemies were delivered, each of them, to common " friends upon security for their forthcoming : their friends en- " deavoured, by all sorts of means, to discover the person crimi- " nal, and to give him a sense of the injustice of maintaining a " falsehood, from which he could expect nothing but the loss of " his reputation, of his life, and of his soul; for they were per- " suaded, with the utmost degree of certainty, that Heaven always " gives a victory to the right cause ; and, therefore, a duel, in " their opinion, was an action, of which the event could be deter- " mined by no human power. When the two months were ex- " pired, the two rivals were put into a close prison, and committed " to the ecclesiasticks, who employed every motive to make them " change their design. If, after all this, they still persisted, a " day was at last fixed to end their quarrel.

" When the day was come, the two champions were brought " fasting in the morning before the judge, who obliged both of " them to declare upon oath that they said the truth; after which " they suffered them to eat; they were then armed in his pres- " ence : the kind of arms being likewise settled, four seconds, " chosen with the same ceremonies, saw them undressed, and " anointed all over the body with oil, and saw their beards and " hair cut close; they were then conducted into an enclosed " ground, and guarded by armed men, having been made to re- " peat, for the last time, their assertions and accusations, to see if " they persisted in them without alterations. They were not

“even then suffered to advance to the combat; that moment
“their seconds joined them at the two ends of the field, for ano-
“ther ceremony, which of itself, was enough to make their wea-
“pons drop from their hands, at least if there had been any friend-
“ship between them. Their seconds made them kneel down in
“this place, facing each other; they made them join hands, with
“the fingers of one put between the fingers of the other, they
“demanded justice from one another, and were conjured on each
“side not to support a falsity; they solemnly promised to act
“upon terms of honour, and not to aim at victory by fraud and
“enchantment. The seconds examined their arms, piece by
“piece, to see that nothing was wanted, and then conducted them
“to the two ends of the lists, where they made them say their
“prayers and make their confession; then asking each of them
“whether he had any message to send to his adversary, they suf-
“fered them to fall to, which they did at the signal of the herald,
“who cried from without the lists, “Let the brave combatants
“go.” After this, it is true, they fought without mercy, and the
“vanquished, dead or alive, incurred all the infamy of the crime
“and the punishment; he was dragged upon a hurdle in his
“shirt, and afterwards hanged or burnt, while the other returned
“triumphant, with a decree that attested him to have gained
“his suit, and allotted him all manner of satisfaction.”

Now, what a solemn commotion was here about so very a
trifle as the taking away a good-for-nothing life, useless, perhaps,
to its possessor, (as that of a *duellist* very often happens to be) or
to society! Well might Sully call it “wild and ridiculous,” and
still more so does it appear to us, who have lived to see with what
indifference the same weighty affair can now be conducted!
In our free and happy day, no man is interdicted from taking
“vengeance” in any way he likes best. The moment he feels
his *honour* assailed, he hastens to vindicate it—no time, no place,
restrains his indignation—even in the midst of our “solemn as-
semblies” he “throws his glove.” No tyrannical ecclesiastick
impertinently interferes—no arrogant judge “demands an ac-
count of his wrongs”—He fixes his day, and our very newspa-
pers (so perfect is our liberty) proclaim it to the world!—It is

heard with indifference—no disturbance is excited—no imprisoning, nor fasting, nor shaving of heads, or of beards, is thought of, though *shaving of heads* might possibly be a useful application—but every one minds his own business, and the “brave combatants” settle theirs at their leisure. When their high-soul’d honour is *satisfied*, we scorn to drag the poor vanquished wretch (if he escape with life) on a hurdle, like those Goths and Vandals, or hang him, or burn him—but we do imitate their generosity in receiving the “victor honoured and triumphant!” It is likewise in favour of my argument, that monsieur de Sully was an outrageous enemy to duellists—that he calls them, “Gladiators, more “dreadful and contemptible than the men who formerly bore that “name”—that he inveighed against “the practice of those smart “youths who withdraw slyly into a field to shed the blood of one “another, with hands impelled by no better instinct than that “which instigates a beast of prey”—with many more such angry expressions, which serve to show the mean, pusillanimous character of a celebrated statesman in the seventeenth century—whereas, the more just and liberal opinions of the great men of the present age, are an undeniable evidence of their superior heroism and wisdom. Even our very women have more sense than this sagacious duke, for they can see that duelling is a most excellent invention! Their little constitutional weaknesses do, indeed, induce them sometimes to argue against it; but the gentlemen assure them that it is particularly beneficial to them, for “there is no other way to preserve good manners”—and so extremely dexterous are they in this mode of preserving them, that I remember to have heard one of these choice spirits, describing the happy temper of one of his friends, declare, that “he “could leave his company at table, step out, fight a duel, and re-“turn, without giving the smallest suspicion by his look or “manner that any thing had disturbed him?”—Could Julius Cæsar have surpassed this?

STEELE.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, ACCOMPANIED BY

A FAC SIMILIE.

WE have selected a particular passage from this letter, to exhibit Gen. Washington's manner of writing, because there is something peculiarly interesting in the contemplation of Washington at the age of twenty, writing with so much zeal about the property, dignity, and lands of the British monarch. It shows that the mind of this great and good man was deeply impressed with those principles which ornament the individual and support the state. In his youth we behold him exerting his "heroick spirit" in defence of the sovereign to whom he owed obedience: but when the same "master" dissolved the ties of allegiance by harsh, and illegal, and unnecessary acts of government, we see him with the same promptitude, girding on his sword to defend his own rights. Although he ardently loved peace, and was bountifully gifted with the "sweetest phrase" * of it, yet he hesitated not an instant between the summons of his country and the "still small" and delightful whispers of rural retirement and domestick quiet. He was not one of those contemptible negatives in political arithmetick who have "nothing to do with publick affairs, and leave them to the care of wiser heads." He thought with Cato that it is the duty of every man to take one side or the other in all important questions. As a subject, he knew it was his duty to defend the rights of the government by which he was protected: as a man, he felt that it was his duty to scan the principles by which that government was guided, and resist every unlawful encroachment. In making his election, at that dreadful conjuncture, which appalled the *craven* hearts of many, he had every thing to lose and nothing, as an individual, to gain.—Wealth did not allure him, and the seductive temptations of power had no influence in his deliberations. He had the wisdom to comprehend the extent of the usurpation; and, happily for his country, he had also the ability to conduct, and the fortune to achieve the great work of our deliverance. He mounted the

* Richard II.

fearful eminence with a firm and deliberate step, and even his foes were compelled to say of him,

However Heaven or fortune may cast his lot,
There lives in him,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

With a perseverance which no sinister event could divert; an energy which no force could withstand; a sagacity which no stratagem could elude, he accomplished the mighty labour. He gave us freedom, stability, and happiness, by devising and establishing the best form of government, considered with respect to its theory and practical operation, that ever was conceived. In return for all this, he intrigued for no power, he claimed no reward: for what has man to give in recompense for such services? He retired to Mount Vernon, and, admist its peaceful shades, he composed an address to his fellow-citizens, in which our best interests are wisely scanned, and our best principles powerfully inculcated. Of this political legacy, we may use the language of Dr. Young in speaking of Johnson's Rasselas—"it is a mass of sense." He spins no webs of technical sophistry; he bewilders by no mazy labyrinth of precedents; he dazzles with no glittering figures of ambitious eloquence; he does not distort or disguise: but in the plain language of common sense, aided by the potent auxilliaries of long experience and unquestionable rectitude, he illustrates our political relations, and indicates our political march. The consecrated altar of Apollo supplied a holy spark to rekindle the fires of the Greeks which had been polluted by the infatuated followers of the Persian monarch. So when our horizon shall be dimmed by ignorance, if ever the time should arrive, when difficulties perplex and dangers dismay, let us unfold this scroll of wisdom, and ponder, with mingled emotions of affection and respect, upon the lessons of Washington!

If there exists a man design'd by Heaven,
To cheer with wisdom a benighted land,
Tho' foul detraction seowl upon his name,
Tho' the deaf adder scorns the charmer's song,
Yet shall he feel within a still small voice,
Breathe an approving blessing on his toil;
And when the grave inurns him, time shall speak of him
Wise in the manliness of ancient days,
Simple in manners as the guileless child.
His counsels late posterity shall hear,
And weep at their neglect

T

*A letter from General Washington to the Governor of ——————
dated at*

WILLS CREEK, 24th April, 1754.

May it please your Excellency,

It is with the greatest concern I acquaint you, that Mr. Ward, ensign in captain Trent's company, was obliged to surrender his small fortress in the Forks of Monongehela, at the summons of captain Contrecoeur, commander of the French forces, who fell down from Vassay with a fleet of 360 canoes and battoes, conveying upwards of one thousand men, eighteen pieces of artillery, and large stores of provisions and other necessaries. Mr. Ward having but an inconsiderable number of men not (exceeding 30,) and no cannon to make a proper defence was forced to deliver up the fort on the 17th instant. They suffered him to draw out his men, arms, and working tools, and gave leave that he might retreat to the inhabitants with them. I have heard of your excellency's great zeal for his majesty's service, and for all our interests on the present occasion; therefore I am persuaded you will take proper notice of the Indians' moving speech, and think their unshaken fidelity worthy your consideration.

I have arrived thus far with a detachment of 159 men; col. Fry with the remainder of the regiment and artillery is daily expected. In the mean time we shall advance slowly across the mountains, making the roads as we march, fit for the carriage the great guns, &c. and are designed to proceed as far as the mouth of Red Stone Creek, which enters Monongehela about 37 miles above the fort (the French have taken) from whence we have water carriage down the river: there is a store-house built by the Ohio company at the place, which for the present, may serve as a receptacle for our ammunition and provisions.

Besides the French herein mentioned, we have credible information that another party are coming up Ohio. We also have intelligence that 600 of the Chippoways, and Ottoway Indians are marching down Scido Creek to join them.

I ought first to have begged pardon of your excellency for this liberty of writing, as I am not happy enough to be ranked among those of your acquaintance. It was the glowing zeal I owe my country that influenced me to import these advices, and my inclination prompted me to do it to you as I know you are solicitous for the public weal and warm in this interesting cause—that should rouse from the lethargy we have fallen into, the heroic spirit of every free-born Englishman to assert the rights and privileges of our king (if we don't consult the benefit of ourselves) and rescue from the invasions of a usurping enemy, our majesty's property, his dignity, and lands.

I hope sir, you will excuse the freeness of my expressions, they are the pure sentiments of the breast of him who is with all imaginable regard and due respect,

Your Excellency's most ob't. and

Very humble serv't.

GEO : WASHINGTON.

N. B. I herewith have inclosed for your Excellency's perusal a copy of the summons from the French officer, and also the Indians speech which was delivered to, and brought by Mr. Ward.

CRITICISM—PIKE'S EXPEDITIONS.

An account of expeditions to the sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Arkansaw, Kans, La Platte, and Pierre Jaun rivers; performed by order of the government of the United States, during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807; and a tour through the interior parts of New Spain, when conducted through these Provinces, by order of the captain General, in the year 1807. By major Z. M. Pike. Illustrated by Maps and Charts. Philadelphia; published by Conrad & Co. &c. Fielding Lucas, Jr. Baltimore, &c. Octavo pp. 277, with appendices, maps, tables, &c. pp. 20 4. Price \$3 50 bound.

THESE journeys constitute a portion of that plan for the investigation of the different parts of our western country, which was adopted soon after the acquisition of Louisiana, and which reflects no less lustre upon the wisdom that projected it, than upon the zeal and intrepidity that led to its successful execution. A knowledge of the nature of the country, of the courses and depth of its various streams, of the manner and character of the different Indian tribes who roam throughout it, though of the very first necessity, could not be accurately obtained from any means of information extant. Some of the boldest rivers of America, and mountains that vie in height with any upon earth, were unknown to the civilized world: and immense tracts of country have never been crossed by any but the savage foot. With the purpose of discovery, therefore, chiefly in view, but at the same time to throw light on the science and character of the country, about the same time that Messieurs Lewis and Clarke

were directed to explore the Mississippi, Mr. Pike was employed in the journeys of which this work gives a detail. The first two parts relate to these: the third, which gives an interesting account of New Spain, with maps of the different Provinces, comprises the particulars of a journey which made no part of the original plan: but arose from Mr. Pike's having accidentally entered the Spanish territory upon the river Wood; whence he was conducted through a great part of that country on his return home.

This work, therefore, comprises three distinct journeys. The first was for the purpose of exploring the sources of the Mississippi; and was commenced from St. Louis, on the 9th of August, 1805: whence Mr. Pike with a guard of twenty soldiers proceeded to the heads of the river, and returned to St. Louis on the 30th of April, 1806. The second journey was commenced on the 15th of July, 1806, for the purpose of exploring the internal parts of Louisiana, with a view to the establishment of a boundary line between Louisiana and North Mexico. Mr. Pike began this journey also from St. Louis, ascending the Mississippi and the Osage, in company with twenty-three others, and proceeding thence to the Arkansaw and up to its sources. This part of the tour concludes with his arrival at the Rio del Nord in February, 1807. The third part contains a history of his journey thence in the same month, under the conduct of the Spanish officers, who conducted him and his companions to Chihuahua and thence by a circuitous route, by which he approached within about four hundred miles of the city of Mexico, to Natchitoches, where he arrived on the 1st of July, 1807.

These journeys are written in the journal form, with copious statistical and geographical appendices, from notes which the writer states were frequently composed by fire light when, hungry and fatigued, he had ended at night the various labours of the day, which his situation exacted from him. But though a mere journal of occurrences and observations, made often in this unfavourable manner, they present a variety of interesting situations, and engaged deeply the attention of the reader. The narration, though simple, bears the original impression of the spot;

and carries with it that most desirable of all qualities in a traveller, an innate air of truth. While they interest our feelings in the toils and dangers of Mr. Pike and his companions, they lead us through a variety of country, of people and of manners; and the narrative thus produces a romantick and interesting effect.

But it is to the geographer and the statesman that Mr. Pike's labours will be invaluable. The Mississippi has been traced to its very sources. Its courses, its tributary streams, its portages, its falls and its lakes, as well as the rude nations who glide on its bosom or roam upon its banks, are now, for the first time, known with accuracy. In like manner, that vast country lying between the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Mexican mountains, with its noble rivers and majestick mountains down to the shores of the gulph of Mexico has been fully developed. Nor are the accounts and maps of the rivers, towns, population, manners, &c. of the different provinces of New Spain, particularly of those bordering upon Louisiana, less interesting, though beyond our boundaries: more especially in the present situation of the world, when that part of Spanish America so particularly interesting to us, appears to be on the eve, with the rest, of freeing itself from the shackles of foreign domination.

Each of these journeys we purpose to notice distinctly. At present we return to that which is first in point of time, the voyage up the Mississippi. Mr. Pike continued his voyage in boats until the 16th of October; when, from the commencement of cold weather, and the increasing shallowness of the water, he was obliged to stop, and prepare to ascend the remainder of the river in a different manner. From this place, after suffering severely from cold, want of provisions, and repeated disappointments, but with unabated vigour, he renewed his march with a portion of men on the 10th of November, in sleds and a canoe: the rest of his guard being left at his encampment. He continued ascending until the last day of January, when the mighty Mississippi, the father of waters, had dwindled into a stream of only fifteen yards in width. (p. 66). The next day, February the first, travellers arrived at Lake Leech, where they

were hospitably entertained by the agent of the English North West company, who, as Mr. Pike stated, were extending their establishments to the North-Sea and the Pacific ocean, while they fixed themselves upon the lakes and stream of the Mississippi, in the territory of Louisiana. Lake Leech (or as it is called by the French, lake *la sang Sue*) which Mr. Pike calls the main source of the Mississippi, he found to be in latitude $47^{\circ} 16' 13''$. He afterwards visited the upper Red Cedar lake, which he calls the upper source of the Mississippi, reaching about fifteen miles north of the other. This last is the extent of canoe navigation, and is within two leagues of some of the waters of Hudson's Bay ! Its latitude is $47^{\circ} 42' 40''$. It is often a matter of curiosity to be able to designate the exact source of a river, illustrious for its fertility or distinguished for its size and grandeur. The famous source of the Nile has not only excited the enthusiasm of the poet and the enterprize of the traveller, but even potent monarchs has sighed to visit its coy fountains. Yet almost always it is impossible to mark any particular spot as the source in preference to others ; and a multitude of small lakes seem to contend with almost equal claims, for the honour of being the fountain-head of the Mississippi.

As the chief purposes of this journey were of a political nature, to wit, to observe the various tribes of Indians near the river, to stop their fierce and bloody wars with each other, and inculcate amongst them the benevolent and pacific views of the American government in respect to them, the accomplishment of these and other objects which occurred, left no room for the investigation of many subjects on which we might have expected some information. But little intelligence is to be found therefore relative to the mineralogy or natural history of the country through which Mr. Pike travelled: a country which will no doubt be found interesting in these points of view to those whom the zeal of science may lead to its future examination. But though Mr. Pike furnishes little intelligence on these subjects, to which he confesses neither his taste nor his habits attracted him, he was completely successful in the immediate objects of his enterprize. He found various small tribes engaged in predatory and bloody

hostility ; he commanded peace, and concord and tranquillity were established. The views of their civilized brethren were developed to the suspicious savage, and were proved to be disinterested and just. The disorders and licentiousness, connived at by unprincipled traders, were suppressed: and the intercourse with the tribes was fixed upon a footing, not less honourable and useful to ourselves, than important to the interest and happiness of the Aborigines.

Nor is this journey less interesting to the general reader. It is true that in tours such as these, among tribes of rude and indigent savages, there is no opportunity for that vanity of description which pleases the fancy and interests the heart, in the accounts of cultivated society. The traveller cannot picture the busy town, the swarming river, the exuberant harvest field, the splendid palace or the statued lawn. Nor can he trace the powers of all subduing art, limitting the boisterous ocean, or levelling mountains and filling vallies for the accommodation of man. But if these subjects fail, there are not wanting others which are calculated in an eminent degree to interest our feelings and awaken our imagination. Nature appears before us in her own bold and gigantic features, not yet tamed or distorted by the wants or caprices of Man. Venerable forests which have stood for ages secure from the axe, robing the earth with their annual crop of fertility : Rivers of an extent unknown to the limited scale of Europe start up to our view, and present a new navigation, for many miles into the interior : commanding heights, from whose summits the eye discerns the distant champaign till it fades into the clouds of heaven : vast Prairies, decorated occasionally with trees, afford pleasure grounds to the wild inhabitants of the forest, and offer, in the autumnal months, a variety of tint and colour, unknown before even to the imagination of the painter. Here the eye of the observer dwells with rapture, and exhausts itself in discerning new objects in the variegated scene. The imagination then looks forward into futurity, and beholds these fields and rivers peopled by civilized man : towns glittering, where now the lonely creek washes the aged trees: cities spreading their populous squares upon the margins of the rivers ; na-

tions whose names are not yet thought of, drawing from the fertile bosom of the new world those enjoyments which the over-peopled or exhausted old would have denied to her famished children.

Rude as these tribes are, we often observe among them surprising instances of sensibility and feeling. Nor are they destitute of the tender passions : love, which rules all nature with tyrant sway, finds also in the savage breast, a heart not less susceptible than the most refined intellect of civilized life. It was thought that ancient Greece alone had her Leucadian rock ; and the desperate leap of Sappho had consecrated it in the eyes of all the enthusiasts of love in succeeding generations. Who would have supposed that the rocks of the Mississippi were destined to be its rival : and that the rude breast of the savage should be the habitation of a heart that was to equal the desperate heroism of the Grecian poetess ?

" I was shown," says Major Pike, " a point of rocks from which a Sioux woman cast herself, and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the rocks below. She had been informed that her friends intended matching her to a man she despised ; and having refused her the man she had chosen, she ascended the hill, singing her death song : and before they could overtake her, and obviate her purpose, she took the lover's leap ! and ended her troubles with her life. A wonderful display of sentiment in a savage." p. 22.

We find in this journal a description of a dance, which is one among the numerous examples that savage nations exhibit, in which it is hard to decide whether their conduct and belief are the effects of the darkest superstition, or of designing knavery.

" I afterwards went to a dance, the performance of which was attended with many curious manœuvres. Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were all dressed in the gayest manner ; each had in *their* hand a small skin of some description, and would frequently run up, point *their* skin, and give a puff with *their* breath ; when the person blown at, whether man or woman, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony ; but would recover slowly, rise, and join in the dance. This they called their great medicine ; or, as I understood the word, dance of religion. The Indians actually believing that they puffed something into each others' bodies, which occasioned the falling, &c. It is not every person who is admitted ; per-

sons wishing to join them, must first make valuable presents to the society, to the amount of forty or fifty dollars, give a feast, and then [they] are admitted with great ceremony. Mr. Frazer informed me, that he was once in the lodge with some young men, who did not belong to the club, when one of the dancers came in, they immediately threw their blankets over him, and forced him out of the lodge ; he laughed, and the young Indians called him a fool, and said, "he did not know what the dancer might blow into his body." (p. 17.)

The following contains satisfactory evidence as to a fact which, though asserted before, might appear doubtful to those who had seen specimens from most Indian tribes : who, whatever they may think of themselves when they have adjusted their beards, their vermillion, their beads and feathers at their toilette, (of tweezers and bear's grease) would in spite of fashion be considered by our belles and beaux, as hideously ugly.

" Charlevoix and others, have borne testimony to the beauty of this nation (the Shawanoes.) From my own observation I had sufficient reason to confirm their information as respected the males ; for they were all straight and well made, about the middle size, their complexion generally fair for savages, their teeth good, their eyes large and rather languishing, they have a mild but independent expression of countenance, that charms at first sight ; in short they would be considered any where as handsome men. But their account of the women I never before believed to be correct. In this lodge there were five very handsome women when we arrived, and about sundown a married pair arrived, who my interpreter observed were the handsomest couple he knew ; and in truth they were, the man being about five feet eleven inches high, and possessing in an eminent manner all the beauties of countenance which distinguish his nation. His companion was twenty-two years old ; having dark brown eyes, jet hair, and an elegantly proportioned neck, and her figure by no means inclining to corpulency, as they generally are after marriage. Their father however was an American." (p. 83.)

The ideas entertained by the red tribes of the people of the United States, according to Mr. Pike, manifest a sense of our vast superiority, flattering to our pride : although it would seem that prior to Mr. Pike's arrival the power of the white people had sometimes been exerted to inspire dread rather than to cultivate the esteem and love of the savages. It gives us pleasure to reflect that Mr. Pike's journey among other benefits has been calculated to impress more just ideas of the principles of civilized A-

merica : and to convert their former fear into sentiments of respectful esteem and cordial gratitude.

In the course of this day," (September 2d,) says Mr. Pike, "we landed to shoot at pigeons : the moment a gun was fired, some Indians, who were on the shore above, ran down and put off in their perogues with great precipitation ; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that the women and children were frightened at the very name of an Ameribian boat, and that the men held us in very great respect, conceiving us very quarrelsome, and much for war, and also very brave." (p. 11.)

" 13th March, Thursday—Ascended the mountain which bounds the prairie. On the point of it I found a stone on which the Indians had sharpened their knives, and a war club half finished. From this spot you may extend the eye over vast prairies with hardly any interruption, but clumps of trees, which at a distance appeared like mountains ; from two or three of which the smoke rising into the air, denoted the habitation of the wandering savage, and too often marked them out as victims to their enemies. From whose cruelty, I have had the pleasure in the course of the winter, and throughout a wilderness of immense extent to relieve them, as peace has reigned through my mediation from the prairie Des Chiens to the lower River. If a subaltern with but twenty men, at so great a distance from the seat of his government, could effect so important a change in the minds of those savages, what might not a great and independent power effect, if instead of blowing up the flames of discord, they exert their influence in the sacred cause of peace ? When I returned to the fort, I found the Fols Avoin chief, who intended to remain all night. He told me that near the conclusion of the revolutionary war, his nation began to look upon him as a warrior ; that they received a parole from Michilimackinac, on which he was dispatched with forty warriors ; that on his arrival he was requested to lend them against the Americans. To which he replied " We have considered you and the Americans as one people. You are now at war ; how are we to decide who has justice on their side ? Besides, you white people are like the leaves on the trees for numbers. Should I march with my forty warriors to the field of battle, they with their chief would be unnoticed in the multitude, and would be swallowed up as the big waters embosom the small rivulets which discharge themselves into it. No ! I will return to my nation, where my countrymen may be of service against our red enemies, and their actions renowned in the dance of our nation." (p. 78.)

We find this subject thus noticed in another place.

" On our march, we met an Indian coming into the fort ; his countenance expressed no little astonishment, when told who I was and from whence I came ; for the people in this country

themselves acknowledge that the savages hold in greater veneration the Americans, than any other white people. They say of us, when alluding to warlike achievements "that we are neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, but white Indians." (p. 61.)

We shall close this part of our authour's journeys with the description of his feelings on his arrival at the falls of St. Anthony, on the 10th of April, in his voyage home.

"The appearance of the falls was much more tremendous than when we ascended, the increase of water occasioned the spray to rise much higher, and the mist appeared like clouds. How different my sensations now from what they were when at this place before! At that time, not having accomplished more than half my route, winter fast approaching, war existing between the most savage nations in the course of my route, my provisions greatly diminished, and but a poor prospect of an additional supply; many of my men sick, and the others not a little disheartened, and our success in this arduous undertaking very doubtful; just upon the borders of the haunts of civilized men, about to launch into an unknown wilderness, (for ours was the first canoe that had ever crossed this portage) were sufficient to dispossess my breast of contentment and ease. But now we have accomplished every wish; peace reigns throughout the vast extent; we have returned thus far on our voyage without the loss of a single man, and hope soon to be blessed with the society of our relations and friends." (p. 92)

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

THE FLOWER-GIRL'S CRY.

The *Flower-Girl's Cry* is from the pen of Miss Caroline Symmons, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Symmons, who is well known in the literary world, and authour of a life of Milton, lately published. She died in 1803 at the age of 14. This lovely girl exhibited the most affecting traits of early poetical genius; and her disposition was as delightful, as her talents were admirable. Mr. Wrangham, at the end of his Poem, entitled "The Raising of Jaisius' Daughter," 1804, has preserved some specimens of her poetry, and accompanied them by a short memoir of her, which it is impossible to read without the deepest interest, and astonishment, at her wonderful endowments. At twelve years old she produced the following exquisite lines.

Come, buy my wood hare-bells, ; my cowslips come buy ;
 Oh ! take my carnations and jessamines sweet ;
 Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
 Ah ! snatch'd like myself from their native retreat.

Oh ! ye who in pleasure' and luxury live,
 Whose bosoms would sink beneath half my sad woes ;
 Ah ! deign to my cry a kind answer to give,
 And shed a soft tear for the fate of poor Rose.

Yet once were my days happy, sweet and serene,
 And once have I tasted the balm of repose ;
 But now on my cheek meagre famine is seen,
 And anguish prevails in the bosom of Rose.

Then buy my wood hare-bells, my cowslips come buy,
 Oh ! take my carnations, and jessamines sweet ;
 Lest their beauties should wither, their perfumes should die,
 Ah ! snatch'd like myself from their native retreat !

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Population of Philadelphia.—According to the Census lately taken in Philadelphia, the city and its suburbs contain upwards of ninety-six thousand Inhabitants : and were the county to be included, the population would amount to upwards of one hundred and eleven thousand persons. The increase of population in the city and suburbs since the census of 1800, is upwards of thirty thousand ; and in the city and county considerably upwards of thirty-four thousand.

	1810	1800	Increase.
City,	53,718	41,520	12,198
Suburbs, including Northern Liberties, Southwark, &c.	42,942	24,367	13,675
Total of City and Suburbs,	96,660	65,787	30,873
County of Philadelphia,	14,536	10,722	3,814
City and County of Philadelphia,	111,196	76,509	34,687
N. B. In the above are not included about 5,000 Sailors, who were absent from port.			
Amount of Articles manufactured in the City of Philadelphia, per annum.		£ 9,136,757	
Ditto in the County,		5,227,795	
Total.		£ 14,364,552	

THE
BALTIMORE REPERTORY,
OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS :
BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre d'ont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on loue la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

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APRIL, 1811.

No. 4.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE :

OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.—A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes... *Horace.*

(Continued from Page 126.)

THERE is no situation in life that appears, to an unexperienced mind, to possess so many, and such dazzling advantages as matrimony. It is the slippery foundation on which the young and romantic of both sexes have always erected their temples to happiness ; on which they have planned their visionary schemes ; and to which they have constantly looked forward, as the fortunate point where all their miseries would infallibly terminate, and all their pleasures commence. It has equally engaged the attention and employed the pens of the poet and of the philosopher, of the panegyrist and artist. The common catastrophe of all our comedies, after a sufficient number of dextrous contrivances, invented and executed by the ingenious lover, is a marriage of the parties ; and every novelist, when his tender heroine has surmounted with fortitude the accustomed dangers of lawless banditti, determined ravishers, ghastly apparitions, and a long

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imprisonment in the dark north tower of some mouldering castle, concludes his wondrous tale by uniting the lovely sufferer with the charming youth, who has always secretly been the favorite object of her heart. And, indeed, if some small caution was used in this important crisis of our lives, if each party acted without dissimulation, and both frankly displayed their different dispositions ; if the qualities of the mind, as well as of the person, were attentively considered ; the disparities of age, of temper, and understanding carefully balanced ; if our ideas of its blessings were not so extravagantly wild, and if reason and discretion were allowed to maintain a constant ascendancy over our minds, we should then, without doubt, experimentally perceive, that those animated descriptions of Hymeneal happiness are more nearly allied to reality than to fiction. But it is unfortunately the fate of man, and more particularly of the discontented man, when projecting his plans of future happiness, to delight too much in indulging the sportive flights of his fancy : to form the most brilliant expectations ; and, afterwards, to be disconcerted and angry because he finds that his foolish dreams are not realized to his wish, and the incongruous heap of ridiculous projects his imagination has suggested, can never be accomplished in his journey through life. He then becomes dejected. He rejects the good that is beneficently offered him, because it does not arrive to the high pitch of perfect happiness, and he exaggerates the evils that appear before him, because he is wholly unprepared to encounter or support them.

Of the truth of this, Denterville was an unfortunate example. Whatever he modelled in his mind, or whatever scheme he had in agitation, he constantly expected uninterrupted success to attend its execution, and happiness unalloyed to crown at last his endeavours. Inspired with these brilliant, but, alas ! erroneous ideas, he at first panted for wealth ; urged and animated by these, he afterwards sighed for knowledge ; and, at length, deceived by these, he had sought, with an eager precipitation, the ties of marriage. But the same tormenting fiend, the same restlessness and discontent, that for ever haunted his steps, and disturbed his enjoyment in his former state, still pursued him

with unrelenting fury, and polluted the clear stream of his present happiness. After he had been married about a couple of months, when, perfectly at his ease in his new situation, he began gradually to unfold the natural tendency of his disposition ; when the obsequious politenesses of the timorous lover had slowly and imperceptibly retired, and the confidence of familiarity appeared in its place ; when the thrilling ecstacies of first enjoyment were subsided by long and reiterated possession, and the fleeting honey-moon of rapturous love had resigned to reason the place it had usurped, Denterville by degrees, began to perceive that even the matrimonial state was not entirely destitute of its vexations, and that his lovely wife was very far from being so completely perfect as his imagination had represented her.

Caroline indeed was not an angel, but she was all that a woman could possibly be. She was possessed of an elegant person, of a fascinating behaviour, of a mild disposition, and a good understanding. When Denterville first addressed her with the accents of a lover, his large fortune and splendid establishment determined her to accept him. Her vanity was gratified (for where is the female who does not possess some small spark of this personal pride ?) by the choice he had made ; and she was both astonished and pleased that he should give the preference to her, the daughter of one of his tenants, for his companion and wife. His insinuating manners, and the generosity he displayed in receiving her without a portion, afterwards won her affections, and she now ardently strove, by every fond and captivating method, to testify to her husband the warmth of her love.

But such was the unhappy peculiarity of Denterville's temper, that whatever he actually possessed, whether pleasing or disagreeable, was sure to excite his disgust. His restless mind was always most delighted with those objects that were new, splendid, and of difficult attainment. Charmed with variety, and endowed with a disposition desirous of change, he constantly imagined happiness to consist in those things of which he was not the fortunate master ; and it may be asserted of him, with the greatest justice and propriety, that his misery was invariably increased in exact proportion to the extent of his enjoyments.

To such a disposition as this, the tender and lawful caresses of an affectionate wife, were sure to be received with disgust. At first indeed they were accepted with some degree of pleasure, on account of the novelty with which they were accompanied. Repetition however insensibly undermined the force of the latter, and a careless indifference succeeded to the former ; and, shortly afterwards, by imperceptible degrees, aversion and disgust supplied the place of indifference itself. That Caroline, still as captivating in her manners, still possessed of the same sensibility of mind, and still as beauteous in all the charms of her person, as when he first saw and admired her, he now assiduously avoided. The tender expression that so lately shone in his eye, and animated his countenance, was exchanged for a sternness of look that almost appeared to border on ferocity ; and the dark and gloomy frown of discontent was constantly seen to lower on that brow, where rapturous love had once triumphantly reigned, and where the Graces had formerly been seen to sport. Oh man, man, what an enigmatical being art thou !

Caroline, who soon perceived, was, with reason, astonished at this unaccountable alteration in the behaviour of her husband. She would frequently ask him what was the reason of it ? —if she had unconsciously offended him ? —or if it originated from any other, and from what, cause ? But he generally preserved an inflexible silence against her most tender enquiries ; and his replies, whenever he would deign to reply, were short, harsh, and evasive. She observed, for love is watchful and servant of every thing, that he every morning, on some trifling pretext, left the castle and herself, and seldom returned till the approach of night ; that he always appeared dissatisfied and displeased with her kindest endeavours to sooth him ; that, when he addressed himself to her, his language was extremely concise, and the tone of his voice almost imperious ; and that when the conversation happened to turn on any female of her acquaintance, the remarkable warmth of his expressions, and the panegyrical fervency with which he would mention her, seemed to be a tacit reflection on her own unworthiness, as he now never used such a flattering style in his discourses with herself. She was

surprised and confounded at it, and as she rightly imagined it proceeded from some secret disgust he had suddenly conceived against her, she naturally strove, with an ardour proportioned to her affection, by a thousand insinuating endearments, to regain the lost heart of her husband, and to recal that sweetness and serenity which had so lately fled from his clouded brow.

But, as it has been already remarked, it was these very testimonies of her affection that had first excited the disgust of Denterville. The singularity of his disposition, his habitual restlessness, and uniform discontent, have been before explained, and the reader may easily imagine that his former aversion was only redoubled, by the redoubled efforts of his wife to extinguish it. Had Caroline at first behaved as many of her own sex, if placed in the same situation with herself would have done ; had she boldly asserted, and rigorously exacted, that respectful behaviour which should be constantly maintained even in the matrimonial state ; had she from the beginning refused with resolution tamely to submit to all the caprices of a whimsical disposition ; had she rejected that familiarity which is too frequently the forerunner of contempt ; and had her manner been less obliging, and the demonstrations of her love less violent, she would undoubtedly have preserved, if not the love, at least the respect of her husband ; and, by her authority, she would have diminished, perhaps destroyed, the petulance of his disposition, and increasing discontentedness of mind. But she, with that fervency of feeling which is the most amiable characteristic of her sex, fondly imagined nothing she could perform was a sufficient recompence for the man who had raised her to a situation at which she could never presume to aspire, nor any expression she could possibly use to evince her tenderness, too warm for the husband whom she adored. And thus it happened, by an unfortunate, though not unnatural accident, those very methods which Caroline employed to regain the affections of Denterville, only served to augment his dislike.

The breach between them became every succeeding day more apparent, and even the domestics of the castle remarked, in whispers to each other, the remarkable coldness and difference

in behaviour, of their master towards their mistress. That coldness, that difference, was indeed but too manifest ; and, as it always happens with a dissatisfied man, that the evils of the present moment, whether real or imaginary, are esteemed the greatest and most insufferable. Denterville would often solemnly protest that the wearisome state of constant unemployment, the dry labour of literature, or the pangs of that poverty and insignificance he was formerly obliged to endure, were doubly preferable to the matrimonial infelicity of his present situation. "Fool, fool that I was," he would often passionately exclaim, striking his forehead with his hand, " Why did I ever shackle myself with these cursed bonds ? Wedlock the road of content !—the path of pleasure ! Pshaw ! Let the poet, let the madman say so. Sooner will the æthereal sky form an union with the regions of darkness, than Happiness and Hymen be joined together. Oh woman, how surfeiting are all thy charms ! how suddenly do they disgust ! Whilst thou, endowed with the voracity of the cormorant,—thou art never satisfied. Let the lover admire the captivating softness of his mistress, let him extol the graces of her person, and exaggerate the perfections of her mind ; let him be pleased if she is pleased, and grave if she is so, and let his whole soul be in unison with hers—Nonsense all ! Soon, too soon will the marriage ceremony, like the wand of a magician, dispel for ever the pleasing enchantment ; soon will he awake from his delightful dream ; and that day he will see with astonishment overcast with dark and impenetrable clouds, whose morning predicted so much effulgence."

Such were the soliloquies of Denterville. He dashed in a rage the cup of happiness away from his lips, for no other reason but because he had it in possession, and looking on the present with rooted aversion, he once again turned his thoughts towards futurity.

Caroline, at length, perceiving that whatever she could do had not the smallest effect, or at all diminished the sullen dislike of her husband, became dejected and melancholy. She sought for solitude. She was frequently seen in her chamber, leaning upon her arm, and with the tears standing in her eyes. Her dis-

course became almost incoherent, her countenance appeared continually clouded, the animating lustre that formerly beamed from her eye was fled for ever ; and, in a short time, the perpetual agitation of her mind faded her beauty, impaired her understanding, and undermined a constitution that was naturally but delicate.

Denterville, in order to avoid the company of his amiable wife, had recourse to the sports of the field. He procured a skilful huntsman, some fine horses, and a pack of staunch and excellent dogs ; and as we are all naturally attracted to the company of those who resemble the nearest ourselves, his acquaintance was now assiduously sought by the gentry around, by whom he had formerly been despised. He quickly contracted an intimacy with them, adopted their manners, used their expressions, and imitated their behaviour ; and thus matters for one winter remained, he a foxhunter abroad, and his wife disconsolate at home, when an unexpected circumstance diverted the thoughts of Denterville to very different objects.

He had now been convinced, from experience, that matrimony was not, for him at least, the path that conducted to happiness, and that discontent was compatible with riches as well as with poverty ; when, in the ensuing summer, the parliament of the nation being dissolved, the members hurried down to their respective counties and boroughs, with all the eagerness of interest and emulation, to canvass submissively for votes, to be reinstated in their former seats. The dissonant bells of the neighbouring towns hoarsely proclaimed the approach of the candidates : the worthy, and as they are likewise perhaps ironically styled, the *independents* voters, already calculated, with confident minuteness, the exact sum they should demand for their interest ; their wives and daughters were at the same time industriously employed in enumerating the presents they expected to receive ; and the countenances of the common people were all animated with delight at the plenteous dinners and noble entertainments they hoped to enjoy, from the fear or liberality of the contending suitors. The bustle of the business was already begun. The many-coloured cockades waved in the hats of the people, to dis-

tinguish the partizans of the opposing candidates, and the demons of drunkenness, profusion, and debauchery, already publicly paraded through the streets of the town.

This uproar and confusion made a very visible impression on the mind of Denterville. He was now observed to be continually thoughtful and meditative, like a person, whose mind is agitated by some vast and secret design ; and, in truth, these appearances were not belied by the event.

The borough to which his estate lay contingent was one of those which are distinguished by the appellation of "Rotten," both on account of the smallness of the town, and the paucity of the electors. It was, he thought, a matter of no great difficulty or expence, to be elected for such a trifling place ; he had already gained the estimation of the inhabitants, by some inconsiderable privileges he had lately granted them ; and, after a little rumination, he was resolutely determined to endeavour to become one of the national representatives in the House of Commons. There were a number of patriotic gentlemen, whose names he recollects, and whose speeches he had always read with delight in the newspapers ; and all of whom he esteemed as so many pillars, that served to support the tottering constitution of their country. He had heard of their being drawn triumphantly, in their carriages, through the streets, by the ungovernable mobs of London, and, with such a flattering distinction, he thought he must be unquestionably happy. He had frequent conferences with his steward, who in no wise dissuaded him from the resolution he had taken ; his jovial companions readily offered the whole of their considerable interest ; and, to the astonishment and dismay of the contending candidates, he accordingly presented himself as a member for the borough. His great liberality quickly gained him a number of votes ; his greater promises produced him more ; the tenants of his estate all immediately flocked to his standard ; and he already had a good prospect of the victory, when his most formidable competitor suddenly dying, by his exertions and intemperance during the poll, it put the matter out of dispute, and Denterville, with his remaining opponent, was duly elected member of parliament.

After the accustomed number of entertainments and acknowledgments for favours received on the one side, and as many compliments and congratulations on the other, he, with the impatience so characteristic of him, immediately departed for London, leaving the superintendance of the castle to his amiable wife, whom, notwithstanding her most urgent entreaties, he peremptorily refused to accompany him. And, as in the course of a busy narrative, the fate of Caroline may perhaps be hereafter passed by unrelated, let it suffice now to say, that the depression of her spirits was considerably augmented after the departure of her husband. This last mark of his unkindness towards her served to complete the measure both of his disaffection and of her misery. From this time she spoke but little ; she did not even sigh ; a kind of lethargy stole insensibly upon her, and pervaded, with its baneful effects, her delicate frame. Her eye became vacant, her countenance discoloured and pale, and, in a short time, so far had she lost the use of her recollection, that she could with difficulty recognize the well-known features of her most intimate friends. She would frequently sit in the same place, in the same position, for the long space of a day and a night ; and, rejecting the consolation, and even the medicines of the physicians who attended her, she would remain sullen and immovable, pathetically declaring, that life itself she only considered as an intolerable burden. At length the anguish of her mind affected her body ; she was reduced to the wretched appearance of a skeleton ; and Denterville had not been arrived in London above a quarter of a year, before he received, by a letter from his steward, the unexpected, and, too probably, the pleasing intelligence, of the departure of his wife to the region of spirits.

He wrote immediately to his steward, to desire him to conduct the funeral ceremonies in a manner suitable to the condition of the deceased ; urgent and indispensable business would, he said, unavoidably detain him a reluctant prisoner in London ; but, at the same time, that he might not appear wholly deficient in the respect that was due, he dispatched a celebrated undertaker, with all the gloomy paraphernalia of his office, to attend the corpse of his wife from the castle to her grave.

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Thus, as it is too frequently the case, the object of detestation whilst alive, was loaded with all the usual marks of pomp and affection when no more ; the guilty offender seemed solicitous to expiate; by the magnificence of the burial, the unpardonable behaviour he had formerly used; and a costly monument, that was shortly after erected, by his own direction, over her bones, told to posterity, that there reposed the ashes of the young, the beauteous, Caroline Denterville, " the best of wives—*so the best of husbands.*"

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THERE is a pleasure of a very pure and elevated kind in paying a tribute to the memory of departed genius. But there are characters which it requires a venturous spirit to touch ; the nice shades of intellectual eminence, the evanescent movements of a trembling heart, demands no common pen to delineate them.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. a gentleman of Sussex, whose seat at Stoke, near Guilford, was afterwards owned by Mr. Dyson.* But her father possessed another house, as it seems, at Bignor Park, on the banks of the Arun, where she passed many of her earliest years : of which she speaks in the following beautiful stanza :—

" Then, from thy wild-wood banks, Aruna, roving,
Thy thymy downs with sportive steps I sought,
And nature's charms with artless transport loving,
Sung like the birds unheeded and untaught.

How enchanting must have been the day-dreams of a mind thus endowed, in the early season of youth and hope ! Amid sce-

* The name of Jeremiah Dyson is well known, as the friend and patron of Akenside.

very which had nurtured the fancies of Otway and of Collins, she trod on sacred ground: every charm of Nature seems to have made the most lively and distinct impression on her very vivid mind; and her rich imagination must have peopled it with beings of another world. She has often addressed the river Arun. The following is her

XXXTH SONNET.

Be the proud Thames, of trade the busy mart !
 Arun ! to thee will other praise belong ;
 Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,
 And ever sacred to the sons of song !
 Thy banks romantick hopeless love shall seek
 Where o'er the rock's the mantling bindwith flaunts ;
 And sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek,
 Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts !
 Banks ! which inspir'd thy Otway's plaintive strain !
 Wilds ! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone
 Of Collins' powerful shell ! yet once again
 Another poet—Haley is thine own !
 Thy classic streams anew still hear a lay,
 Bright as its waves, and various as its way.

Again she thus speaks of her early propensities in her

XLVTH SONNET.

Farewell Aruna ! on whose varied shore,
 My early vows were paid to virtue's shrine,
 When thoughtless joy, and infant hope were mine,
 And whose lone stream has heard me since deplore
 Too many sorrows ! sighing I resign
 Thy solitary beauties ; and no more
 Or on thy rocks, or in thy woods recline ;
 Or on the heath, by moonlight lingering, pore
 On air-drawn phantoms ! while in Fancy's ear
 The enthusiast of the lyre,* who wander'd here,

* Collins.

Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear ;
Or wake wild frenzy from her hideous cell.

In her 5th Sonnet she addresses the South Downs, with her usual pathos.

Ah ! hills belov'd, where once an happy child,
Your beechen shades, your turf, your flowers among,
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild,
And woke your echoes with my artless song ;
Ah, hills belov'd, your turf, your flowers remain ;
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
For one poor moment sooth the sense of pain,
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more ?

Mrs. Smith discovered from a very early age, like all minds of active and expanded curiosity, an insatiable thirst for reading, which yet was checked by her aunt who had the care of her education ; for she had lost her mother almost in her infancy. She did not read as a task ; nor according to any regular system, which may be more proper for common faculties, but devoured with eager eyes, every book which fell in her way ; an indulgence that enlarged the sphere of her observation, and extended her powers. It did not tend to make her, in the pedantic sense, a learned woman ; but surely it tended to make her something much better, it gave impulse to her powers of inquiry and of thinking ; and mingled itself with the original observations of a vigorous and penetrating understanding.

From her twelfth to her fifteenth year her father resided occasionally in London, and she was introduced into frequent and various society. It would be curious to have a picture of her feelings and her remarks at that critical period. With that liveliness of perception and that eloquent simplicity of language, which women of sensibility and talents possess, more especially at an early age, in a degree so superior to the other sex, she must not only have been highly attractive, but have exhibited such a brilliancy of imagination, and of sentiment, yet unsub-

dued by sorrows, as cannot have vanished unrecorded without justifying the severest regret. But as our faculties can only be ascertained by comparison, she probably did not yet know the strength or value of her own.

It is said that before she was sixteen, she married Mr. Smith, a partner in his father's house, who was a West-India merchant, and an East-India Director; an ill-assorted match, the prime source of all her future misfortunes. Thus early engaged in the cares of a family, and shut up in one of the narrow streets of the great city, away from the fields and woods which she loved, and among a set of people, whose habits and opinions could be little congenial with those of one who had indulged in all the visions of a poetical fancy on the banks of rivers, and in the solitude of heaths and downs, and hills, and vallies, a temporary damp must have been given to the expanse of her mind. After some time, when the irksomeness of this situation was aggravated by the loss of her second son, Mr. Smith indulged her with a small house, in the neighbourhood of London, where she soothed her retirement by cultivating her early propensity to books, in the intervals which the anxious attention to her children afforded.

At length Mr. Smith's father, who could never persuade his son to give his time or care sufficiently to the business in which he was engaged, allowed him to retire deeper into the country, and purchased for him Lyss farm, in Hampshire. In this situation, Mrs. Smith, who had now eight children, passed several anxious and important years. Her husband was imprudent, kept a larger establishment than suited his fortune, and engaged in wild and injudicious speculations in agriculture. She foresaw the storm that was gathering over her; but she had no power to prevent it; and she endeavoured to console her uneasiness by recurring to the Muses, whose first visitings had added force to pleasures of her childhood. "When in the Beech woods of Hampshire," she says, "I first struck the chords of the melancholy lyre, its notes were never intended for the publick ear: it was unaffected sorrow drew them forth: I wrote thournfully because I was unhappy!"

In 1776 Mr. Smith's father died ; in four or five years afterwards Mr. S. served the office of sheriff of Hants ; and immediately subsequent, his affairs were brought to a crisis. That dreadful receptacle, the King's Bench, opened her melancholy gates to him ; as she daily does to the victims of innocent misfortune, as well as of imprudence, and dishonesty,

“ *Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,*”

and his wife had the virtue and the fortitude to accompany him and spend the greater part of the seven months he was confined there, with him. But during this trying period she was not idle nor passed her time in unavailing grief. By her exertions principally Mrs. S. at length obtained his liberation.

In this awful interval, those talents, which had hitherto been cultivated only for her own private gratification, seemed to offer resource for the day of adversity. She collected together, therefore, a few of those poems, which had hitherto been confined to one or two friends, and offered them to Dodsley. This man, who was now grown old and rich, and who had probably been originally exalted into the station of an eminent publisher, rather by accident, or his brother's merits, than by any powers of his own, received the offer with coldness, cast a hasty and casual glance at the MSS. and returned them with a stupid indifference. Mrs. Smith, with the sensibility of real genius, felt oppressed and overcome with this brutal discouragement ; and but for the impulse of imperious necessity, would probably have sunk into future silence, unconscious of that exquisite superiority of genius, which for two and twenty years has charmed the world.

Mr. Turner, her brother, now tried his powers of persuasion with Dilly, but with equal want of success. The sonnets were therefore printed at Chichester, at the expense of the authour, with a dedication, dated 10th May 1784, to Mr. Hayley ; and Dodsley, on this recommendation, undertook to be the publisher. A second edition was rapidly called for in the same year.

The manner, in which Mrs. Smith has described in a private letter already given to the publick, the event of her husband's liberation is so eminently interesting, as to call for a repetition of it in this place.

"It was on the 2nd day of July, that we commenced our journey. For more than a month I had shared the restraint of my husband, in a prison, amidst scenes of misery, and even of terror. Two attempts had, since my last residence among them, been made by the prisoners to procure their liberation, by blowing up the walls of the house. Throughout the night appointed for this enterprize, I remained dressed, watching at the window, and expecting every moment to witness contention and bloodshed, or perhaps be overwhelmed by the projected explosion. After such scenes, and such apprehensions, how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft, pure air, of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as, having slept one night on the road, we passed over the heaths of Surrey ! My native hills at length burst upon my view ! I beheld once more the fields, where I had passed my happiest days, and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strown, perceived with delight the beloved group, from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections had been ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits. After all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from my calamities !"

But this state of happiness was of very short continuance. Mr. Smith's liberty was again threatened ; and he was obliged to fly to France to secure it. Thither his wife accompanied him ; and immediately returning with the vain hope of settling his affairs, again passed over to the continent with her children, where, having hired a dreary chateau in Normandy, they spent an anxious, inconvenient, forlorn, and yet expensive winter, which it required all her heroick fortitude, surrounded by so many children and so many cares to survive.

The next year she was called again to try her efforts in England. In this she so far succeeded as to enable her husband to return ; soon after which they hired the old mansion of the Mill family at Wolbeding, in Sussex ; a parish, of which Otway's father had been Rector. Here she wrote her

XXVITH SONNET.

TO THE RIVER ARUN.

On thy wild banks, by frequent torrents worn,
No glittering fanes, or marble domes appear ;
Yet shall the mournful muse thy course adorn,
And still to her thy rustick waves be dear !
For with the infant Otway lingering here
Of early woes she bade her votary dream,
While thy low murmurs sooth'd his pensive ear,
And still the poet consecrates the stream.
Beneath the oak and beech, that fringe thy side,
The first-born violets of the year shall spring ;
And in thy hazles, bending o'er the tide,
The earliest nightingale delight to sing :
While kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate
Thy Otway's sorrows, and lament his fate !

It now became necessary to exert her faculties again as a means of support ; and she translated a little novel of *Abbe Prevost* ; and made a selection of extraordinary stories from “*Les Causes Celebres*,” of the French, which she entitled “*The Romance of Real Life*.”

Soon after this she was once more left to herself by a second flight of her husband abroad ; and she removed with her children to a small cottage in another part of Sussex, whence she published a new edition of her Sonnets, with many additions, which afforded her a temporary relief. In this retirement, stimulated by necessity, she ventured to try her powers of original composition in another line of literature : for here she wrote her novel of “*Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*,” 1788. All that part of the publick, who, though they were disgusted with the usual contents of a circulating library, yet had fancy and feeling enough to judge for themselves in spite of prejudice, received this enchanting fiction with a new kind of delight. It displayed such a simple energy of language, such an accurate and lively delineation of character, such a purity of sentiment, and such exquisite

scenery of a picturesque and rich, yet most unaffected imagination, as gave it a hold upon all readers of true taste, of a new and most captivating kind. The simple charms of Emmeline ; the description of the Old Castle in Wales ; the marine scenery in the Isle of Wight ; the character of Godolphin ; and many other parts possessed a sort of charm, which had not hitherto been imparted to novels. How a mind oppressed with sorrows and injuries of the deepest dye, and loaded with anxieties of the most pressing sort, could be endowed with strength and elasticity to combine and throw forth such visions with a pen dipped in all the glowing lines of a most playful and creative fancy, fills me with astonishment and admiration !

But whatever wonder may be excited by this first effort, it will be encreased when we recollect that for several successive years, she still produced others with equal felicity, with an imagination still unexhausted, and a command of language, and variety of character, which have not yet received their due commendation. "Ethelinde," appeared in 1789; "Celestina" in 1791; "Desmond" in 1792; and "the Old Manor House" in 1793. To these succeeded, "The Wanderings of Warwick;" the "Banished Man;" "Montalbert;" "Marchmont" 1796; "The Young Philosopher," 1798; "The Solitary Wanderer;" making together, I believe, 38 volumes.

Besides these Mrs. Smith wrote several beautiful little volumes for young persons, entitled, "Rural Walks;" "Rambles Farther;" "Minor Morals;" and "Conversation;" and a poem in blank verse, called "The Emigrant," in addition to a second volume of Sonnets.

During this long period of constant literary exertion, which alone seemed sufficient to have occupied all her time, Mrs. Smith had both family-grieſs and family-buiness of the most perplexing and overwhelming nature to contend with. Her eldest son had been many years absent as a writer in Bengal; her second surviving son died of a rapid and virulent fever; her third son lost his leg at Dunkirk, as an ensign in the 24th regiment, and her eldest daughter, "the loveliest and most beloved of her children," expired within two years after her marriage. The grand-

father of her children had left his property, which lay in the West Indies, in the hands of trustees and agents, and when to this complication was added the unfortunate state of her husband's affairs, she had difficulties to surmount, in the endeavour to obtain justice, and a series of delays, pretences, misapplications, extortions and insults to endure, which must have agitated a sagacious and indignant spirit almost beyond human patience.

The aid of a few high-minded noblemen is said to have enabled her at last to bring these affairs, of which the embarrassments were thus purposely aggravated, to an accommodation with the various parties, who had claims on them. But I have no opportunity of ascertaining whether these arrangements ever were completed before her death. The hour was arriving, when grief was at last to subdue her long-tried victim. Her husband, who seems never to have conquered his habits of imprudence, died, as it is said, in legal confinement, in March 1806. On the 28th October following, at Telford, near Farnham in Surry, she died herself, and in the words of the newspapers, "much lamented by her family and a numerous and respectable acquaintance, after a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with the utmost patience, retaining her excellent faculties to the last."

I am totally unacquainted with the character of Mrs. Smith from any other source than her writings; but I consider those writings to furnish ample grounds for the delineation both of her intellectual and moral portrait. It appears to me scarcely possible that in such a multitude of volumes, many of them written in haste, the same prominent features should materially differ from those of the authour. When, therefore, I have heard dark hints of the harshness of her temper, or the freeness of her principles, I have been not only sceptical, but indignant; and have attributed these foul aspersions to that narrow envy and never-ceasing malice, which constantly attend on Genius, when it carries itself high, and will not bend to the follies and servilities of the world. I do not blame those imbecile and yielding spirits, which only smile or weep at the hand of the oppressor; and dare not lift an arm to defend themselves from insult or injustice; but I cannot admire them. I am not sufficiently an optimist to admit that up-

on all occasions all is for the best; to bear, without resistance, the insults of rank or wealth; the scorn of bloated prosperity; the robberies of legal extortion; or the taunts or frowns of unmerited unkindness.

I know that when great talents and superior taste are under the inflictions of adverse fortune, they are considered by stupidity and hard-heartedness as the fair victims on which they may indulge their vengeance and hatred. Then they conceive that the lion is chained down, disarmed of its claws, and they may commence their cowardly and cruel sports upon him, with impunity! If he growl, or lift a paw, or shake himself beneath his fitters, he commits an unpardonable offence, and is destined to endless persecution and calumny.

It is probable that the quickness of Mrs. Smith's penetration, and the boldness of her temper impelled her sometimes to speak unwelcome truths to some of the persons concerned in her affairs, who were generally accustomed to secure themselves by the glare of their riches from too near an inspection. This might be imprudent in point of self-interest; but surely it neither detracted from her virtue, nor from her claims to respect and admiration.

What are the traits which characterize every heroine delineated by her pen? An elevated simplicity, an unaffected purity of heart, of ardent and sublime affections, delighting in the scenery of Nature, and flying from the sophisticated and vicious commerce of the world; but capable, when necessity calls it forth, of displaying a rigorous sagacity and a lofty fortitude, which appals vice and dignifies adversity! Can we doubt that the innocent and enchanting childhood of Emmeline, the ORPHAN of the CASTLE, or the angelic affections of Celestina, were familiar to the heart of the authour? They contain touches, which the warmest fancy, or the most ingenious head, could never supply.

Yet this is the writer whose works have been deemed immoral! Immoral, by whom? By people who read with pleasure of fashionable intrigues; and wade with interest through all the base and stupid ordure of a circulating library! Who delight in

the filthy amours of Tom Jones, and Perigrine Pickle ! Who are enraptured with stories of ghosts, and robberies, and rapes and murders !

There is indeed one novel of Mrs. Smith, on which this charge of immorality has been more particularly fixed. This is Desmond, which turns on the attachment of the hero to a married woman. But how is that attachment regulated ; and in what does it end ? Does it seek any other gratification than to befriend and protect the beloved object under adversity, dereliction, and trials of the most aggravated nature ? Does the lovely Geraldine indulge in any act, any thought or wish, that angels could disapprove ? What then is the crime of the authour ? That she has drawn characters too virtuous for the world ! And that she has placed them in situations of trial, which the world must not imitate, because it could not preserve its innocence in them !

But I hear it objected that there is a deficiency of religion in her works. Are novels then to be tried by the rules of a sermon ? Surely in works of amusement the too frequent mention of this subject would profane it, and rather destroy than increase the reverence for it. Are any of the sentiments, or any of the characters, enforced by her, contrary to religion ? It seems to have been her plan to pourtray virtue attractive by its own loveliness ; and to leave it to divines to set forth the more awful motives of the Revealed World !

“ What moral effect,” cry these censurers, “ do her tales produce ? ” I cannot help smiling, when I hear this question asked by those, who hang with rapture over the hobgobleries of the nursery. I suppose they are under the influence of the lessons they were taught in their infancy, when they were studying some of the tedious fables of *Æsop*, or *Gay*, to value them only as an exemplification of two lines of trite moral at the end !

Is there then no moral effect produced by an innocent amusement of the mind ? Is there nothing in the delineation of scenes, which enchant the fancy, and melt the heart ? Is there nothing in the picture of female loveliness, sitting,

“ Like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief ? ”

Is there nothing in calling forth that exercise of the intellectual faculties, which at once refines and exalts ?

But are these the real causes, why the admirable productions of this fair writer have been thus depreciated ? I think not. In some the prejudice was founded on her religious principles. She was an approver of the origin of the French Revolution, and in Desmond spoke, with too much bitterness of the privileged orders, and of the abuses of ancient institutions. Is there then no freedom of opinion in this country ? Is there no forgiveness for one, who was smarting under unjust oppression, and exasperated by the undeserved neglect and insolence of "boobies mounted over her head ?" By others her touches of character were thought too nice; they were too exquisite for the apprehension of some ; while to many they laid open the obliquities of the heart, or the head, with too keen a pen. The broad caricatures, and glaring colours of common novels, which excited the heavy attention of ordinary readers, were too extravagant to touch those irritable beings, who shrunk at the sharp incision of Mrs. Smith.

For want of these glaring colours and farce-like personages, some taxed her with want of fancy, and some with a departure from real life. The reverse appears to be the truth !

Of Mrs. Smith's poetry it is not easy to speak in terms too high. There is so much unaffected elegance ; so much pathos and harmony in it ; the images are so soothing and so delightful ; and the sentiments so touching, so consonant to the best movements of the heart ; that no reader of pure taste can grow weary of perusing them. Sorrow was her constant companion ; and she sung with a thorn at her bosom, which forced out strains of melody, expressive of the most affecting sensations, interwoven with the rich hues of an inspired fancy. Her name therefore is sure to live among the most favoured of the Muse ; but in gratitude for the long and exquisite pleasure I have received from her compositions, I feel some satisfaction in making this humble and hasty attempt to do justice to her character.*

* Most of the facts contained in this memoir are drawn from the account of Mrs. Smith, in Phillips's " Publick Characters ;" that article bearing many internal marks of authenticity.

THE VIGIL.

NO 6.—ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF MRS. WEST.

THIS excellent woman and elegant writer has favoured the world with another Novel, which, like all her previous literary labours, is equally honourable to her taste, her imagination, and her principles. *Novel-readers* however—that is, those who read for the story—complain of the “REFUSAL.” They do not like it, because “it ends so *badly*”—So fine a fellow as lord Avondel, ought not to have been killed; nor so amiable a woman as Emily, have been made so unhappy! But Mrs. West represents things as they are; and not as they *ought* to be, according to the notions of the idle and the superficial. It is sufficient for her, to see, that temporal blessings are distributed alike to the good, and the bad. Her pen is guided by truth and nature, and she firmly vindicates the ways of Providence; by showing the wisdom of securing a “better part.”

In all her writings, this excellent authour, uniformly maintains the inadequacy of Morality, without the support of Religion: that justice, temperance, and charity, are duties which we owe to ourselves, and to one another,—and that the practice of them must necessarily produce, to ourselves, the most delightful enjoyment; and to many others, within our sphere of action, the most substantial benefits. But, as she well contends, we must not look for our reward in this world, except that peace of mind which results from conscious integrity: for linked as we are to society by so many interesting and endearing ties, our happiness must depend in a great measure, upon others. This truth Mrs. West has exemplified in the “Refusal,” in her characters of Selina and Emily: both perfectly amiable, but plunged into wretchedness, by the vices of their connexions, and finding their consolation alone in that Being who *permitted* their sufferings. But though she contends that the virtuous are not always, and certainly, to expect the possession of wealth, and honour, and tranquillity—she does not discourage the young and sanguine, from pursuing the path of rectitude, by bestowing prosperity more frequently on the wicked. The painter who

would copy from life, must sometimes place his characters in the seats of power, and pour the profusions of plenty into their laps: for the dews of Heaven are seen to descend alike on the good and the bad; and he may relieve his picture at others, as Mrs. W. has judiciously done, by giving comforts and blessings to some of her best personages.

In the resembling fates, and characters of lord Avondel in “The Refusal,” and lady Geraldine in “The tale of the Times,” she has given us another variety in the dispensations of Providence. These persons were equally distinguished in a most bountiful degree, by the gifts of nature and fortune. They had beauty, talents, wealth, honour and goodness. One latent weakness—vanity, and the love of fame,—led them to trifle with danger; and finally brought them to misery and death!—Nor were they vain of trivial accomplishments, external and glittering; but of mental and intellectual qualities: honourable to themselves, and useful to society—and hence we are reminded, that the *approbation of the world*, is not to be the *motive* to virtue.

Both the Novels above-mentioned, seem to be especially designed to reprove a crime which is “not so much as named” in our new world, but which in some European countries, as appears by the representations of their writers, is committed with an unblushing effrontery, which is shocking, and incredible to our uncontaminated feelings: and we cannot contemplate, without participating in the noble indignation which this highly moral authour uniformly pours upon so detestable a violation of decency and law. Her sentiments, indeed, are always distinguished by a high sense of piety and virtue. She has no palliations—no apologies for vice, though she is gentle and forgiving to weakness. But if, happily, we are without our Paulina’s and Fitzborne’s,—we may yet learn from these very instructive compositions, a necessary lesson. To make the marriage state as happy, and respectable as it was originally intended to be, is a favourite object with Mrs. West. That good principles *on both sides*, are essential to this end, cannot be doubted; and consequently, that an *inconsiderate choice*, will very probably produce disappointment and disgust. But people are generally young

when this important choice is made, and youth is not apt to deliberate: indeed its inexperience renders it unable to discover the real gem, amidst the glaring impositions of fashion or hypocrisy. How much less can it examine those nicer shades of character, those similarities of taste and feeling, without which no susceptible mind can be truly happy. Many an ill-assorted, though perhaps worthy couple, drag out their lives heavily together, in a state of continual apathy or disgust, because they find not those congenial sentiments, that peculiar manner, or temper, which is necessary to their particular enjoyment of domestick society. But if the imperfection of our natures has thus subjected us to one of the greatest infelicities of human life—an *unequal marriage*—if we meet with little else than disappointment where we had “garner’d up our hearts”—if we find our “gay visions of unreal bliss”—passing away like a morning cloud, and all our bright hopes destroyed by passion, by prejudice or folly, what then is to be done? are we to lie down and die because we are not permitted to be happy in the manner most agreeable to our own imaginations?—Mrs. West teaches—that a beneficent Providence has seldom denied us every blessing, though he has not gratified every wish. Should our chosen companion be found destitute of those good qualities on which we had most fixed our hearts, he may perhaps possess others, for which we did not mean to bargain—and even in the total failure of every endeavour to bring “good out of evil”, the affection of our friends, the education of our children, the solaces of society, and many other means are yet left to preserve a well-regulated mind, from “that misery which conscious guilt alone can justify.”

We have indeed undertaken Mrs. West’s eulogium—yet we are not quite sure that we can bear her out in her lofty notions of domestick prerogative. Even as “Sara obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord,” would she have us, her ill-fated daughters, to yield submission to our constituted heads. We have it is true of late, been told of some polite divines, who omit the nauseous word *obey*, in their marriage ceremonies—we mean not, however, even under such orthodox authority, to lay claim to any inter-

dicted privileges—but profess our willingness to “render unto Cæsar, the things that are (*really*) Cæsar’s.” But we are rather of opinion, that this lady has accorded to Cæsar, somewhat more than this lawful tribute when she enjoins us in all cases to conform to the “*tempers*,” “*the tastes*” and even the *humours* of our husbands—“*never* opposing their wishes in things that are *really* immaterial.” For should we be so very obliging, we might sometimes sacrifice some of our greatest blessings, and confirm a captious spirit in intolerable tyranny: besides, she herself asserts, that “a conscientious wife ever wishes to restrain her husband, from doing what would prove injurious to his health *fortune*, or *reputation*”—but how will she be able to perform this important *duty*, if she be wholly conformed to his, perhaps, vitiated taste, or temper? In truth, that *mutual* forbearance and sincere desire to please, which alone can promote harmony in the married pair, requires as many sacrifices on the part of one, as the other. But it is nevertheless observable, that this lady, in her excessive submission to the lords of the creation, is rather conceding to the existing state of things, than passing her sober judgment on what they *ought* to be—for this “*subservience*” of women she says—“is not solely confined to the conjugal tie, nor does it only revert backwards to the consecrated claims of paternity: our brothers, nay even our very sons, will reap the privilege of Adam, and whenever we fix with them in a domestic residence, we *must* conform to their humours, anticipate their wishes, and alleviate their misfortunes, or else forfeit their affections, and forego their society”—She therefore advises us, to obey the apostolick injunction—to live in harmony with all *men*.

A regular discussion of the writings of Mrs. West, is not intended by the authour of these cursory remarks. Neither her leisure nor her abilities presume so far. But a warm admiration of her animated style, and entertaining manner— together with a strong conviction of the excellence of the sentiments, generally, contained in her “Letters” to her son—“Letters to a young lady”—and in her Novels, induce her to call them into notice, as standard preceptors, in *moral*s especially.—It must be apparent to every reader, that the great difference between the *manners* of

England and America, must render many of the sarcasms and instructions of British writers on this head, inapplicable to us. Yet they are not all so---for the sameness of character between the *Mother* and the *Daughter* is often observable in their mutual customs, fashions, and habits of thinking.

Most zealously attached to her country and its whole constitution, Mrs. West is the strenuous advocate of hereditary honours---and partial even to bigotry---to the Episcopal establishment of England. And here we must urge one serious objection, to her otherwise liberal, and enlightened understanding---for we cannot agree with her, that "a congregation *electing* the "Teacher who shall distribute to them the word and bread of "life"---bears any resemblance to "school boys choosing their "own instructors." We have proved in our happy country, that this liberty may be exercised without producing those moral disorders which she thinks must arise from a "dependant ministry." But it is the best evidence of his sincerity and wisdom, that she constantly entreats her young readers to study the scriptures---the surest guides of faith and practice.

England has reason to glory in her illustrious women.—The present age abounds in female writers, both in prose and verse---and they are so numerous, and so equally excellent---that it is almost invidious to name even one. The circumstances peculiar to a young and yet unsettled country, permit not to our ladies, the leisure of cultivation, necessary to become authours. But we are readers and there is a general taste for books amongst us.—Let us then—while we give to them the praise to which they are entitled—and glory too, in them, as a part of our sex—let us avail ourselves of their talents—and profit by their abilities.

CONSTANTIA.

TURKISH NEW TESTAMENT.

The missionaries deputed by the Edinburgh missionary society to Carass on the borders of the Caspian Sea, have been for a considerable time engaged in preparing a version of the New Testament in the Turkish dialects, which is vernacular among a population of nearly thirty millions, extending from the banks of the Wolg to the shores of the Euxine. To enable them to print 5000 copies of it, the society has furnished, at its own cost, a proper set of types and the necessary paper, which have reached the place of their destination.

CRITICISM—*PIKE'S EXPEDITIONS.*

An account of expeditions to the sources of the Mississippi, and through the western parts of Louisiana, to the sources of the Arkansaw, Kans, La Platte, and Pierre Jaun rivers; performed by order of the government of the United States, during the years 1805, 1806, and 1807; and a tour through the interior parts of New Spain, when conducted through these Provinces by order of the Captain General, in the year 1807.
By major Z. M. Pike. Illustrated by Maps and Charts. Philadelphia; published by Conrad & Co. &c. Fielding Lucas, Jr. Baltimore, &c. Octavo, pp. 277, with appendices, maps, tables, &c. pp. 204. Price \$3 50 bound.

[Continued from Page 159.]

Notwithstanding his recent long absence upon the journey to explore the sources of the Mississippi, such was the ardour of our traveller, that in the course of two months and a half he commenced a second journey, in a new direction, which appeared likely to be even more difficult and laborious than the former. This journey, of which we now propose to give an account, commenced on the 15th of July 1806, and was intended ultimately to explore the head waters of those two great rivers, the Arkansaw and the Red River, of the Mississippi, which, flowing eastwardly from an immense distance in the interior, promised a medium of navigation unrivalled in importance and extent westward. Connected with this great object was the restoration to their homes of some Osage and Pawnee Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Potowatomies, and redeemed by the government of the United States, and were now at St. Louis on their return from the City of Washington: besides which, instructions were given to Mr. Pike to mediate peace between several Indian nations on his route.

The travellers proceeded in boats up the Missouri to the junction of the river Osage, and from thence ascended the Osage to the villages of that nation. This voyage was comparatively easy, and was effected with complete success by the 15th of August: the prisoners being restored to their long lost families and homes, and received with the liveliest testimonies of affection, as well as of gratitude to their deliverers: the red people manifest-

ing that however they may controul their feelings at ordinary times, they are as fully sensible to the touches of nature and of affection, on such occasions, as the most refined of civilized society. From this point the journey was to be made on horseback through trackless wastes and unknown mountains and rivers, where the travellers were compelled to depend upon their success in hunting for the supply of their daily subsistence.

In prosecuting their journey they of course left the direction of the great rivers, and travelled westwardly along the dividing ridges of the waters of the Osage and the Arkansaw. The first great river which they struck upon in this route was a branch of the Kans river, which from this point runs a north easterly course till it falls into the Missouri. Among the streams which empty into the Kans, Mr. Pike discovered two that were strongly impregnated with salt; one so remarkably so as to salt sufficiently the soup of meat boiled in it. Their course hence was northerly: and brought them, on the first of October, to the Pawnee village situated upon the most northern branch of the Kans. Here Mr. Pike discovered, in an interview with the chief, that a Spanish detachment from Mexico had been in pursuit of him, and had proceeded to this place. The Pawnee chief, whose situation subjected him to the influence of the Spaniards, employed every effort of intreaty, artifice and even menace to induce Mr. Pike to abandon his design of reaching the Arkansaw and Red rivers, and to return home: alleging that he had prevailed upon the Spanish detachment to go back from his village without proceeding further. Our traveller had been, however, too long accustomed to the wiles of these chiefs to be seduced, and had too much confidence in the valour of his corps to be terrified from his purpose. He persisted in fulfilling his instructions, and after some altercation and appearance of hostility, took his departure, without resistance, on the 7th of October. From this point our travellers directed their course a little West of South, and after crossing again the branches of the Kans higher up the stream, arrived, on the 18th of October, upon the Arkansaw; very much to their surprize, as they did not suppose that river to be so near.

The great river is stated by Mr. Pike to be two thousand one hundred and seventy three miles in length, following its windings: of which nineteen hundred and eighty one miles, from its entrance into the Mississippi upwards, are navigable with proper boats, in the suitable season: the remaining one hundred and ninety two miles following through mountains. Several rivers empty into it, navigable for a hundred miles and upwards. At the place where Mr. Pike now struck it, its water was on his first arrival six inches deep, and the stream not more than twenty feet wide: but a rain of two days afterwards overflowed the whole bottom of the river, which at that place was four hundred and fifty yards in width. Strange as it may seem, however, the river at a distance of between two and three hundred miles higher up, where Mr. Pike met this river again, was much more navigable than where first seen. This he accounts for by the circumstance that the sandy soil below absorbs a considerable portion of the water, and renders it more shoal than among the gravelley bed in the mountains. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Pike says that for any impediment he had yet discovered in this river he would not hesitate to embark in February at its mouth and ascend to the Mexican mountains, with crafts properly constructed.

‘ By the route of the Arkansaw and the Red River of California (continues our author) I am confident in asserting (if my information from Spanish gentlemen is correct) there can be established the best communication on this side the Isthmus of Darien between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; as, admitting the utmost, the land carriage would not be more than two hundred miles, and the route may be made quite as eligible as our public highways over the Alleghany mountains.’

Agreeably to their proposed plan, canoes were here built and Lieut. Wilkinson with five of the soldiers and two Osages descended the river, to examine the portion below, while Mr. Pike and the remainder of the corps continued their journey North West up the margin of the Arkansaw, for the purpose of exploring its sources.

Here the appearance of the country becomes enlivened by the numerous wild animals that feed on the prairies or leap through the thicket. Herds of wild horses were now for the

first time seen: sometimes mingling in small troops with various other animals: then collecting in a powerful squadron, and advancing with a force that made the earth tremble, they stood gazing upon the travellers, till finding themselves pursued they bound away with a rapidity which no exertions could overtake buffaloes grazing on the meadows in numbers which it astonishes us to hear of. In one instance not less than three thousand were seen at one view, covering the opposite bank of the river. Besides these were herds of deer, elks, &c. so numerous that our authour says, he

‘ Will not attempt to describe the droves of animals they now saw on their route; suffice it to say that the face of the prairie was covered with them on each side of the river; their numbers exceeded imagination.’

The great multitude of wild animals which collected together about this spot may be accounted for as well from the abundance of grass on the prairies as the facility of procuring salt, which is well known to be a most desirable gratification to beasts, particularly in the remote parts of the interior, where the air being very fresh and pure compared with that on the coast, excites a keener appetite for this fossil. Hence salt licks and springs in the interior have always been the favourite resort of the wild animals, and are probably often the scene of their bloodiest combats; and the last of the extinct race of Mammoths seems to have been overpowered in some great conflict for salt, in the licks of which its bones have been found.

‘ We observed, says Mr. Pike, this day (31st October) a species of crystallization in the road (when the sun was high) in low places where there had been water settled; on tasting it I found it to be salt. This gave in my mind some authenticity to the report of the prairie being covered for leagues.’ Again on the 3d November, after mentioning their passing numerous herds of buffaloes, elk, some horses, &c. he says, ‘ the river bottoms were full of salt ponds, and the grass similar to our salt meadows.’ Further up the river he obtained specimens of rock salt, impregnated with sulphur.

The eyes of the travellers were here greeted with a sight wholly new and unexpected; which resulted in the ascertainment of a very important feature in the geography of North America,

that we believe has been hitherto unknown to this portion of the continent.

‘On the 15th of November, at two o’clock in the afternoon, I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right which appeared like a small blue cloud ; viewed it with the spy glass, and was still more convinced in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Doctor Robinson, who was in front with me, but in half an hour, they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three *cheers* to the *Mexican Mountains*. Their appearance can be easily imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghany ; but their sides were whiter as if covered with snow, or a white stone. These were a *spur* of the great western chain of mountains, which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic ocean ; and it divided the waters which empty into the bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghany does those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the province of Louisiana and New Mexico, and would be a defined and natural boundary.’

A remarkably high point of this chain of mountains drew the attention of Mr. Pike, and he formed the plan of ascending to its top, for the purpose of taking from that commanding height (which he supposed to be distant one day’s march) a draught of the surrounding country. He commenced his enterprise at one o’clock on the 24th of November. His calculation however proved extremely deceptive ; for after three days march they had only arrived on the top of the chain ; and here the snow was middle deep, no sign of beast or bird inhabiting that region ; the Thermometer which stood at 9° above 0 at the foot, fell to 4° below 0 ; while the great peak which was the object of his journey still appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles, bare of vegetation and covered with snow, as high again as the portion they had ascended : to all appearance beyond the power of any human being to reach its summit. These and other circumstances compelled their return, after having enjoyed, even at the height they had reached, the sublime spectacle which the Alpine regions present, of a clear heaven around, while the rolling of the clouds below appears like the foaming of the troubled ocean.

The perpendicular height of this mountain, says Mr. Pike (as taken by Dr. Robinson and himself) from the level of the

prairie is 10,581 feet ; and admitting that the prairie is 8000 feet from the level of the sea, it would make the elevation of this peak 18,581 feet ; equal to some, and surpassing the calculated height of others, for the peak of Teneriffe, and falling short of that of Chimborazo only 1,701 feet. Indeed it was so remarkable as to be known to all the savage nations for hundreds of miles around, and to be spoken of with admiration by the Spaniards of N. Mexico, and was the boundary of their travels N. W. Indeed in our wandering in the mountains it was never out of sight (except when in a valley) from the 14th November to the 27th January."—*Note ft. 71.*

A more accurate measurement of the height of Chimborazo by Mr. Humboldt (who ascended it to the height of 19,300 feet, the highest ever reached on land by any human being) makes it 21,440 feet, and of course 2589 feet higher than the peak seen by Mr. Pike. Still however the height is exceedingly great and only surpassed by that of the Andes. That the height of the prairie above the level of the ocean is not exaggerated in this statement will appear extremely probable from the circumstance of its being at the head of several of the largest rivers which intersect the continent of North America. From its neighbourhood on the north eastern side begin the Yellow Stone (or Pierre Jaune) river, the great south western branch of the Missouri ; as well as the La Platte which is tributary to that river. On its south western side it produces the Red River of California ; on its east the Arkansaw, and on its south the Rio del Nord of North Mexico. And our authour says that he has no hesitation in asserting, that he can take a position in the mountains, from which he can visit the source of any of those rivers in one day.

From this peak the travellers ascended a short distance up to the sources of the Arkansaw, and then returned by a more western route. Here they struck again a large river, which they congratulated themselves upon finding, thinking it the Red River of the Mississippi, which they were so anxiously seeking. But on tracing it further down Mr. Pike, upon examining it from the summit of a mountain, recognized it to be his old acquaintance the Arkansaw ; and they now re-occupied on the 5th of January the camp which they had left a month before.

'Here, says our author, the whole party (which had separated to hunt) being once more joined together, we felt compa-

atively happy notwithstanding the great mortifications I experienced at having been so egregiously deceived as to the Red River. I now felt at considerable loss how to proceed, as any idea of services at that time from my horses were entirely preposterous. Thus, after various plans formed and rejected, and the most mature deliberation, I determined to build a small place for defence and deposit, and leave part of the baggage, horses, my interpreter and one man, and with the balance, our packs of Indian presents, ammunition, tools, &c. cross the mountains on foot, find the Red River, and then send back a party to conduct the horses and baggage by the most eligible route we could discover: by which time the horses would be so far recovered as to be able to endure the fatigues of a march.'

Mr. Pike prosecuted this bold and arduous journey in the depth of winter, over rugged precipices and mountains, during cold, so intense as to disable two of his party from proceeding, (Reaumer's thermometer being once at eighteen and a half below 0) through almost incessant snows, and he was near perishing for want of food. His course was south, up a branch of the Arkansaw, till on the 27th January he arrived upon a stream bearing West which he fervently hailed as one of the waters of the Red River, and which led him on the 30th January to the banks of a large river that he purposed to be the object of his search, but which in reality was the Rio del Nord; which river Mr. Pike now struck a considerable distance above the most northerly of the Spanish settlements in Santa Fee.

Upon recurring to the valuable maps which accompany this work it will be seen that in going the southern course that he pursued, he passed about a hundred miles to the westward of the sources of Red River: which take their rise on the east side of the mountains he crossed, not reaching beyond them as the Arkansaw was before found to do.

The Rio del Nord, on which river Mr. Pike now found himself, flows from its source through the province of Santa Fee, the most northerly of the provinces of Mexico; and continues afterwards through various other provinces. It rises in the chains in the neighbourhood of the peak we have mentioned; but while all the other great rivers branch off and flow easterly into the Mississippi or westwardly into the Gulph of California, the Rio del Nord, confined by two parallel ranges of high mountains, is

like the Nile limited to the valley between, through which it continues till about the latitude of 30° where it bursts through the eastern chain, and turning south-eastwardly after many windings empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico.

Here, after a journey of upwards fifteen hundred miles, Mr. Pike's attention was directed to preparing for his return home on the bosom of the supposed Red River; and while making his preparations he formed a stockade in the neighbourhood of a place on the river, the description of which reminds us of the delightful valley of Abyssinia which the venerable pen of the great moralist has described in the Tale of Rasselas.

'On the 5th of January the Doctor and myself went out to hunt, and after chasing some deer for several hours without success, we ascended a high hill which lay south of our camp, from which we had a view of all the prairie and rivers to the North of us; it was at the same time one of the most sublime and beautiful prospects ever presented to the eyes of man. The prairie lying nearly North and South was probably sixty miles by forty five. The main river bursting out of the western mountain, and meeting from the North East a large branch which divides the chain of mountains, proceeds down the prairie, making many large and beautiful islands, one of which I judged contains a hundred thousand acres of land, all meadow ground, covered with innumerable herds of deer. About six miles from the mountains which cross the prairie at the south end, a branch of twelve steps wide pays its tribute to the main stream from the West. Four miles below is a stream of the same size which enters on the East: from the entrance of this down was about three miles to the junction of the West fork, which waters the foot of the hill on the North, while the main river winds along in meanders on the East. In short, this view combined the sublime and beautiful; the great and lofty mountains covered with eternal snows, seemed to surround the luxuriant vale crowned with perennial flowers, like a terrestrial paradise shut out from the view of man.'

The stockade, however, after being completed with considerable labour, as well as their preparations to descend the supposed Red River, became totally useless by the occurrence of an event which first apprized them of their being on the Rio del Nord, and within the limits of the Spanish Territory. For on the 16th of February they were discovered by some Spanish spies, and on the 26th of the same month were visited by a Spanish military force consisting of an hundred infantry and dragoons under the

command of two Lieutenants. They had instructions from the Governor of New Mexico to cause the American party to march to Santa Fee, under the engagement of enabling them to proceed home. To this our traveller after some hesitation consented, and marched out of his stockade on the 27th of February on his route to Santa Fee, with which he concludes the second part of his tour.

In order to give a continued narrative of this tour we have omitted till now the following interesting description of the Wishtonwish or Prairie Dogs, some of which Mr. Pike killed in October, shortly after his first arrival upon the Arkansaw.

‘ The Wishtonwish of the Indians, Prairie Dogs of some, or Squirrels, as I should be inclined to denominate them, reside on the prairies of Louisiana in towns or villages, having an evident police established in their communities. The sites of their towns are generally on the brow of a hill near some creek or pond, in order to be convenient to water, and that the high ground which they inhabit may not be subject to inundation. Their residence being under ground is burrowed out, and the earth answers the double purpose of keeping out the water, and affording an elevated place in wet seasons to repose on, and to give them a further and more distinct view of the country. Their holes descend in a spiral form, and therefore I could never ascertain their depth ; but I once had a hundred and forty kettles of water poured into one of them, in order to drive out the occupant, but without effect. In the circuit of their villages they clear off all the grass, and leave the earth bare of vegetation ; but whether it is from an instinct they possess inducing them to keep the ground thus cleared, or whether they make use of the herbage as food, I cannot pretend to determine. The latter opinion I think entitled to a preference, as their teeth designate them to be of the graminivorous species, and I know of no other substance which is produced in the vicinity of their positions on which they could subsist, nor do they extend their excursions more than half a mile from the burrows. They are of a dark brown colour except their bellies which are white. Their tails are not so long as those of our grey squirrels, but are shaped precisely like theirs ; their teeth, head, nails, and body are the perfect squirrel, except that they are generally fatter than that animal. Their villages sometimes extend over two and three miles square, in which there must be innumerable hosts of these, as there is generally a burrow every ten steps in which there are two or more, and you see new ones partly excavated on all the borders of the town. We killed great numbers of them with our rifles, and found them excellent meat, after they were exposed a night or two to the frost, by which means

the rankness acquired by their subterraneous dwelling is correct-ed. As you approach their towns—you are saluted on all sides by the cry of Wishtonwish (from which they derive their name with the Indians) uttered in a shrill and piercing manner. You then observe them all retreating to the entrance of their burrows where they post themselves, and regard every even the slightest movement that you make. It requires a very nice shot with a rifle to kill them, as they must be killed dead ; for as long as life exists they continue to work into their cells. It is extremely dangerous to pass through their towns, as they abound with rattle-snakes both of the yellow and black species ; and strange as it may appear, I have seen the Wishtonwish, the rattle-snake, the horn frog, with which the prairie abounds (termed by the Spaniards the Camelion, from their taking no visible sustenance) and a land tortoise all take refuge in the same hole. I do not pretend to assert that it was their common place of resort, but I have witnessed the above facts more than in one instance.'

We must not omit a description of a new species of bird caught by our traveller.

‘ It was of a green colour, almost the size of a quail, had a small tuft on its head like a pheasant, and was of the carnivorous species : it differed from any bird we ever saw in the United States. We kept him with us in a small wicker cage, feeding him on meal, until I left the interpreter on the Arkansaw with whom I left it. We at one time took a companion of the same species and put them into the same cage, when the first resident never ceased attacking the stranger until he killed him.’

We shall conclude this part of our author’s tour with some ideas which naturally occur from an attention to the scene of his travels.

That vast tract of country lying westward of the Mississippi and south of the Missouri, presents numerous features peculiar to itself, which strongly distinguish it from the country to the eastward of that river. Its rivers are of greater size and of larger extent and it presents many varieties of animals which were unknown to the forests that formerly shaded our present abodes. But what most remarkably distinguishes it from the country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, is the vast extent of un-timbered country which, except occasionally upon the borders of its streams, pervades its whole extent. The states at present peopled (as well as several that remain yet to be settled) presented in their original situation, a continued, thick, and shady forest.

Although this required from the settler the arduous labour of clearing off its prodigious trunks before he could raise an ear of corn or a blade of grass, yet the soil manured by the vegetable mould of several centuries, amply repaid him for all his toils. But in the tract we have mentioned, a sandy and barren soil is incapable of rearing timber in the first instance, and we are astonished in coming from the Atlantic states to find vast tracts of country as clear and open as meadows, which we find upon examination to be in general of a dry and sandy soil, destitute of moisture, and wholly incapable of that produce which rewards the labour of the husbandman here. In the neighbourhood of the streams it is true a rich soil is found, covering even the prairies; in some places more extensive than in others: thus from the Missouri to the head of the Osage river, a distance, in a straight line, of probably three hundred miles, the country, says our authour, will admit of a numerous, extensive and compact population: but from thence on the rivers Kanse, La Platte, Arkansaw and their numerous branches, it appears to be *possible* to introduce only a limited population. And the immense tracts lying between these and the other streams of that country, present a barren soil, without timber for the various necessities of life, parched and dried up for eight months of the year, and making the opinion formed by our authour still more likely to be justified when the neighbouring country is opened to the influence of the sun, that "these vast plains of the Western hemisphere may become in time equally celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa; for I saw in my route in various places, tracts of many leagues where the wind had thrown up the sand in all the fanciful forms of the ocean's rolling wave, and on which not a speck of vegetable matter existed."

While, therefore, there is room enough for the surplus of our population to expand, and for the imagination to indulge itself in the prospect of immense countries yet to be the smiling abodes of civilized man, the prospect is not unbounded. We shall be shut in on the West by a sandy ocean, as on the East by a watery sea: and our settlers confined on the West to the borders of the Missouri and a Mississippi will, perhaps, more fortu-

nately for our union, be constrained to leave the uncultivable prairies to the sparse and wandering aborigines of the country.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY's PRECEPTOR.

The American Lady's Preceptor: a compilation of observations, Essays and Poetical Effusions, designed to direct the Female mind in a course of pleasing and instructive reading. Baltimore, Edward J. Coale, fip. 276; price 87 1-2 cents bound.

THIS is a very useful collection of pieces selected with judgment and taste; and it may boast a merit not common to books of this class: that of being adapted to the use of young girls. Biographical sketches of distinguished women afford more suitable lessons than fictitious characters, because they are far more interesting and more likely to excite emulation in youthful minds. It is to be wished that this department had been extended by the portraits of some females who were meritorious in private life, besides Miss Smith and Mrs. Ferguson. Our republican Misses have not much chance of practicing the graces of royalty, nor can they always see that the humility of Queen Mary, for instance, would adorn them. We do not, however, object to these narratives in themselves; they are very captivating.

The life of Mrs. Ferguson is one of the most interesting in the book, on various accounts. Her principal merits are attainable by most ladies, and she was an American, whom many of us knew and of whom all should be proud. The style resembles that of Dr. Rush, at whose house she was a frequent guest.

It is very well to hold up such an extraordinary woman as Miss Smith to the admiration of the *world*. Even in England, which abounds with distinguished females, her genius was contemplated with mingled emotions of astonishment and reverence. But although not one in a thousand is blessed with such powers, and very few of our American women have leisure and opportunities to acquire any stock of learning, yet it is within the means of many to obtain a large share of useful knowledge: and

so illustrious an example as this, is admirably calculated to excite their ambition and industry.

Our ideas of female education are greatly enlarged. A young lady is not now, as formerly, confined to her needle until she is old enough to superintend a nursery or wrangle in the kitchen. Women are no longer the ignoble servants, but the comfort, the delight, the guide of man. It is true we do not, as in the days of chivalric gallantry, course over the country, compelling all to acknowledge the superior attractions of some favoured Dulcinea ; but we strive to provide them with those testimonials which establish their claims to a rank among the modest, the amiable and the enlightened. It is by cultivating their minds, and rejecting with frigid indifference the silly conversation of those *un-idea'd* bipeds, who crowd our street corners and bask in the gleams of the sun, that females are enabled to assume that rank in society which they are so eminently calculated to support and adorn.

As we have already observed, this book is eminently well calculated for the purpose for which it is intended ; and we shall be glad to see it in general use among the conductors of our female seminaries.

KING PEPIN, a *Tragedy*, by REGER HORN, *School Master of Newham.*

[Continued from page 92.]

If any one has read our second number, a circumstance which the long phiz of our publisher inclines us to doubt, he will probably recollect that we left the magnanimous King of France and the Duke of Acquitain, about to solace their troubles over a pot of ale. It may be objected by some that the beverage which was to allay the thirst of King Pepin and prepare his lips for the utterance of the mighty secret, was not of that royal flavour which was suited to the taste and dignity of the noble tiplers.

But the great Dr. Johnson has anticipated me in answering this captious criticism, which no social fellow would make. To make great things familiar and give dignity to the insignificant, he says, is the first business of a poet, and this, I think, our authour has effected with admirable adroitness : for he has exalted this humble liquor to a station which nectar itself would be proud of occupying, and has relieved his humble readers from that uneasiness which the presence of great men inspires, by reducing his heroes to a level with the meanest topers at *Mrs. Berling's beer house*. Let any man who attends our theatre, step but to the next door, into this delightful retreat, and he will immediately perceive the force of my observations and acknowledge the sound judgment which Mr. Horn displays.—But to return to our drama.

The third scene opens, with the introduction of the machinery of the play.—Here too Mr. Horn has exhibited an admirable novelty of conception and boldness of execution.—He summons no Olympian Gods to wield their thunder, nor calls upon any hideous witches to work their incantations ; but produces the *denouement* of his plot by the intervention of a supernatral sort of horse-jockey called Pacolet, who skims along the breeze on a wooden steed. And this horse too, we shall find in the sequel to be not less useful than the wonderful animal which effected the downfall of Troy.

ACT I.—SCENE III.

Pepin, Savary, Pacolet, and regal train.

Pepin. Let him approach then ; hark, thou imp of hell !
See'st thou yon house, beneath the castle wall,
Whose lofty chimney bears a whisp of straw ;
While o'er the portal arch, drawn by the hand
Of some great artist, hangs a Cat and Fiddle ?
Thither thy headlong flight direct, and thence
Bring me a pot of ale.

Pac. A pot of ale !!!

Death and damnation seize thee, vulgar tyrant !
Cramps rack thee ! fevers burn thee ! pestilence
Consume thy curst, confounded clumsy carcase !*

* An alliteration which Gray or Oliver Oldschool might envy. Plaudite lectores.—Ed.

A pot of ale ! Oh vengeance ! was't for this
 I cast thy horoscope, and also cut
 The weiky corns from off thy tortur'd toes :
 Compos'd thee almanacks ; foretold the seasons
 Friendly to physick and phlebotomy :
 Yea, and with skilful hand did smoothly mow
 The rank excrescence of thy stumpy beard ?
 Is this the meed for all my service past ?
 A pot of ale ! Oh vengeance ! Oh—

(*Exit in a terrible rage.*)

Pep. Why, Duke, the conjurer is in a passion.
 Confound the fellow ! does he think good ale,
 Which glads the cobler, is denied the king ?

Sav. It is the pride of science, good my Liege ;
 He scorns the friendly office of a tapster.

Pep. Why, let him scorn, we'll talk no more of him,
 For since we cannot have good drink brought here,
 We must per-force, go where the good drink is.
 Lead on, my worthy Peer.

(*Exeunt to the ale-house, with all their followers.*)

END OF ACT FIRST.

Such is the first act, which we apprehend every reader of taste will regard as a delicious morsel. The fire and imagination of the Poet are apparently strong, yet duly modified and kept under by art. With great ingenuity he has opened the plot so far as to create interest and no farther. In the contexture of a dramatick fable, this, unquestionably is the chief excellence.—Had King Pepin found an opportunity of revealing his secret, the whole affair would be at an end ; but the interruptions, which the Poet has artfully thrown in the way, retard the Peripeteia, and keep the reader suspended on the hook of expectation. The affront too which this monarch unwarily offers to the powerful enchanter, Pacolet, begets an awful dread of the effect of that gentleman's resentment ; which accordingly produces one of the most daring pieces of machinery, that any poet, since the days of Shakspere, has hazarded.

The second act opens with a friendly and convivial interview between Valentine and Orson, who are at present only petty officers in the service of Duke Savary : though, perhaps, they may appear in a very different light, by and by. These youthful

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heroes, are discovered in an ale-house, regaling themselves with various *liqueurs*; and their different characters are admirably struck out in these lines :

Orson. Another bottle?

Valentine. Oh! dear sir, no more.

Or. Then damn you for a puling, puny milksop.

Val. I expect the ladies *tout-a-l'heure*;

And, for the world, would not by them be found

All filthily befuddled.

Or. House! I say,

Ho, landlord! tapster! fill and froth, you rogues!

Enter Landlord.

Land. Mum, Cavaliero, mum! two wenches tight
Inquire for noble sergeant Valentine
And corporal Orson; therefore, once more, mum!

The landlord then retiring with a significant look and corresponding gesture, the ladies enter with proper ceremony, and prove to be the daughter and niece of Duke Savary, who are in love, to distraction, with Valentine and Orson; and the object of their meeting, is, to effect the completion of their happiness by a private marriage.—Here we see the poet, rather than violate the unity of place, by shifting the scene in the course of an act, hath brought court-ladies of high degree to an ale-house; for which conduct he will be greatly honoured by every reader of classical taste. The wedding ceremony is no sooner over, than the Landlord returns in a panic without his wig, and, after divers attempts to speak, announces the dreadful intelligence of the town being taken by the Egyptians: Pacolet having transported the whole army of Trompart over the wall, by three at a time, on his wooden horse: nay, further, that he flew over the very bastion of which Valentine and Orson had the command, who for absence and neglect of duty are condemned to be shot. Nothing can exceed the distress which is produced by this unfortunate incident. Valentine falls into fits, Orson blasphemes, and the ladies know not what to do, for it is too early in the piece to go mad. This unutterable wo concludes the third act; in which the interest plainly rises, the reader is more and more in

the dark, and can form no probable conjecture how the matter shall end.

In the third act the scene continues. King Pepin and Duke Savary had retired to the ale-house, the one to compose himself for the loss of his town ; the other to find an opportunity, if possible, of revealing his secret. This difficult matter, he at last accomplishes ; and the important tale is disclosed in the following lines :

Pepin. Some twenty years ago, (oh happy years !)
In angry mood my wife I did divorce,
For divers causes me thereunto moving ;
Chiefly because I thought—oh ! devils and brimstone !
I thought I was.....I was.....a cuc.....a cuckold !!!

Perhaps in no modern tragedy can be found a more beautiful example of that affecting figure, the Aposiopesis, than this last line affords. In the mouth of a judicious actor its effects would be astonishing ; especially, if before pronouncing the detested word, he should pause, pant, grim, groan, and beat his breast.

The king and duke are diverted from a further prosecution of this subject by the entrance of Valentine and Orson, and their ladies, supplicating mercy. And now, by certain signs, it appears that these gallant youths are actually the sons of King Pepin by his divorced wife. The pleasing astonishment produced by this discovery is great, but it is instantly exceeded by another ; for Trompart, Soldan of Egypt, entering, and throwing off his helmet, hauberk, cuirass, &c. stands confessed the identical long-lost wife of King Pepin. Complete reconciliation now takes place, the marriages are approved of notwithstanding their irregularity, and naught is expressed but perpetual joy ; when, lo ! the implacable necromancer, Pacolet, descending through the roof upon his wooden stool comes souse in the midst of them. With looks of malignant satisfaction, natural to that sort of hellish wights, he informs them that the two brides, so far from being of high degree, are, in fact, of no degree at all : being only commoners following the camp, whom he, by his art, had substituted for the princesses. He speaks thus to the supposed Eglantina :

Pacolet. Lady I know thee well :
 Thy father was my friend ; a merchant he,
 Peripatetic, prudent, and polite ;
 For various men and manners had he known,
 Since from his native home he sallied forth,
 Far northward, in the Caledonian bogs,
 With multifarious pack. His consort fair,
 Congenial nymph, in Savoy's vallies bred,
 Upon her shoulders bore thee many a day,
 While with her voice and hurdy-gurdy sweet,
 She charm'd the list'ning crowds at hops and fairs.

Then, turning, he addresses Clerimonda in the following words :—

Did I not see thee at the siege Naples
 Trudging about, with budget on thy back,
 Among the Sutlers base, where thou didst sell
 Gin, and *et cætera*, to the general camp ?

The unfortunate Princes, in despair for the loss of their mistresses, and for being thus indissolubly linked to a couple of trulls, fall upon their swords, and expire with piteous groans. King Pepin, in a rage, and not without cause, stabs the two girls—Duke Savary at that instant returning from the door, whither he had been upon a necessary occasion, and beholding the massacre of his supposed daughter and niece, flies like a tyger on Pepin, and runs him through the body. The Queen, in return, snatching up her sword, with a mighty blow, smites off Duke Savary's head : and the triumphant Pacolet, placing her behind him on his wooden horse, ascends from the stage slowly to solemn musick.

We hesitate not to pronounce this catastrophe above praise. Its moral is obvious, and of the utmost importance to the literary world : for it clearly teaches, that men of extraordinary talents and learning, especially in the occult sciences, deserve most honourable notice and respect, even from the nobles and great ones of the earth ; and that, to refuse them such polite attention, or to treat them with neglect and contempt, may be productive of the most fatal consequences.

We shall therefore dismiss this admirable Tragedy, with a hearty wish, that the authour may find his account in the publication ; and that when Gregory Fadge, Esq. Manager of the Theatre Royal, at —, next attempts to play Macbeth, he may be pelted to death on the stage and an extemporary cairn be reared over him, of pumpkins, pepins and potatoes.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

NARROW ESCAPE.

half way down

Hangs one that gathers Samphire---dreadful trade !

King Lear.

The method of gathering the *crithmum maritimum*, or rock samphire, which grows in great plenty along the ledges and down the perpendicular sides of the cliff on the coast of Wales, is this. The samphire gatherer takes with him a stout rope, and iron crow bar, and proceeds to the cliff. Fixing the latter firmly in the earth at the brow of the rock, and fastening the former with equal security to the bar, he takes the rope in his hand, and boldly drops over the head of the rock, lowering himself gradually till he reaches the crevices in which the samphire is found. Here he loads his basket or bag with the vegetable, and then ascends again to the top of the cliff by means of the rope. Carelessness or casualty, in a calling so perilous as this, will sometimes produce terrible accidents.

A few years since, one of these adventurers went alone to a particular spot, to follow his accustomed trade. He fixed his crow bar, attached the cord to it, and descended the face of the rock. In the course of a few minutes he reached a ledge, which, gradually retiring inwards, stood some feet within the perpendicular, and over which the brow of the cliff beetled consequently in the same proportion. Busily employed in gathering samphire, and attentive only to the object of profit, the

rope suddenly dropped from his hand, and after a few oscillations, but all beyond his reach, became stationary at the distance of four or five feet from him. Nothing could exceed the horror of his situation ! Above, was a rock of sixty or seventy feet in height, whose projecting brow would defy every attempt of his to ascend it, and prevent every effort of others to render him assistance. Below was a perpendicular descent of one hundred feet, terminated by ragged rocks, over which the surge was breaking with a dreadful violence. Before him was the rope, his only hope of safety, his only means of return ; but hanging at such a tantalizing distance, as baffled all expectations of his reaching it. Our adventurer was, fortunately, young, active, resolute ; he therefore quickly determined what plan to adopt ; collecting all his powers into one effort, and springing boldly from the ledge, he threw himself into the dreadful vaccuum, and dashed at the suspended rope. The desperate exertion was successful ; he caught the cord, and in a short time was once more at the top of the rock.

RARE VIRTUE.

Towards the conclusion of the American war, when France had become an ally of the United States, a ship of St. Ives, in which Mr. Joseph Fox, a surgeon, at Falmouth, was part-owner, being fitted out by the majority of proprietors as a letter of marque, took several Prizes on a successful cruize, and brought them into port ; the cargoes were of course sold, and the amount of it divided amongst the owners of the vessel. Mr. Fox, however, considered this legalized species of robbery in a very different point of view with his partners in the ship, and having received his share in the concern, actually employed an agent to go to Paris, and enquire by advertisement in the Gazette, who were the proprietors of the captured vessels, that he might restore to them all he had received of the unhallowed spoil. Dr. Franklin, who has inserted this very interesting anecdote in one of his essays (but without mentioning the name of Mr. Fox) says at the conclusion of the recital “ this conscientious man is a Quaker.”

FATAL CURIOSITY.

Our attention was here directed to an old barn to the left hand, remarkable for having been the scene of an event that furnished the plot of one of the most tragical and affecting of the English plays. I allude to "The Fatal Curiosity," written by Lillo; a drama that had its origin in a late family distress that literally happened at a dwelling house which formerly stood on the spot we were now upon. The story is as follows :

During the seventeenth century, a family (whose name I have forgotten) that had long lived at Penrhyn in credit, was, by some unforeseen reverse of fortune, suddenly reduced from affluence to bankruptcy. It consisted of a father, mother, and son ; a youth idolized by his parents, beloved by his friends, and who had been nourished up at home with all the tenderness which usually centers in an only child. Unwilling to be a burthen upon his father and mother, when the poor wreck of their substance was scarcely sufficient to support themselves, and anxious by his own exertions to repay the debt of gratitude which he owed them, and repair the havoc that misfortune had made in their affairs ; the generous youth determined to seek employment abroad, and having acquired a competence, to return and share it with his parents. The hour at length arrived, when this little family group were, for the first time, to be separated, and they who have experienced the blessings of domestick harmony, will readily conceive the sorrows of parting. But the hapless youth had other ties to England, besides his father's roof. A secret attachment had long subsisted between a young lady of Penrhyn, and himself, which, though the misfortunes of his family could not extinguish, they still rendered it necessary to conceal. The claims of duty were, however, paramount to those of love ; he pressed his treasure to his bosom, and hastened on board the ship, that was to tear him from all he valued upon earth. The parents retired from Penrhyn, and with their small remains of fortune, entered on a farm in the hamlet of Tremough. Here a few years rolled tediously and mournfully on, enlivened indeed occasionally by accounts of their son's success, but past by them, for the most part in sorrow and suffering ; in struggling with ill success, and in

anticipating all the horrors of ultimate want. The young man, in the mean time, having acquired what to his moderate wishes seemed enough, determined to return to England ; and without notifying his intention to his parents, embarked on board a ship bound for his native land. He landed at Falmouth, and flew like lightning to Penrhyn, where constancy and love awaited him, and soon obliterated from his memory all the pains of absence. To enhance the joy of his parents at his unexpected return, it was agreed that he should disguise himself, go to their dwelling in the evening, pass the night there as a stranger, and acknowledge himself in the morning for their long-lost son. The night was dark and dismal,

“ Sky lour’d, and muttered thunder, some sad drops
“ Wept,”

at the approaching scene of wo ; but the youth, unsuspicous of the portent, and exulting in his heart at the near termination of his parent’s difficulties, went gayly on, carrying under his arm a casket of his treasure, which he intended in the morning to be the offering of his filial affection. He knocked at the door, and craved a lodging, promising to renumerate his hosts for the trouble he should give. The chance of a trifling gain was an object to the wretched pair, and they granted his request. In his momentary absence from the room, the mother with a *fatal curiosity* opened the casket, and saw that its contents were gold. Her heart was now at war with feeling. The frightful form of approaching poverty had long floated before her fancy, and filled her soul with dark and desperate ideas. The treasure promised the means of saving her from shame and sufferings of want, and she determined to possess it. The youth now retired to bed ; when the mother disclosed to her husband the discovery she had made ; and urged him to secure it for themselves by *murdering* the stranger ! The horror of the deed for a moment suspended its execution, but ah ! what a foe is poverty to virtue ! The scruples of the husband were quickly overcome, and he determined to commit the horrid act. The ruthless pair accordingly proceeded to the stranger’s chamber, and whilst the mother

held the light, the father thrust his knife into the heart of his guest. To avoid detection, it was necessary to bury the body of the murdered youth immediately; but what stretch of imagination can conceive the agony of the wretched parents, when, from some private marks, known only to themselves, they discovered their victim to be their only child! Happily the story ceases here; nor, were tradition more compleet, would I attempt to delineate those feelings of unutterable remorse which such a catastrophe must have produced in the survivors of this dreadful drama.

JOHN DUNNING, *LORD ASHBURTON.*

The general knowledge of Lord Ashburton was as solid as diversified; and his acquaintance with every branch of human information that bore upon his profession, as clear as it was profound. To these endowments he added an eloquence ready, exuberant and animated; which, though its full effect was a little obstructed by a trifling defect in manner, never failed to enchain the attention, to captivate the mind, and to convince the judgment. Perhaps one of the happiest compliments ever paid to a man for the possession of this enchanting faculty, was a reply of Dr. Johnson's, on a little recital of Mr. Boswell's, which respected a conversation that had taken place between Lord Ashburton and himself: "I told him," says Boswell, "that I had talked of him to Mr. Dunning a few days before, and had said that in his company we did not so much interchange conversation, as listen to him; and that Mr. Dunning observed upon this, 'one is always willing to listen to Dr. Johnson'; to which I answered, 'that is a great deal from you, sir.'" "Yes, sir, (said Johnson) a great deal indeed. Here is a man willing to listen, to whom the world is listening all the rest of the year."

It is a pleasing circumstance to the friends of Revelation to reflect, that the great mind of Lord Ashburton may be added to the preponderating class of superior intellect, which has acknowledged and asserted the divinity of our religion. He was a firm believer of Christianity, a belief, I doubt not, built upon cool conviction; since he has been heard often to declare, that if the evi-

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dences in favour of it could be made an abstract subject of judicial determination, they were such as would be altogether satisfactory and convincing to any court of law, in which they might be sifted, and to every enlightened jury to whom they might be proposed. As his lordship cannot, I presume, be denied to have possessed the deepest and most accurate knowledge of the *nature* and *rules of evidence*, the argument in favour of the authenticity of revelation, drawn from his declaration, is as compleat, as such a species of argument can be.

EDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The horrors of Edystone had long been a subject of alarm to all the navigators of this part of the British channel ; and innumerable accidents pointed out the necessity of taking some measures to remedy an evil, which, as commerce increased, became every day of greater magnitude. Accordingly in the year 1696, Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury in Essex, a celebrated shipwright and mechanic, was employed to construct a light house on this formidable rock. The work was compleated in 1700, and stood the furious assaults of the winds and waves, till the year 1703, when some material repairs being required, the architect visited the Edystone that he might superintend them himself. With a confidence in the stability of his work, and a resolution of mind that deserved a better fate, he declared to his friends previously to his departure for Plymouth, in the month of November of the above mentioned year, it was his wish that the most violent storm which ever blew should occur whilst he was at the light-house, that he might see what effect it produced on the structure. His wish was unhappily granted to him. A violent gale of wind came on, and in the morning, when the inhabitants of Plymouth looked out for the light-house, not a trace was to be seen ; the whole of it having been overwhelmed and swept away during the night. Three years after this melancholy catastrophe, a second light-house was

begun under the direction of Mr. Rudyard, a silk-mercer on Ludgate-hill, assisted by Messrs. Smith and Northcott, shipwrights, of Woolwich. In July 1708, it was furnished with a light ; and the whole of it compleated in the succeeding year. For forty-six years Rudyard's edifice answered all the purposes of its erection ; but by some carelessness in the persons employed, it took fire, in December 1755, and was entirely consumed. To this conflagration we owe one of the most extraordinary anecdotes recorded in the physical history of man. These persons had been appointed to take care of the building, and were on the spot when the accident happened. Whilst one of these was looking up to the flames which raged above, and *gaping* with horror at the sight, a quantity of melted lead, exceeding seven ounces in weight, poured down his throat ! Wonderful to relate, the man perceived but a trifling inconvenience at the time, and actually survived the infernal dose eleven days. His body was then opened by Mr. Spry, of Plymouth, who found the mass in the stomach of the patient. He authenticated the circumstance in a well written account, communicated to the Royal Society. Notwithstanding the disastrous fate of the two first light houses, in the succeeding year, 1756, the proprietors of the Edystone employed the ingenious Mr. Smeaton in the construction of a third. He commenced his work on the foundation the 5th of August. On the 12th of June in the ensuing year, the first stone of the structure was laid ; and on the 9th of October 1759, it "stood fixed, its stately height ;" the proudest monument which the world exhibits of man's triumph over the fury of the blast and violence of the ocean. The accomplishment of this great undertaking, and the genius that suggested it, will appear the more extraordinary, when it is recollected that, owing to frequent interruptions from the tide and the winds, the workmen were not employed more than a hundred and eleven days and ten hours, from striking the first stroke to finishing the building.

Nothing less than a convulsion that shall displace the Edystone itself, will be able to destroy the light-house upon it, since it is dove-tailed into the rock, and thus identified with the mass that supports it.

POETRY.

THE DERVIS.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

(Sir W. Jones's translation.)

Oh ! I have vow'd that ne'er again
 My lips the flowing bowl should drain ;
 And oft I've sworn I ne'er would sigh
 For the bright maid with roe-like eye.
 But though of vows I've made a score—
 I vow'd—but, ah ! could do no more.
 What are all the Houris' bowers
 And gardens of celestial powers ?
 Oh ! who would seek their fragrant shade
 If bless'd not with some graceful maid ?
 What bliss can they enjoy above
 Who never feel the throbs of love ?
 Whene'er I bend my knees in prayer
 My thoughts are turn'd to one lov'd fair,
 I see the timid humid glance,
 Which might an Angel's soul entrance,
 Her form outshines the milk-white hind,
 That trembles in the whispering wind :
 While o'er that neck so wondrous fair
 Fall ringlets of her coal-black hair,
 Like bunches of the clustering date

Which bend the palm-tree by their weight,
 Her waist is of the tapering form
 Like the fresh reed that fears the storm ;
 Her fingers glowing at the tips,
 I press to my enraptur'd lips ;
 The brightness of her beauteous face
 Quickly all holy thoughts efface ;
 I strive to send my soul above
 But I can only whisper, love,
 Lowly I bend me at the shrine,
 But worship only love and wine ;
 And while their charms my breast inflame
 I quite forget the Prophet's name.

SEDLEY.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

Oh ! holy nymph, by whom inspir'd,
 In solemn gloom afar retir'd,
 By haunted stream, in lonely dell,
 The sad enthusiast loves to dwell !
 Here, in the shadow of this groaning oak,
 Where dimly gleams th' autumnal day,
 Let me thy pensive power invoke,
 And sadly breathe to thee the melancholy lay.

Inspirer of the Poet's soul !
 Parent of all those solemn visions wild,
 Which o'er the Muses' mournful child,
 With magick force exert their soft controul ;
 Come thou and ever dwell with me,
 And I thy votary still will be,
 And we will seek the lonely seat
 Where dwells the Hermit solitude,
 And folly's foot shall ne'er intrude
 Into the still retreat.

And we will shun the false delusive joys
 Which captivate the worldly throng,
 The scoff of Pride and jarring Discord's noise,
 And guilty Pleasure's syren song ;
 And court beneath the silent shade,
 Calm, holy Contemplation's aid
 On soaring plume the soul to bear,
 With solemn rapture to sublime
 Above the gloomy rusts of Time,
 To radiant Virtue's calm and blissful sphere.

And be the pensive pleasure mine
 To trace each lonely path of thine,
 Amidst each solemn scene to rove
 Which thou art wont, sad Nymph, to love ;
 To sit with thee beside the wavy flood
 That mourns along the cavern'd shore,
 And 'midst the brown and antique wood,
 List the low—sobbing breeze and torrent's distant roar.

With thee to climb the mountain's brow
 O'er many a tall and pine—o'ershadow'd steep,
 And 'midst the silence drear and deep,
 Gaze on the dim-discover'd scenes below ;
 Or fancy in each solemn sound
 That breaks the lonely stilness round,
 The groaning of the giant oak,
 The hermit eagle's echoing yell
 That thou from thy retir'd cell,
 In mournful accents spoke.

And wander oft when daylight's closing eye
 Beams dimly through the dewey air,
 Where the chill blast in many a low-breath'd sigh,
 Moans through some antique ruin drear,
 Whose towers and battlements sublime
 Have mock'd the rude assaults of Time,
 And echoing to the wintery blast,

Seem to thy melancholy ear,
 Who lov'st at eve to wander there,
 To mourn the joys of times forever past.

Sage Nymph ! while thus with thee I dwell
 In Solitude's romantic cell,
 And rove 'midst every scene of thine
 And make thy solemn visions mine,
 Thy pensive influence, oh ! impart
 To soften, not to gloom my heart.
 Grant to my suppliant request
 For others' woes the feeling breast,
 And generous Friendship's charm benign
 And ardent Virtue's gifts divine,
 And o'er each restless passion vain
 Extend thy tranquilizing reign.

C.

Alexandria, January 12, 1811.

TO MARY-ANN.

In dreams of bliss how oft to thee
 My heart returns, my Mary-Ann,
 Again that angel face I see
 As sweet as when our loves began.

The rush-grown brook, the mossy tree
 That murmur'd back each whisper'd vow,
 All haunt my soul to tell of thee
 And gloom the scenes I visit now.

In dreary night my life had past
 Till beam'd in thee the morning hour ;
 A long, a rough and barren waste,
 And thou—its solitary flow'r.

Oh ! then how dear to me should be
 The hour when first our loves began,
 And every dream of memory
 That tells my heart of Mary-Ann.

Alexandria, June 1, 1810.

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

“ Say pensive stranger, wherefore Discontent
 Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul ;
 Why on the ground are all thy glances bent ?
 Why does stern Grief thy mournful breast control ?
 Say, dost thou groan beneath Oppression's hand ?
 Hast thou of Poverty's sad potion drank ?
 Or hast thou fled, for crimes, thy native land ?”
 ——“ Oh, no ! but d—n it, Sir, I've drawn a blank !”

RIMELLI.

THE POET.

‘Twas night, and fast came down the snows,
 When in his citadel sublime,
 A poet sat and darn'd his hose,
 And built, the while, the “ lofty rhyme.”
 O'er the pale embers dying fast,
 He bent to warm himself in vain ;
 While the cold wing'd December blast,
 Came keen thro' many a pane.
 Yet still he sat and darn'd his hose,
 Nor ever was he heard to mourn ;
 Or, if a sigh that night arose,
 It was because his hose was torn.

A PARODY.

Over the mountains and over the moor,
 Patty has fled, and has left me forlorn,
 I grieve all the day in the shade of the door,
 And I sigh for the maid who may never return.
 Pity kind Cupid and show less asperity,
 Cold is my suit and despair coming on,
 Grant me a small lot of patience for charity,
 Patience to wait, while my Patty is gone.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Friday, December 21.—[Continued from p. 112.]

On motion of Mr. Southard, Resolved, that a committee be appointed to enquire into the propriety of passing a law prescribing the mode of taking evidence in cases of contested elections of members of congress.

On motion of Mr. Sheffey, Resolved, that the committee of commerce and manufactures, be instructed to enquire into the propriety of encouraging the culture of hemp in the United States, by duties on imported hemp, or by prohibiting the importation of that article.

*December 24.—*Mr. Seybert presented the petition of the Chamber of Commerce of Philadelphia, praying a renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States. Referred to the same committee to whom was referred the petition of the Stockholders of the bank.

Mr. Swoope, after observing upon the mysterious appearance of the accounts including the purchase of ~~BILLS OF EXCHANGE UPON LEGHORN~~, moved the two following resolutions, which were adopted:—

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Navy be directed to explain to this House the cause, wherefore the several bills of exchange, amounting to 226,000 dollars, and of various dates from May 10th, 1805, to February 21, 1807, were charged in account No. 2. of Degen, Purviance, & Co. navy agents at Leghorn, as settled at the navy department on the 17th day of March, 1809, and for what reasons the same were not included in the account of the said Degen & Co. which was settled in the navy department on the 30th June, 1808; and also to inform this house, whether the said bills were purchased by the then Secretary of the navy, or by a navy agent, and, if by the latter, that a copy of the said navy agent's accounts, embracing the period of purchase, also accompany the information required.

That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to lay before the house any information which he may have obtained through our minister in France, in answer to the letter addressed to him on the 26th day of June, 1809, (or from any other source) relative to the funds which the drawers of bills (from May 10, 1805, to February 21, 1807) on Degen, Purviance and Co. at the time of transmission of the said bills, or, at the time when they were passed to the credit of the United States by the said navy agents.

To-morrow being Christmas day, the house adjourned to Wednesday—62 to 23.

December 28.—Mr. Poindexter moved a resolution, which was finally modified to read as follows :

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to enquire into the expediency of admitting the Mississippi Territory into the union, as a seperate and independent state.

This resolution occasioned a debate of some length, it was opposed by Messrs. Pitkin, Tallmage, Goldsborough and others ; and supported, by Messrs. Macon, Smilie, Wright and others.—The question was finally taken by ayes and noes, and carried—ayes 77, noes 37.

The WEST FLORIDA business was before the senate this day, and an interesting debate took place. Messrs. Horsey and Clay spoke on the subject : and I am told that their speeches were inferior to none that have been lately delivered in that house.

December 29.—Mr. M'Kim presented the petition of Wm. Patterson and others, merchants of Baltimore, stating that they had loaded two ships with valuable goods, with an intent to send them to the North of Europe, but not being able to obtain insurance on them, they had not dispatched them, and they now pray to have the privilege to reland the goods, for the purpose of shipping them in smaller vessels, as occasion and opportunity may offer. Referred to the committee of commerce and manufactures.

Several orders of the day were called for but none were taken up—and at 12 o'clock the house adjourned.

December 31.—Mr. Southard, from the committee to whom the subject was referred, reported a bill prescribing the mode of taking evidence in cases of contested elections of members of congress, and for compelling the attendance of witnesses. Referred to a committee of the whole on Wednesday next.

January 1.—Only ~~TEN~~ members appeared this day, of course no business was done.

January 2.—A resolution introduced by Mr. Stanley, was adopted—that the committee of commerce and manufactures, be instructed to enquire into the expediency of providing by law for the remission of penalties involuntarily incurred in infractions of the non-intercourse law.

Mr. Root offered a resolution which was adopted, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to lay before this house the whole expence of the mint to the United States since its first establishment, &c.

The bill respecting foreign coins, was read a third time and passed. The ayes and noes being taken, there were 82 ayes and 20 noes.

The house resolved itself into a committee of the whole, on the bill respecting the admission of the Territory of Orleans as a state into the Union; Mr. Bassett in the chair. After some time spent and considerable debate, the chairman reported progresas, and asked liberty for the committee to sit again. This was objected to by Mr. Bigelow, and before the question was taken, the house adjourned, at about 4 o'clock.

January 3.—Mr. Bibb offered the following resolution,—
Resolved, that a committee be appointed to enquire into the expediency of annexing to the territory of Mississippi, or erecting into a separate state, the tract of land south of the 31st deg. of N. lat. and west of the Perdido, commonly called West-Florida. A debate ensuing, when

A confidential message was received from the President, the galleries were cleared, and remained closed two hours and a half; after which the house adjourned.

January 24.—Mr. Burwell, chairman of the committee, to whom was referred the petition of the Stockholders of the Bank of the United States, reported a bill upon the subject, which was read the first time. Mr. Bassett then rose and moved that the bill be rejected; he was supported by Mr. Burwell the chairman, who reported the bill, both stating that in their opinion a renewal would be contrary to the constitution of the United States. A motion was then made, that the bill, with Mr. Bassett's motion for rejection, should lie on the table. Mr. Bassett then withdrew his motion, and moved that the motion for rejection be postponed till Monday. Mr. Mitchell objected to the postponement, and expressed a wish that the bill might take the usual course and go to a committee of the whole house. Mr. Gholson then renewed the motion for rejecting the bill. Mr. Sheffey moved to postpone this question. The Speaker decided that Mr. Sheffey's motion for postponement was not in order—Mr. Gholson declining to withdraw his motion. Many desultory remarks were made by different gentlemen, viz. Messrs. Burwell, Bassett, Macon, Southard, Seybert, Dawson, Bacon, Smilie, Wright, M'Kee and Goldsborough.—Messrs. Southard, Seybert, Dawson, Bacon, Smilie, Wright, and M'Kee, observed that although at present they were against the renewal of the charter on the ground of the constitutional objection, yet they should vote against the motion for the rejection, that the subject might have a full discussion before a committee of the whole house.

Mr. Gholson withdrew the motion, and on the question being put, Mr. Bassett objected to a second reading on this day; it was however carried, 73 in the affirmative, and committed to a committee of the whole house, and made the order of the day for Monday next.

Mr. Macon, Chairman of the Committee to whom was re-committed his resolution, proposing certain amendments to the

Constitution of the United States, reported the same again, amended, which were committed to a committee of the whole house.

Mr. Sturges moved a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President of the United States to lay before the house a copy of the proclamation issued on the 2d of Nov. 1810, and also a copy of the Circular letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, to the collectors of the customs, in pursuance of said proclamation.

On the question whether the committee of the whole house shall have liberty to sit again on the Bill for admitting the Territory of Orleans into the Union, it was carried in the affirmative. The committee, after some time spent therein, reported progress and asked leave to sit again, which was granted.

January 5.—On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the galleries were cleared. The house after being in secret nearly the whole day, ordered the doors to be opened, and adjourned until Monday morning 11 o'clock.

January 7.—A report from the Secretary of the Navy was received respecting the bills of exchange, drawn on Degen, Purviance, & Co. as mentioned in Mr. Swoope's resolutions, and was ordered to lie on the table to wait for the report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the same subject.

Mr. Swoope moved that the house take up the order of the day, and that they resolve themselves into a committee of the whole on the bill for a renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States—negatived, 44 ayes, nays 46.

Mr. Rhea moved that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, on the bill for admitting the territory of Orleans into the Union—negatived, only 26 in the affirmative.

On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the galleries were cleared, and, after being in conclave till 4 o'clock P. M. the house adjourned till to-morrow, at 11 o'clock.

January 8.—The House commenced their sitting with closed doors, and remained in conclave till half past four o'clock this evening; when they adjourned, to meet to-morrow morning with doors open.

January 9.—Mr. Poindexter, chairman of the committee to whom was referred the petition of the people of the Mississippi Territory, to be admitted into the Union, made a report favourable thereto—which report was committed to a committee of the whole house and made the order of the day for Friday next.

A motion was made that the house resolve itself into a committee of the whole house on the bill for the renewal of the Bank of the United States.—Negatived.

(To be continued.)

THE

BALTIMORE REPERTORY,

OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS:

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre d'ont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on louie la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

Vol. I.

MAY, 1811.

No. 5.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE;

OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.—A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes... *Horace.*

(Continued from Page 170.)

DENTERVILLE had scarcely been elected member of parliament, before he became resolutely determined to assume a very opposite character from that which had hitherto distinguished him. He was perfectly sensible that, without eloquence and abilities to introduce and support him, he should always be considered but a cypher in that house of which he was become a member ; and both his pride and ambition, two qualities which he inherited without diminution from his father, would never permit him to appear in a subordinate situation.

No sooner, therefore, was he settled in the capital, than he commenced his studies, with more assiduity, and much

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greater success, than he had formerly done. He read with attention those numerous volumes which illustrate the history, the polity, and constitution of our own country ; nor did he forbear to explore, with a sagacious and penetrating eye, the different institutions and political machines of the governments of the other European states. It was now he laboured and with success, to subdue the habitual indolency of his disposition ; the sparks of genius that lay latent in his mind he sedulously drew from their obscure situation ; he roused and invigorated, with persevering resolution, the torpid faculties of his soul ; and the intenseness of his application was soon rewarded with the honours it deserved.

It has been already observed that Denterville was gifted, by the kindness of nature, with a good understanding, and some great cause, sufficient to impel it to action, was every thing that was now requisite. When he had formerly, in a momentary fit of disquietude, determined to study, it was only the design of altering, in some measure, the disagreeable monotony of his life ; of consuming his leisure and wearisome hours ; but now, when he had a fixed object continually in his view, when the incitements that animated him were so much increased, and when he for ever imagined he should derive a glory proportionable to the extent of his assiduity, it can be no matter of wonder if all his endeavours should become considerably more strenuous. In a short time he obtained a superficial knowledge in politics ; and when this knowledge, shallow as indeed it was, was united to a flowing oratory and graceful person, (with both of which qualities he was endowed in a very eminent degree) it made him appear with no inconsiderable lustre in all the debates of the house of commons. Denterville was possessed of the fortunate method of being always able to display his abilities to the greatest advantage.

By the judicious and economical use that he made of his slender store of knowledge, people were hastily induced to

imagine that still greater talents remained concealed, and an importance was consequently attached to him which in reality he did not deserve. The minister and the opposition were equally desirous to gain him to their party ; but carefully weighing the difference between receiving a pension from an unpopular administration, odious to the people on account of a war, which, with whatever justice it might be commenced, was become in the event extremely disastrous ; and being accounted the idol of the people, with the prospect of still greater preferment whenever the present ministry should be discarded, the balance preponderated in favour of the latter, and he determined immediately to become a vigorous supporter of his “country and the opposition.”

Hitherto we have only beheld Denterville in the retired walk of private life. There we have remarked his invariable restlessness, his peculiarity of disposition, his numerous wishes, and his constant disappointments. Now we shall view him immersed from obscurity, and taking an active part in the concerns of the world. But, alas ! to a mind naturally discontented, every situation is alike : he bears within him a craving something that can never be appeased. The virulence of his disorder is even increased by the very anxiety he employs for its cure. ‘Tis a wound that no unction can heal—a flame that can never be extinguished.

It has been the constant observation of all persons, in all ages, that the tranquillity of retirement is by far more congenial for the production of happiness, than the anxiety so inseparably attendant on business, or the continual bustle of a crowded city. If this remark is in reality founded (and is there any one that can for a moment deny it ?) on the immutable basis of truth and experience, we may naturally conclude, that the man whose countenance was always shaded with a frown while in the delightful enjoyment of privacy and ease, would not appear wholly serene when perplexed with the important concerns of a public station ; or, to drop the allegory, that

the mind of Denterville would enjoy a greater portion of happiness when a member of parliament, immersed in the tumult of London, than as a private gentleman, while in the retirement of Cawdor Castle. Indeed he did not. He was not more satisfied now than he had formerly been ; nay, the sources of his discontent were infinitely increased.

Whilst he had remained at his estate in the country, his acquaintance had been chiefly confined to the most respectable of his tenants, and a few of the neighbouring gentry. Amongst these there were none whose capacity were superior to his own, who could boast of more enlightened understandings, or whose minds had received a greater degree of cultivation. His tenants always submitted to the superiority of his judgment with a respectful obedience ; and, even if they were inclined to dispute the equity of his decisions, the recollection of their dependency, and the danger of offending, were sufficient to restrain them from openly avowing their sentiments. The gentlemen with whom he had latterly associated, were literally—enthusiastic sportsmen ; and, as it invariably happens, when an innocent amusement is converted into a daily labour, they neither understood, nor desired to understand, any science that was not connected with their horse, their dog, or their gun. If therefore Denterville was not greatly above them in the article of knowledge, he might with modesty boast of a perfect equality. He had consequently been hitherto free from that envy which is universally felt when a sensible mind is compelled to acknowledge a superior in abilities.

Now he was amongst men who were running with himself the same career ; whose endeavours were directed to the attainment of the same object ; whose emulation was augmented by competition ; and who were neither to be influenced by his opinion, or intimidated by his frown : who excelled him in all the insinuating arts of persuasive eloquence ; and to whose argument the house, both on account of their superiority in

birth, fortune, and abilities, paid a much greater deference than to his own. It may naturally be imagined that he should envy them, for those qualifications, by which the lustre of his own talents was considerably obscured;—and where is the man we can denominate happy, whilst the poison of envy rankles in his bosom?

Besides, although he was a graceful orator, was rapidly rising in the estimation of the people, and was distinguished by the anti-ministerialists as a person whose support would be a valuable acquisition to their cause, yet his character was reflected upon by the partizans of the opposite party, in a manner he was but ill able to endure. His father's bankruptcy—his own original poverty—his unexpected elevation—and, above all, his inhuman treatment of his amiable wife, were immediately made public; and, as it is the custom in similar cases, the most disagreeable circumstances were both altered and aggravated by the careful ingenuity of the detailers. Prejudice insidiously lurked to pervert, and malice was always in waiting to misrepresent, the most trivial occurrence, or the most unguarded expression. His reputation was exposed to the merciless cruelty of every hungry and malevolent scribbler; the city swarmed with pamphlets and pasquinades, loading him with innumerable epithets, as opprobrious as undeserved, and Denterville quickly acknowledged, with a sigh, the fatal mistake he had made in his calculations. “Where,” he at length exclaimed, almost in the agony of despair, “my God! where is happiness? Is it really in existence? or is it only a delusive phantom, generated from the brain of some dreaming philosopher? I have sedulously sought, but have never been able to obtain it.”

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY,*OR, ACCOUNTS OF OLD AND SCARCE BOOKS.***ARTICLE II.**

Micro-cosmographie: or a Peace of the World Discovered; in Essays and Characters. The fifth edition, much enlarged.
16^o London, 1629.

THIS work, which has been often attributed to Edward Blount, was really written, according to Anthony Wood, by John Earle, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, whose "younger years were adorned with oratory, poetry, and witty fancies; and his elder years with quaint preaching, and subtle disputes."

Honest Isaac Walton, speaking of Mr. Hooker, and king James, says, "Nor did his son, our late King Charles I. ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son our now gracious king, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary, Mr. Cambden, mentioning the death, the modesty and other virtues, of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wish't, that for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they were turn'd into the universal language. Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it; but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun, and lately finisht, by the happy pen of Dr. Earl, late Lord Bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say, (and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live, and yet know him not,) that since Mr. Hooker dyed, none have lived whom God hath blest with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper; so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker, and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confin'd to the language of our little island."

Such was the character of Bishop Earl, who having retired to Oxford during the plague, died there November 17th, 1665, and was buried in the chapel of Merton College, where he had been admitted as a scholar in 1620.

The date of the first edition of the "*Micro-cosmographie*," has not come to our knowledge. The fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, were dated in 1628, 1629, and 1630: and the author of "*Censura Literaria*," mentions a re-publication of it in 1731. From the characters, which are no less than seventy-seven in number, the following have been selected. In a few instances they may, perhaps, bear particular allusion to manners, which are now obsolete; but, in general, they will be found to exhibit traits which cannot be mistaken, even at the present hour.

A GRAVE DIVINE,

" Is one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient: for which he hath not beene hasty to launch foorth of his port the Universitie, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunitie. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies, to which hee takes the ordinary stayte, and makes the arts his way. Hee counts it not prophanenesse to be polisht with humane reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to schoole-divinity. He has sounded both religions, and anchor'd in the best, and is a protestant out of judgment, not faction, not because his country, but his reason, is on this side. The ministry is his choyce, not refuge, and yet the pulpit not his itch, but feare. His discourse there is substance, not all rhetorique, and he utters more things then words. His speech is not helpt with inforc'd actions, but the manner acts it selfe. He shoots all his meditations at one butt; and bears vpon his text, not the cushion, making his hearers, not the pulpit, groane. In citing of Popish errors, he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives:

and labours more to shew the truth of his cause, then the spleene. His sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glasse ; and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. Hee comes not up thrice a weeke, because he would not bee idle, nor talks three houres together, because he would not talke nothing ; but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every dayes exercise. In matters of ceremonie, hee is not ceremonious, but thinkes hee owes that reverence to the church, to bow his judgment to it, and make more conscience of schisme, than a surplesse. Hee esteemes the Churche's glory, and however wee jarre with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish us. In Symoniacall purchases, he thinkes his soule goes in the bargaine, and is loth to come by promotion so deere. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his own merit buyes him a living. He is no base grater of his tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde egge. The lawyer is the only man he hindres, he is spited for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our church, though not yet deane nor canon, and his life our religion's best apologie ; his death is his last sermon, where, in the pulpit of his bed, hee instructs men to dye by his example."

A MEERE EMPTIE WIT,

“ Is like one that spends on the stocke without any revenues comming in, and will shortly be no wit at al ; for learning is the fuell to his fire of wit, which, if it wants this feeding, eats out it selfe. A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a sensible weakning in him ; and his braine recovers it not a yeere after. The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on the sudden, which, if you take them while they are warme, may be laught at ; if they coole, are nothing. He speakes best on the present apprehension, for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travell, the lesse he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nau-

seating stomacke, where there is nothing to cast vp straines, and convulsions, and some astonishing bumabast which men onely, till they vnderstand, are scar'd with. A verse, or some such worke, he may sometimes get up to, but seldom above the stature of an Epigram, and that with some relieve out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pock-
et, and he reades him as he were inspired. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merrie the companie, and whom onely men have to doe with all, when they have nothing to doe, and none are lesse their friends; then who are most their companie. Here they vent themselves o're a cup somewhat more lastingly, all their words goe for jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when its coming, neither friends, nor danger, but it must out howsoever though their bloud come out after, and then they emphatically raile, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly, they are such whose life is but to laugh, and be laught at, and onely wits in jest, and fooles in earnest.

AN ANTIQUARY.

"Hee is a man strangely thriftie of time past, and an enemie indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. Hee is one that hath that unnaturlall disease to bee enamour'd of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen doe cheese,) the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten. Hee is of our religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old monuments, and reades only those characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. Hee will go you forty miles to see a saints well, or ruin'd abbey: and if there be but a crosse or stone footstoole in the way, hee

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be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels, and Roman coynes, and he hath more pictures of Cæsar than James or Elizabeth : beggars cozen him with musty things, which they have rakt from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious relique. He loves no library but where there are more spiders volumes then authors, and looks with great admiration on the antique work of cobwebs. Printed books he contemns as a novelty of this latter age, but a manuscript hee pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all motheaten, and the dust makes a parenthesis between every syllable. He would give all the books in his study which are rarities all for one of the old Romance binding, or sixe lines of Tully in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange beasts skins, and is a kind of charnel-house of bones extraordinary, and his discourse upon them, if you will heare him, shall last longer. His very attyre is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may picke a criticisme out of his breeches. He never lookes upon himself till he is gray haird, and then he is pleased with his owne antiquitie. His grave does not fright him, for he has been us'd to sepulchres, and hee likes death the better, because it gathers him to his fathers."

A GOOD OLD MAN,

" Is the best antiquitie, and which we may with the least vanitie admire. One, whom time hath been thus long a working, and like winter-fruit ripened, when others are shakēn downe. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world, as dayes, and learn't the best thing in it, the vanitie of it. He lookes ore his former life, as a danger well past, and would not hazard himselfe to begin againe. His lust was long broken before his bodie, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly

as his turne in nature: and feares more his recyling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence, and face, puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on youth, without the harshness of reprove, and in his counsell is good companie. He has some old stories still of his owne seeing to confirm what he sayes, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old sayings and moralls seem proper to his beard; and the poetrie of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a yonnger man, nor the foole on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sowre looke, and the lesse testie he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him, if he like his own times better then these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relicke. He is a man capable of a dearnesse with the youngest men; yet he is not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at least too soone whensoever, with all mens sorrow but his owne, and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old."

A PLAIN COUNTRY FELLOW,

“ Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untill’d. He has reason enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar; for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He

expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree*, better than English. His mind is not much distractred with objects ; but if a good fat cowe come in his way he stands dumb and astonisht, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hours contemplation. His habitation is some poore thatcht roof distinguisht from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the rain had long washed through, but for the double cieling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour : he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, (that is) comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends Gods blessings onely in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteemes a day to make merrie in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it, as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service, with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour, is a good thumpe on the back ; and his salutation, commonly some blunt curse. He thinkes nothing to bee vices, but pride and all ill husbandrie, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnayle proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except onely market-day, where if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stinks so unbecomingly, as when he trots after a lawyer in Westminстер-hall, and even cleaves the ground with scrapings, in beseeching his worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity, but the burning of a stake of corne, or the overflowing

of a meadow; and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled; and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE,

Translated from the edition of her works lately published at Paris.

MARIE RABUTIN CHANTAL, was born the 5th of February, 1626. Her father was Cesse Benigne de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal, of the elder branch of the house of Rabutin, and his mother, Marie de Coulanges, of a family scarcely less illustrious. She was not more than a year and a half old, when the English made a descent on the Isle of Rhé, for the purpose of succouring Rochelle and the French protestants. M. de Chantal opposed them at the head of a corps of volunteers. The artillery of the enemy's fleet, which covered the landing, made dreadful havoc among the French. Their leader was slain, with a great number of his followers.

Of the childhood and early youth of Madame de Sevigné we have no particulars. We are perfectly acquainted with her principles relative to the education of young females but we have no details concerning her own.

With respect to the person of the youthful Rabutin, she is represented as a woman perfectly handsome; having more physiognomy than beauty, and features more expressive than imposing, a graceful figure, a stature rather tall than short, rich light hair, extraordinary freshness, a delicate complexion, eyes whose vivacity imparted additional animation to her language, & to the agility of all her motions. She had, moreover, a fine voice, and danced admirably for those days. Such is the idea given of her by her portraits, her friends, or herself, when, at the age of eighteen, she gave her hand to Henri, Marquis de

Sevigné, descended from the ancient house in Bretagne. In addition to the rich treasure of her merits and her charms, she brought him a fortune of one hundred thousand crowns.

M. de Sevigné, who was likewise rich, was allied to the house of Retz, and a near relation of the archbishop and co-adjutor of Paris. He was addicted to pleasure and fond of expence, and possessed, if not the taste and superior understanding which distinguished his son, at least all the gaiety, levity, and thoughtlessness, displayed in his youth by the latter.

We are warranted, were it only by the early letters written by Madame de Sevigné, in conjecturing that the first years of this union were happy. It was sometime before it produced any fruit. The first was a son, Charles de Sevigné, born in March, 1647. His sister soon followed him. It appears, that Madame de Sevigné had no more children, and never knew the pain of a loss, which she would have felt more keenly than any other.

In 1651 she lost her husband, who fell in a duel, the cause of which is unknown. Whoever has read Madame de Sevigné, will readily believe what is related of the violence of her grief. But as she herself says, speaking of the Abbe de Coulanges, "He extricated me from the abyss in which I was plunged, upon the death of M. de Sevigné." It is easily imagined, that she must soon have abstained from the relief of tears, to fulfil her new duties; to attend to the education of her two young children; and to retrieve their deranged fortunes. The success with which this widow of twenty-five accomplished this two-fold task, appears in a thousand interesting details in her letters.

Her good sense, her natural rectitude, and a just pride, imparted a love of economy; the counsels of her uncle gave her instruction in it. Her mind, though she was accustomed to sacrifice to the graces, felt no dislike of business. She knew perfectly well how to sell or let land; to dun her te-

nants ; to give directions to her labourers. Nor did she leave it to her beauty alone to plead her causes. Menage relates, that one day, when she was recommending a cause with great freedom, to the President de Bellievre, she perceived she had made some mistake in the terms—" At any rate, Sir," said she, " I know the tune perfectly well, but I forget the words."

With respect to education, not only the merit of her son and daughter, as well as their virtues, afford a standard of her ability in that particular ; but it would be easy to extract from her letters a series of maxims on that subject, which would shew, that, so far from being attached to the false methods generally adopted in her time, she had devised many improvements, on which the present age justly prides itself.

Many offers of love and marriage were made to Madame de Sevigné, but in vain. She had not been happy as a wife; she was now a widow, possessing a large fortune, and, besides, passionately attached to her children, cultivating with success her own mind, the public esteem, and the society of her friends, and her children : she wished for no other felicity. Her happiness, however, was not unmixed with vexation. She suffered in her friendships ; and her reputation was attacked.

The imprisonment, the exile, and generally the merited disgrace, of the Cardinal de Retz, were her first mortification. In him she never beheld any thing but his genius, an extremely amiable man, who appreciated her merits more justly than any other, and on whose elevation she had rested the fate of one part of her family, and the hopes of the other. The Cardinal's Memoirs inform us, that his escape from the castle of Nantz was principally favoured by the Chevalier de Sevigné. She mentions, in one of her letters, the disagreeable situation in which she was placed by this circumstance, in 1653, and the following year.

Meanwhile, another friend involved her in still greater uneasiness. The refusal of some service or other, which, undoubtedly, it was not in her power to perform, suddenly embroiled her with her Cousin Bussy. He had often reproached her with being too scrupulously virtuous. "Why," said he, "should you give yourself so much concern about a reputation of which any slanderer can rob you?" Such a dangerous character he himself afterwards proved. In resentment he wrote an article in which he respects probability only to do the more mischief; in which, for want of vices, he charges her with ridiculous qualities; in which he converts her character into a kind of moral paradox, asserting, that her unsmiled conduct disguised an impure heart, and that she had at least a relish for all the follies which she never committed.—Though the falseness of this portrait is evinced by its contradictions, yet, no doubt, thanks to the ordinary malignity of the public, it made more impression at that time, than it does at present, and inflicted a cruel wound on a heart formed for the love of virtue. This wound was a long time before it was healed; so far, however, from revenging herself, Madame de Sevigne, forgave Bussy, but not without difficulty, nor perhaps without restriction. Frequent hints at the injury escape her in her letters to him. They want, at least, that flower of confidence, which is discoverable in those written to her other friends, and, on this account alone, this portion of her correspondence appear less worthy of her.

This affliction was succeeded by the reverse, which precipitated the unfortunate Fouquet from the height of power into perpetual imprisonment. She herself depicts her uneasiness on this occasion in her letters, in which she rivals La Fontaine both in her sentiments and in her style. These letters, however, only mention the judicial proceedings, & they did not begin until Fouquet had been three years in confinement. The storm which had burst over his head, surprised his friends, as well as himself, in all the illusions of his fortune.

It had nearly overtaken Madame de Sevigné, who had reason to be apprehensive for her own safety. The amiable widow had entered into a friendly correspondence with him; an innocent and very natural confidence in him, who had given her the strongest proof of a kind of esteem, which, in general, a powerful and liberal man no more cherishes for one sex than for the other. It was soon known, that among Fouquet's papers were found letters, which compromised many females who were known to the Court. Those of Madame de Sevigné could not do her any injury. The secretary of state, Le Tellier, had declared them the most innocent in the world; but it was not unlikely, that her frank gaiety might have treated certain things, and certain persons, according to their deserts; and there are times when jokes may be construed into conspiracies. One of Bussy's letters shows, that her apprehensions were so serious, that she thought fit to retire some time to a remote part of the kingdom. The cabal, which had overturned Fouquet, wished to encourage the idea, that he had been supported by a powerful party. In these cases vengeance is wreaked on the first objects that present themselves: this is the ordinary method of proceeding in the revolution of courts, as in all others. Nor is the gratification of private revenge unknown there: two reflections which are sufficient to account for the extraordinary alarm and precautions of Madame de Sevigné. She was far, however, from having actually committed herself, for we soon find her shining in the midst of that court, which Louis XIV. began to render so brilliant. Madame de Sevigné, though calculated to adorn this splendid theatre with her own charms, appeared upon it only for the purpose of enjoying the success of her daughter, who, in the flower of her beauty, and possessing superior understanding and talents, was presented in 1663. Mademoiselle de Sevigné acted a part in those ballets, in which the king himself danced before a numerous court. She represented a Shepherdess; and, in the ballet of the following

year, a Cupid disguised as a Sea-nymph. At another time, she personated *Onophale*, and, on all these occasions, received elegant compliments from the poet Benserade : " who," says Voltaire, " possessed a singular talent for these compositions of gallantry, in which he always made delicate and interesting allusions to the characters of the persons, to the personages of antiquity or fable whom they represented, or to the passions which pervaded the court." It may not be amiss to observe, that it was at this very time, that Madame de Sevigné was acting and interesting herself with such ardour for Fouquet. The air and the applause of the court produced not the extraordinary effect upon her—that of forgetfulness of the unfortunate.

Soon afterwards the establishment of her children, and especially of her daughter, occupied her whole attention. She was scarcely twenty, and this disinterested mother looked forward with impatience to an event, that could not but disturb her felicity. She had, however, herself rejected more than one opportunity. Very few men appeared worthy of such a daughter. She describes, in a pleasing manner, the pains she took to create difficulties, in order to get rid of a suitor, of whom she augured unfavourably. At length, in January, 1669, she was married to the *Conte de Grignan*, whose character, as well as the result of this union, may be seen in the course of her letters.

Madame de Sevigné then began the establishment of her son, by purchasing him a commission, and thus made two great sacrifices of fortune at once. By marrying her daughter to a courtier, Madame de Sevigné flattered herself, that she would enjoy her society : but, soon afterwards, *M. de Grignan*, who was lieutenant-general of Provence, received orders to repair thither, and, in the sequel, he almost always held the entire command during the frequent absence of the governor, *M. de Vendome*. A second widowhood, more painful, perhaps, than the first, now commenced for

Madame de Sevigné ; but it is to her absence from her daughter, that the world is indebted for her letters. These intervals of absence, which she considered as unhappy seasons have become fortunate moments for posterity ; we derive enjoyment from her privations, and no sooner is she restored to pleasure, than we are deprived of it in our turn, so that we are even tempted to regret, that she was not more frequently and for a longer time, afflicted by this separation.

The life of Madame de Sevigné, from this period, is described in her letters. Her journeys, the loss of many friends, the campaigns, the dangers, the hopes, the levities, and the marriage of her son, the various fortunes of her daughter, lastly, certain incidents relative to her own health, constitute the only events of that life. As barren in facts, as it is rich in sentiments, it would furnish but a dry narrative ; whereas her pen imparts animation to the most minute details.

It may still be necessary to notice a few particulars, which her letters alone would not furnish. The marriage of M. de Sevigné, in 1684, placed this generous mother in a situation that was rather uncomfortable, in consequence of the sacrifices which she made. It was, at this period, that, either to improve her fortune, or from other motives, her friends, and even her daughter, formed various plans for her : that they proposed to procure her a place at court, and even spoke to her on the subject of marrying again, which she treated as a folly destitute of all attraction.

It was one of her advantages to retain her personal charms till a late period. When Bussy applied to her these burlesque verses, addressed by Benserade to the moon—

Et toujours fraîche et toujours blonde,
Vous ~~vous~~ maintenez par le monde—

she had attained the age of forty-six years, and was fifty-two when Madame de Seudery wrote to the same Bussy—“ The other day I met Madame de Sevigné, whom I still think a

beautiful woman." Hence originated the appellation of *Mere Beauté*, given her by Coulanges. She possessed a healthy constitution, which she managed with great judgment. For some time she was thought to be threatened with apoplexy, but the cause of this alarm again subsided. In thirty years she was troubled with no other complaint than the rheumatism.

She was therefore but little affected by that severest of all trials for women, the transition from youth to age, of which nature apprizes them by signs equally painful and certain ; and for which society is scarcely capable of consoling them. But it is to those who have founded their felicity on the influence of their charms to women of gallantry, and coquets, that this crisis is the most mortifying. Happy all her life, from affections natural and pure, Madame de Sevigné was less affected by the ravages of time ; and it was not in allusion to her, that her friend *La Rochefoucault* observed, that "the hell of women is old age."

When death, at length, snatched her away, at the age of seventy, her illness, the consequence of the anxiety and fatigue occasioned by her daughter's indisposition, came suddenly upon her, and was not announced by any previous symptoms. It was short. Madame de Sevigné, in her last moments, displayed an understanding as strong as her heart was irreproachable. Several letters represent the affliction of her friends on this occasion. It is impossible to see without emotion how profound was their grief, and how lasting their regret. Madame de Sevigné, was buried in the collégiate church of Grignan. About twenty-five years ago, the Marechal de Muy, to whom that domain then belonged, caused her coffin to be taken up, and to be deposited in a cenotaph, erected in the middle of the same church. This tomb was violated at the time of the search for lead, when the publick necessities furnished a pretext for many other outrages.

THE INFLUENCE OF OBJECTS OF NATURE UPON THE MIND.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightning face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve. —

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth.

MILTON.

AT this season when nature begins to throw off the gloomy habitments of winter, and to array herself in her vernal garb ; when the green hills smile around us, the air is becoming bland and refreshing, and the sun is returning to us with a brighter face, the heart partakes of the general joy and feels a sensible exhilaration. Even the fretful invalid throws off his night-gown and cap, and sallies out to enjoy the balm of the breeze, the hypocondriac bids a temporary farewell to his melancholy fantasies, and the lucubrator deserts his study and elbow chair, and wanders out to moralize amongst green fields and hedges. This is the season of hope and love ; a balm for the diseases of the body, and a purge for those unwholesome humours of the soul which are generated by the sadness and dreariness of winter.

One might be tempted to suppose from the influence of the material creation upon us, that there exists some sympathy between us and that earth, from which we originally sprung. When she is arrayed in smiles and gladness in the spring, we feel a sympathetic joy pervade our hearts ; we participate in the calm repose which she appears to enjoy under the summer sun, grow melancholy by viewing her discoloured woods and embrowned fields in the autumn, and mourn with her the bleak blasts and desolation of winter. We may even discover this sympathy, if I may so call it, in the effect of the morning and evening upon us. The brightness of the first

inspires us with a certain cheerfulness of spirits, which softens down into a placid tranquility as the splendour of the day give place to the sober tints of the evening, and its calmness and repose begin to steal upon the earth.

There can hardly, therefore, be any subject more interesting to the speculator than the various operations of physical nature on the emotions and affections of the soul. A sensibility to her charms is one of the first feelings of the opening mind ; they give the first impulse to the imagination, and are generally sung by the youthful poet, together with the praise of his mistress. From this intimate and universal action on the heart, she becomes, to the Poet, an exhaustless repository of interesting images. He impresses a moral sentiment by an allusion to nature, and illustrates an abstract idea by embodying it in some interesting modification of matter : but above all it is in exciting the delightful and amiable emotions of the soul, that he calls forth the stores of nature to his aid.

But the effect of her scenery when actually presented to the eye is exceedingly more striking and wonderful. The imagination is then more powerfully acted upon than by the most accurate delineations of the painter and the most vivid descriptions of the poet ; and the advantage possessed by these of selecting and re-combining those particular objects which may most powerfully operate on the soul, is greatly overbalanced by that boldness of relief and characteristic negligence and irregularity which nature impresses on her productions. Whoever has gazed on a landscape where luxuriant meadows and cultivated fields are diversified by forests, hills and rivers, coloured with the first tints of the spring, glowing under the splendour of the summer sun, or tinged with that rich diversity of hues and shades which appears in the commencement of the autumn ; in short, whatever would be called the beautiful of nature, must have been sensible of its effect upon the soul. All the softer feelings,

the benevolent and sympathetic affections are roused upon beholding it, and a delightful calmness and a sensation of cheerfulness, diffuse themselves over the heart. On the contrary, when we view her bolder and more sublime combinations of objects, another train of emotions is excited. The awful grandeur of towering mountains, of abrupt and lofty cliffs, the thundering of a cataract, the tumult of a tempestuous sea, or the conflict of the elements, impress the mind with a silent awe, or perturbed admiration, accordingly as one or the other of these scenes are presented to it. The loftiness of a mountain raises and expands the imagination with ideas of grandeur and immensity. Our thoughts aspire above the world, and are fixed upon that Being of whose power and greatness the vast and sublime impress us with the noblest ideas. Thus, also, in the view of the Ocean, only bounded by the distant veil of the horizon, leads the mind to speculations on infinitude and eternity. We gaze on such prospects,

“ ‘Till active fancy travels beyond sense,
“ And pictures things unseen,’ ”

and the mind, elevated by its own conceptions, assumes for a time, a greater dignity and loftiness of nature.

When the scenery of a country is remarkable either for its general softness and beauty, or for its wildness and sublimity, those emotions which are short-lived when excited only by transient views, become interwoven with the character and manners of its inhabitants, and the objects which are fitted to excite particular feelings in the mind, by being continually present to the senses, at last give a peculiar tinge to the passions and opinions of a people. This effect is most remarkable in an uncultivated and wildly featured country, where the feelings excited are of the severer kind, strike more powerfully on the imagination, and possess a more sensible influence on the heart. The character of such a people is invariably composed of very striking and prominent features, and

their virtues are always of the severer cast. Their superstitions also, are tinged with the peculiar colour of their imaginations, and are sportive or gloomy accordingly as the fancy is acted upon by wild and solitary, or by beautiful scenery. These observations are remarkably exemplified in the ancient inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland. With a country, wild, rugged and extremely melancholy in its general features ; consisting of vast expanses, barren heaths, only diversified here and there with a lonely tree, surmounted by bleak and naked mountains, and crossed by the mountain torrents, the inhabitants appear to have experienced, in an eminent degree, the influence of the scenery of nature upon the character. The rugged nature and rough features of their country, produced in them a boldness and daringness of character, accompanied by a melancholy turn of mind, inseparable from such scenes as they daily contemplated, and the solitary life to which they were habituated. Engaged in the occupations of the herdsman, which obliged them to be frequently separated from all society, they possessed a sufficient leisure for indulging the play of the imagination, and this, acted upon by the wild and gloomy grandeur of the objects which surround them, pictured only the most awful & melancholy images. Their mythology and superstitious legends, as collected from the poems of Ossian, are of an extremely mournful and terrific cast, and there is diffused over the compositions of that plaintive bard, an invariable shade of sadness and melancholy. His imagery is selected only from the terrible or gloomy of nature ; he continually draws the imagination to the battling of the elements, the war of the winds, or the gloom of the night, and animates his scenery only with the awful and mysterious forms of beings of the superior world.

Homer, on the other hand is a genius of a different cast ; and his imagery, because taken from a country whose features were less melancholy by nature, and more softened by cultivation, is of a more lively and cheerful kind. He is more sub-

lime than Ossian, but his sublimity is unaccompanied by that sadness which peculiarises the strains of the Caledonian bard. In the poems of Virgil, all the variegated and beautiful scenery of Italy, the luxuriancy of its fields, the rich foliage of its forests, and the mild sublimity of its mountains appear to be embodied, and impart a peculiar softness to his poetry.

In pursuance of this principle, we may attribute, in part, to the gradual change in the appearance of a country, from the progresss of cultivation, the change, likewise, of the inhabitants in their character and manner. As culture becomes more general and the face of nature less harsh and rugged, by presenting more cheerful objects to the observation of its cultivators, it inspires them with more gladsome emotions, and more of the mild and grateful affections of the heart.— And those features of nature which impress the fancy with images of melancholy, awe, and terror being removed, their superstitious fantasies, in combining which, the imagination of mankind delights, above all things, to employ itself, are either altogether dissipated, or are succeeded by those of a more airy and agreeable nature.

Some of the productions of human art are fitted to produce some species of the emotions which we have here been ascribing to the action of natural objects on the soul. Such is the prospect of an ancient and venerable pile falling to decay; which diffuses a more sensible sadness over the soul than arises from the perception of any of the scenery of nature. That style of architecture which we call the Gothic, and which obtained very universally in the Churches of England some centuries ago, was calculated to operate powerfully upon the imagination, and to inspire those particular feeling of awe and solemnity that should influence the heart that approaches to worship its creator. The great extent of the Old Abbey Churches, the gloom which pervaded them from the manner of their construction, their massy walls and narrow casements, which, from the “storied paintings” with which

they were adorned, shed only a "dim, religious light," by which objects in the long perspective which they usually presented, were dimly and indistinctly discovered, were all calculated to cast an emotion of awe over the mind, and prompt the reason to adoration by inflaming the imagination. And as the reason of man is so connected with his passions, that the one is never so soon convinced as by interesting the others, it is perhaps to be regretted that this mode of constructing the places to which we resort to pay our vows to the Almighty, has fallen so entirely into neglect.

We are not only inspired with various emotions by the different scenes of nature, but when under the influence of particular passions, take a pleasure in those appearances of natural objects which seem to accord with our own feelings. He who is under the influence of despondency and despair, seeks whatever is wild, terrible and desolate in nature. The melancholy man is pleased in scenes of a less savage cast, and with those whose nature puts on a sad and pensive air, whilst he whose heart is only impressed by emotions of cheerfulness and joy, delights in every thing that is cheery, tranquil and beautiful. I shall finish this part of my subject, and with it this speculation, by referring my reader to the Penseroso and Allegro of Milton, where he may find the effects of the principle of which I have been here speaking, beautifully exemplified in his characters of the pensive and merry man, and adorned with all the magical colouring of Milton's muse.

U.

ANECDOTE.

A wife said to her husband, who was much attached to reading, "I wish I were a book, that I might always have your company."—"Then," answered he, "I should wish you an almanack, that I might change you once a year."

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PRINCESS CZARTORINSHA AND
THE ABBÉ DELILLE.

MONSIEUR,

PARDONNEZ, si j'interromps vos loisirs ; prenez vous en à votre réputation et à vos ouvrages, si une société entière s'adresse à vous pour remplir son attente. Rassemblés dans un petit hameau, ou nous faisons notre principal séjour, l'amitié, l'inclination, le sang et les convenances nous lient ; tout se rassemble pour nous faire espérer que nous ne serons jamais séparés.

Il est tout simple que nous désirions d'embellir notre retraite : le poème des Jardins nous a éclairés sur la manière ; la sensibilité, le souvenir, et la reconnaissance nous guident, et tout le hameau, dans ce moment, y est occupé à éléver un monument à tous les auteurs qui ont si souvent rempli nos jours d'instructions, d'attendrissement, et d'agrément. Ils seront marqués, selon leur rang, sur les quatre faces d'une pyramide de marbre : d'un côté, Pope, Milton, Young, Shakespere, Racine and Rousseau ; de l'autre Petrarque, Anacréon, Métastase, le Tasse, et Lafontaine ; sur le troisième, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Riccoboni, Madame de la Fayette, Madame Deshoulères et Sappho ; sur le quatrième enfin, Virgil, Gessner, Gressett et l'Abbé Delille, ces quatre faces seront accompagnées d'arbres, d'arbustes et de fleurs.

Les roses, le jasmin, le lilas, les paquets de violettes, et de pensées, seront du côté des femmes ; Petrarque et Métastase auront le myrthe ; le laurier sera pour le Tasse ; le saule pleureur, le triste cypres, les ifs accompagneront Shakespere, Young et Racine ; pour le quatrième côté, le hameau choisera ce que les vergers, les bois, les prairies, peuvent offrir de plus agréable ; et chaque habitant plantera un arbre ou arbuste, pour éterniser des auteurs qui leur ont donné le goût de la vie champêtre, et par la même contribué à leur honneur.

Il ne leur manque qu'une inscription pour rendre leur idée, et la faire passer à la postérité ; elle sera gravée au pied du monument ; et tout le hameau, d'un seul cri, a décidé que vous en

serez l'auteur. Nous la demandons autant à votre cœur qu'à votre esprit. Cet hommage, simple et vrai, sera bien rendu par l'auteur du poème des Jardins, par le traducteur de Virgile, et surtout par un homme sensible.

Nous vous prions de croire de sentimens distingués avec lesquels nous sommes, Monsieur, les plus grands admirateurs de vos ouvrages, &c.

THE REPLY.

MADAME,

LA lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire est venue me trouver à Constantinople, où j'ai accompagné M. le comte de Choiseul—Goussier, ambassadeur de France dans ces mêmes lieux qu'il a parcourus autrefois comme voyageur. Vous connoissez le beau monument qu'il a élevé à l'honneur de la Grèce. Si les arts, rappelés dans leur première patrie, en consacrent un à ceux qui auront préparé leur retour, mon ami aura des droits à une des premières places. Je prévois qu'il laissera dans ce pays un nom illustre dans plus d'un genre.

Pour moi, Madame, avide depuis long-temps de connoître ce beau pays de la Grèce, j'y ai porté des illusions trop tôt détruites; j'ai cherché les Athéniens dans Athènes; je ne les y ai point trouvés, et j'ai appris par votre lettre, pleine d'esprit et des grâces, qu'ils étoient refugiés parmi les Sarmates. En la lisant, je l'ai crue écrit par des particulières aimables et instruits, à qui un goût naturel et la mediocrité de leur état rendoient agréable le séjour de la compagnie; je l'ai trouvée signée par tout ce que l'Europe a de plus distingué par la naissance, la valeur, l'esprit, et les grâces. J'en ai été plus flatté que surpris: votre nom, et votre rang, Madame, vous condamnent à n'avoir point de goûts obscurs; je le connoissois depuis long-temps pour tout ce qui est simple et beau. Ce Virgile à qui vous destinez dans votre hameau une place, qui ajoutera encore à sa gloire, semble avoir dit pour vous :

Les dieux ont quelquefois habité les forêts,
Habitan di quoque silvas.

Je suis bien loin de prétendre à la place que vous voulez bien me donner près de lui, dans le charmant projet de votre pyramide. C'est bien assez d' avoir défiguré sa poésie dans mes foibles traductions, sans gâter encore les honneurs que vous lui rendez. Quelques personnes d'un rang distingué, qui veulent bien aimer mes vers champêtres, ont fait planter dans leur jardin un arbre qu'ils ont nommé de mon nom. Ce monument est le seul qui convienne à la modestie d'une muse des champs ; elle se rend justice, quand elle a peur des marbres, et des pyramides : ces honneurs ne sont dûs qu'à ce même Virgile, qui sut, en chantant les forêts, rendre les forêts dignes des consuls ; et si vous vous rappelez, Madame, que ces consuls étoient à la fois de grands guerriers et de grands hommes d'état, l'application de ces vers d'un poète Latin ne vous sera pas difficile. Je travaille dans ce moment à un poème sur l'imagination : j'ai taché d'y peindre le pouvoir qu'elle exerce sur l'esprit par les monuments ; le vôtre, Madame, n'y sera pas oublié. Pour prix de mes vers, je ne demande à la divinité que je chante que de me transporter dans votre hameau, de m'associer à vos goûts et à vos entretiens. Si mon nom est quelquefois prononcé dans vos scènes champêtres ; si mes vers, rappelés par les objets qu'ils décrivent sont quelquefois répétés dans vos bois, je me croirai trop heureux.

Votre société, unie par les liens du sang, par l'amour des arts, surtout par l'amitié, est la plus aimable confédération qu'ait vue la Pologne. Cette liberté, que les héros de votre patrie et de votre maison ont cherchée si courageusement le sabre à la main, vous l'avez trouvée sans frais et sans danger dans la solitude et dans la paix des champs.

Vous me parlez, Madame, de vos souvenirs : d'autres à votre place se rappelleroient l'antiquité d'une noblesse illustre et l'honneur d'appartenir au sang des rois. Vos souvenirs, au lieu d'être ceux de la vanité, sont ceux de l'amitié et de la reconnaissance ; celle que vous témoignez, pour les auteurs fau meux dont la lecture charme votre retraite, est bien juste et digne de vous. Permettez moi seulement, Madame, quelques observations sur la place que vous leur offrez. Ni Racine ni

Gresset ne me paroissent faits pour être placés à côté des poètes champêtres. Racine mérite une place bien supérieure. Gresset qui a traduit les élogues de Virgile, paroît n'en avoir pas rendre la belle simplicité : il a peinte avec finesse les ridicules de la ville ; mais il sentoit peu les charmes de la campagne.

Pour moi, Madame, ne m'appartient pas assez pour avoir le droit de la céder, ni pour désigner celui qui doit m'y remplacer. C'est à la société d'y nommer ; mais en vous rendant votre bien-fait, permettez que je conserve ma reconnoissance.

A l'égard de l'inscription que vous me fait l'honneur de me demander, j'oserais vous observer encore qu'il seraît difficile, ne pas dire impossible, d'exprimer, aussi brièvement que le genre l'exige, le caractère d'un aussi grand nombre des auteurs tous différens de langues, de nations, et des siècles : j'ai taché de la faire simple, précise, dans le style lapidaire et antique ; et pour rendre, dans le moindre nombre de mots possible, l'hommage que des personnes illustres offrent, dans une retraite champêtre, aux grands écrivains qui charmant leurs loisirs, je crois qu'il suffira de graver sur la pyramide :

LES DIEUX DES CHAMPS AUX DIEUX DES ARTS.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

From the French.

I recollect, says the Cardinal Maury, to have heard Bridaine repeat the exordium of the first sermon which he preached in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, in the year 1751. Curiosity had attracted the noblest persons in the city to hear him. Bridaine perceived among his auditory many Bishops, persons decorated with the insignia of nobility and an innumerable crowd of Ecclesiastics. This sight far from intimidating, inspired him with the exordium which you are about to read. I repeat as much as my memory retains of this *morceau*, which has always struck me forcibly and which will not, perhaps, be thought unworthy of Bossuet or Demosthenes.

At the sight of an audience so unexpected it would seem, my brethren, that I ought not to open my lips but to solicit indulgence in behalf of an humble missionary, who does not possess those talents which are expected in him who comes to preach of salvation to you. But I feel a very different sensation at this moment ; and if I appear humble, do not believe that it arises from the miserable disquietude of vanity. God forbid that a minister of the gospel should ever think it necessary to apologise to you ! For, whatever you may think, you are but sinners, as I am—It is before your God and mine that I strike my breast. Until this day, I proclaimed the laws of the Supreme Being in temples covered with straw. I preached the rigours of penitence to miserable wretches who were in want of bread: I announced to them the most alarming truths of my religion. What have I done, unhappy man ! I have grieved the poor, the best friends of my God. I have planted distress in their simple and faithful bosoms when I should rather have cheered and pitied. It is here, where my eyes behold nothing but nobility and splendour, the oppressors of suffering humanity, bold and obstinate sinners.—It is here only that I should proclaim the holy word in all the majesty of its thunder, and place upon this pulpit, on the one side that death which threatens you, and on the other, the great Being who will come to judge the wicked. I hold, to-day, his sentence in my hand. Tremble then, ye proud and disdainful, who hear me.—The necessity of salvation, the certainty of death, the uncertainty of that hour so dreadful to you, hardened impenitents, the last judgment, the small number who shall be saved, and above all, eternity—eternity.—These are the subjects which I am about to treat and which I should have reserved for you alone. And why need I require you suffrages, who would condemn me, without saving you ? God will move your hearts while his unworthy minister addresses you, for I have had a long experience of his mercies. Then, penetrated with horror at your past iniquity you will throw yourselves in my arms, while you shed tears of compunction and repentance, and in the agony of your remorse you will find the force of my eloquence.

THE MARTIAL SONGS OF TYRTÆUS.

FROM THE GREEK.

AT a conjuncture of great publick peril, the Lacedemonians were instructed by the Oracle to apply to the Athenians for a general to conduct their armies to battle. In a sarcastic mood, Tyrtæus, the lame Poet, was sent to them by their neighbours. Besides his personal deformity, he was entirely ignorant of military affairs; but his Martial Songs inspired the bosoms of his soldiery with confidence, and the lyre of Apollo may be said to have won the field against the javelin of Mars.

Some years ago I turned these Songs into English prose, and I send you the two first for insertion in your Repertory, if they should be deemed worthy of a place.

I. E. H.

MR. ROBINSON.

ODE I.

THE glory of heroes does not consist in their beauty, the grace of their bodies or their agility. Of what avail are such frivolous advantages to the warriour? What are they all without courage? Without this virtue what could you do? You may be richer than Croesus, and more beautiful than Adonis—but though you had more eloquence than Apollo himself, and every other gift which the Gods could bestow, what could you effect without courage?

You would gain nothing but trifling laurels, the sterile reward of weakness and the jest of real heroes.

It is only in the plains of Bellona that the soul signalizes itself. How enviable is he, who, though a mortal is equal to the Gods themselves! How delightful is it to view him, by a sublime effort, attain the virtue of despising death! It is in the midst of danger that he seeks victory, because when he triumphs he acquires immortal glory. His memory does

not dread the obscurity of a monument. The defender of the state, he is its ornament. His arm is invincible and his heart without reproach. The fiercest of his enemies tremble at the sound of his voice and the boldest fall beneath his blows. Mars himself is jealous of his brilliant success. He appears, he triumphs—every one flies. The soldiers are confident of victory when they follow his footsteps. The arm of this great Alcides is their firm rampart, and often at the most critical moment, his voice, which is the sure presage of victory, can inspire the feeblest heart with courage. Who can withstand his impetuous shock? It is the dreadful thunderbolt which the Gods themselves impel. Himself is the tutelary God of a great people. He fights for his King, his country and his fathers, and when it becomes necessary for the inevitable decrees of fate, in terminating his days, to end his exploits—if his great heart must yield to the fatal stroke, his glory and our regret will follow him to the silent tomb.

ODE II.

How long will ye languish ingloriously in the arms of repose! Soldiers! The God of battle summons you to the temples of heroes. Although the din of war is heard all around, peace entices you to her shady groves. Arm! arm! Who of you, obeying the noblest dictates of the heart, will be among the first to die or return in the triumphant robes of victory? Let not the thunderbolts by which the laurel is surrounded, prevent you from plucking it. But I read in your eyes the assurances of success. Companions! dare to vanquish and you will be triumphant. It is glorious to brave an honourable death, and to die for our country is an enviable fate. Inevitable death awaits all, though the Gods conceal his approach. But what is life to him who sees victory encou-raging his steps. Let us forget every danger in the arms of victory. To arms my companions. Let the brightness of your steel glitter in the air. Wait not the tardy aid of Hea-

ven. Valour is the God who shall conduct us to the field of battle. Our own arms must be our defence—in vain shall the cowardly seek safety in flight. The slave of terrors which the brave man despises, he shall find an ignominious death on the bed of shame. But he whose bosom is warmed by heroick enthusiasm, who fights for his country and triumphs, will be the envy of his rivals and all the people shall render homage to his valour. The rival of the Gods themselves, he shall be admitted to their banquets and carry with him the unfeigned regret of men.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Coale is about to publish "Mnemonika ; or, the Tablet of Memory : showing, in a methodical manner, the most remarkable events in history, the discovery and settlement of countries ; and the improvements in the arts and sciences, from the earliest ages to the year 1811."—To forget or to remember at pleasure, it has been justly observed, are equally beyond the power of man. The impression of an important event, or the particular qualities of a conspicuous individual, may be vivid upon the mind, but the period when the former occurred or the latter flourished, are often forgotten. On these evanescent, and yet sometimes important circumstances, difficulties occur which produce much trouble and research. Multifarious and yet brief repositories of the nature now offered to the public attention, have at all times been found of service not only to the idle, who are too indolent to seek, but to the industrious, who would economize their time. To him who merely requites a date, the pages of this Tablet will afford a prompt reply ; and to him who would investigate an eventful occurrence, they will present *indicia* by which it may be traced with facility.

The merit of such a publication as the present depends upon the multiplicity and variety of the information which it

may contain ; its accuracy in statement, and perspicuity in arrangement. The Tablet of Memory, which forms the ground-work of this book, has been published and republished for many years successively in London and Edinburgh. In the successive editions, omissions have been supplied and redundancies rejected : recent events have been carefully noted, and those which were immaterial omitted. In the present edition, every thing that inquiry could learn, or industry collect, has been brought together to enhance its value. If some sections of the original work be omitted, they are supplied by other matter more interesting and important to the American reader.

The booksellers, have published another novel, entitled "SCOTTISH CHIEFS," from the busy loom of *Miss Jane Porter* : a writer whose genius has been brilliantly displayed in depicting the hero of *Warsaw* ; and whose good sense has inculcated many useful lessons in an able commentary upon the aphorisms of *Sir Philip Sidney*.

The design of this latest production of her fertile pen, is to narrate the achievements and portray the characters of those chieftains, who, about the close of the thirteenth century, so nobly signalized their names in the defence of their natal soil, against the oppressions of an incursive enemy. In the selection of this important æra in the annals of Scotland, the fair author was probably captivated by the romantic virtues of *Sir William Wallace*, who is therefore the hero of her story—A hero indeed ! at the bare mention of whose name every Scottish bosom is kindled into enthusiasm, whose lustre illuminates the mists of their blue mountains and whose virtues and misfortunes will long be the theme of their sweetest songs.

Destitute of the advantages of wealth, without rank or power, but blessed with a powerful arm and a spirit ardent,

intrepid and unconquerable, which stimulated him to encounter every danger and support every fatigue, this extraordinary man, one of the brightest of *nature's noblemen*, conceived the glorious project of delivering his unhappy country from the thralldom of English dominion. Emerging suddenly from the obscure glens of Ellerlie, all eyes were dazzled by the magnitude and boldness of his enterprize, and every pulse throbbed with the patriotism of his feelings.

On all sides the English were vigorously attacked and routed. The unerring spears of the Highlands arrested their flying steps, and the heavy claymore fell upon their heads. They would have been utterly extirpated and the independence of the country completely established, but for the envy of the nobility. In perilous times they had been protected by an abject submission or a dubious neutrality. But when the cloud brightened, they began to murmur and cabal against the distinction of one, whose increasing reputation was a constant and bitter reproach upon their former ignoble supineness. Desirous of avoiding the mischiefs of disunion, the hero resigned the chief command, and contented himself with that of a few followers, who would be led to battle by no other voice. But victory no longer hovered over the banners of an army, weakened and distracted by a divided command.

Yet, notwithstanding the continual defeat of his country, the hopes of the patriot were buoyant, and his valour still maintained the unequal contest. Though often beaten to the ground by superior force, he rose again with Antarctic vigour to renew the fight, and an unabated resolution not to survive the liberty of his country. What all the power of a numerous, united and disciplined army, comfortly clothed and lavishly fed, could not effect against a few individuals, who had lost every thing but their honour, was at length accomplished by stratagem. The chieftain was betrayed into the hands of the English king by the cupidity of a treacherous friend, who was

acquainted with the place of his concealment. The monarch, disregarding those noble qualities which ever excite the sympathy and command the respect of generous minds, but smarting under the remembrance of the numerous mortifications he had experienced from the activity and valour of his enemy, ordered him to be executed as a rebel. Such was the end of the gallant Sir William Wallace ! Such, to use the language of an able historian, was the unworthy fate of a hero, who, through a course of many years, had, with signal conduct, intrepidity and perseverance, defended, against a publick and oppressive enemy, the liberties of his native country !

By those who have admired the courage and wept over the misfortunes of *THADDEUS*, our authour will scarcely be accused of temerity in attempting a theme so noble and so arduous as the story of Wallace. The unanimous voice of the whole choir of criticism has decided, that the muse of *Miss Porter*, does not soar on waxen wings. Her delineation of Scatia's early hero is at once accurate and lively. Neither national partiality nor the enthusiasm which a favorite subject is apt to excite, has seduced her to magnify his virtues or exaggerate the vices of his enemies. Her taste has been refined to the purity of empyrean fire. In her style, though sometimes tarnished by *Owenism*, there is nothing gross or vulgar : in her sentiments there is nothing affected or vicious : in her imagery there is nothing gaudy or redundant : in her narrative there is nothing dull or dubious. But all is like the sex of the fair authour, easy, elegant, fascinating and sensible.

H.

IRISH WIT.

The inferior class of people in Ireland have a peculiar quaintness and humour, truly characteristic ; and which is often displayed to the infinite amusement of their hearers.— When Lord Townsend, however, arrived there as lord lieute-

nant, he complained that he could not distinguish this particular quality, or the general dissimilarity of manners, of which he had heard a very entertaining account. The gentlemen around observed, that as his excellency never had any intercourse or spoke with the lower sort, he could not expect to be acquainted with their general manners : but advised him to converse personally with them, if he wished to form a correct opinion. His Lordship, as a man of wit and whim, readily assented, and the same evening called forth incog. with several others. Passing along Ormond Quay, he went up to a man who was selling some trifles, and after conversing very affably for some time, and remarking on a Highland regiment then passing, bought what came to five shillings.— Having no silver, he pulled out his purse and requested change for a guinea. “For a guinea!” said the Irishman, pointing to the Highlanders, “Why, faith, you might as well ask one of *these* for a pair of breeches.”

SHAKESPERE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of Shakespere, & used frequently, as was the custom with people of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes, while the plays of the bard were performing. One evening Shakespere performed the part of the king, but in what play I do not recollect to have heard, perhaps *Henry the Fourth* : the audience knew of her majesty's being in the house. She crossed the stage while Shakespere was performing his part, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice her!—When behind the scenes, she caught his eye and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her. This made her majesty think of some means to know whether he would, or not, depart from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she

stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespere noticing, took up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it.

“ And though now bent on this high embassy,
“ Yet stoop we to take up our Cousin’s glove.”

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour and complimented him on its propriety.

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ANECDOTE OF A CORNISH BOROUGH.

A laughable story was circulated, during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle, and retailed to the publick in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular cotemporary poet, as almost eaten up by his zeal for the house of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises upon all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments ; but, it was his tendency to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote I am going to relate.

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance ; this object, the duke, *by well-applied arguments, and personal application, at length attained*, and the gentleman he recommended gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude, his grace poured forth acknowledgements and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote ; called him his best and dearest friend ; protested that he should consider himself as ever indebted to him ; that he would serve him by night or by day.

The Cornish voter, an honest fellow, *as things go*, and who would have thought himself sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgements, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him "the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word the moment it is vacant." But how shall I get admitted to you, my Lord? for in London, I understand it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country." "The instant the man dies," replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedom of a contested election, "the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive, thunder at my door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood where he was visiting, without a wish or a design of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years. But the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more retentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of a large house, at the corner of Great Queen street.

The reader should be informed, that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall, were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a personage than the King of Spain was expected

hourly to depart ; an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter, not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance and desired he might be shown up stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was found asleep ; for with a thousand singularities, of which the rascals about him did not fail to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour. The porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the Duke at home ?" he replied, "Yes, and in bed, but has left particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."—"God for ever bless him, a worthy and an honest gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister so accurately keeping his promise, "how punctual" his grace is ; I knew he would not deceive me ; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words ; but I can't always say the same of those who are about them."—Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of ***** was ushered into the duke's bed chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?"—"The day before yesterday, exactly at half past

one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking *a power of Doctor's stuff*; and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid, in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son to succeed the King of Spain: "Is the man drunk or mad?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain; when instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bed side the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and "hoping his grace would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in in favour of his son in law, at the last election at *****"

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few seconds; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth, at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances; yielding to the irritation, he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

The relater of this little anecdote concludes with observing, "although the duke of Newcastle could not place the relation of his old acquaintance on the throne of his Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to a post, *not less honourable*, he made him an exciseman."

BOSWELL'S CORSICA.

Pray read the new account of Corsica. What relates to Paoli will amuse you much, there is a deal about the Island and its divisions one does not care a straw for. The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and like—has a rage of knowing any body that ever was talked of. He forced himself upon

THE FRIARS.

me at Paris, in spite of my teeth and my doors, and he has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me about King Theodore. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too: but he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see he is now a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure entertain you.

[*Letter from Hor Walpole, 1768.*]

Mr. Boswell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter. It has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean that relates to Paoli.) He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he saw and heard with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, a dialogue between a grey goose and a hero.

[*Letter from Gray, 1768*]

THE FRIARS.

Two friars travelling, the one a Dominican, the other a Franciscan, they came to a river. The Dominican told the Franciscan, that, as he went barefoot, he was bound in charity to carry him over; and if not it would be a sin. The Franciscan consented, and took him on his shoulders. When they came to the middle of the stream, the Franciscan asked the Dominican if he had any cash? The Dominican answered, "Yes, two reals." The Franciscan hearing this said, Father, pardon me; but our rule positively forbids our carrying any money." Saying so, he left him in the water.

POETRY.

THE LAWYER.

PROFESSIONS will abuse each other ;
 The Priest won't call the Lawyer brother,
 While *Salkeld* still beknaves the Parson,
 And swears he cants to keep the farce on.
 Yet will I readily suppose,
 They are not truly bitter foes,
 But only have their pleasant jokes.
 And banter just like other folks.

As thus—for so they *quiz* the law—
 Once on a time th' Attorney, FLAW,
 A man, to tell you, as the fact is
 Of vast chicane—of course—of practice ;
 (But what profession can't we trace
 Where some will not the corps disgrace ;
 Seduced, perhaps, by roguish CLIENT
 Who tempts him to become more pliant ?)
 A notice had to quit the world,
 And from his desk at length was hurl'd.
 Observe, I pray, the plain narration :
 'Twas on a hot and long vacation,
 When time he had, but no assistance,
 Though great from courts of law the distance,
 To reach the Court of Truth and Justice ;
 (Where, I confess my only trust is ;)
 Though here below the learned pleader
 Shows talents worthy of a leader,
 Yet his own fame he must support,
 Be sometimes witty with the court,
 Or work the passions of a Jury
 By tender strains or full of fury,
 Misleads them all, though twelve Apostles ;
 While with new law the Judge he jostles,

And makes them all give up their pow'rs,
To speeches of at least three hours.
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purpos'd plan.
 'Tis said (without ill-natur'd leaven)
 " If ever Lawyers get to Heaven,
 " It surely is by slow degrees."
 (Perhaps 'tis slow they take their fees)—
The case then now I'll fairly state,
FLAW reach'd at last to Heaven's high gate ;
Quite spent, he rapp'd, none did it neater,
The door was opened by ST. PETER,
Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
All black the little *man of law*.
But charity was PETER's guide,
For, having once himself denied
His master, he would not o'erpass
The penitent of any class ;
Yet never having heard there entered,
A Lawyer, nay, nor one that ventured,
Within the realms of Peace and Love,
He told him, mildly, to remove,
And would have closed the gate of day,
Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
Demurring to so hard a fate,
Begg'd but a look, but though through the gate.
St. Peter, rather off his guard,
Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Opens the gate to let him in ;
What did the Lawyer ? Did he creep in ?
Or dash at once, to take possession ?
Oh, no ; he knew his own profession ;
He took his hat off with respect,
And would no gentle means neglect ;
But finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it were best, let come what will
To gain an entry by his skill ;

So, while ST. PETER stood aside,
 To let the door be opened wide,
 He skimm'd his hat with all his strength,
 Within the gates, to no small length ;
 ST. PETER stared ; the Lawyer asked him,
 " Only to fetch his hat," and passed him ;
 But when he reach'd the Jack he'd thrown :
 Ah, then was all the Lawyer shown :
 He clapp'd it on, and, arms a kembo,
 (As if he'd been the gallant BEMBO,)
 Cry'd out, " What think you of my plan ?
 EJECT ME, PETER, IF YOU CAN !"

PARODIES.

THE TAYLOR'S LAMENTATION.

AIR :—When time who steals our years away.
 MOORE.

Some rogue has stole my shears away,
 And stole my thimble too ;
 My scissors they are gone astray,
 Ah me ! what shall I do ?

My needles rusted are, alas !
 My yard of little use ;
 And all my hopes now, by the mass,
 Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,
 We'll drink 'till we are blind ;
 For every day new cloth shall come,
 And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread
 I'll work with Pat and thee ;
 And when we've earned our daily bread,
 Thou shalt get drunk with me.

And as I trim this coat with lace,
 This thought shall clear my mind,
 That future profit I can trace,
 From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom.
 We'll drink 'till we are blind ;
 For every day new cloth shall come,
 And cabbage leave behind.

But mark, at thoughts of silver lace,
 Which makes this coat so gay,
 A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,
 And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,
 Unless you dry your pipes,
 Your shoulders quickly shall appear
 Right well belaced with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom.
 We'll drink 'till we are blind ;
 For every day new cloth shall come,
 And cabbage leave behind.

THE BUMPKIN'S INVITATION.

AIR :—*Oh ! Nanny wilt thou gang with me.*

DR. PERCE.

Oh ! Molly wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to quit this noisy place ?
 Can rude log huts have charms for thee,
 And bumpkins rough with ruddy face ?
 No longer dress'd in muslin white,
 Nor braided close thine auburn hair,
 Say, cans't thou quit these scenes to night,
 Where thou art fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Molly, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ;
 If thou art forc'd to rake up hay
 To top the corn or sheaves to bind ?
 Oh ! can that soft and gentle heart,
 Such rural hardships learn to beat ?
 If so,—we'll from this town depart,
 Where thou art fairest of the fair.

Sweet Molly, canst thou breeches make,
 And neatly spin Merino yarn,
 Wilt thou soon learn corn bread to bake
 And my old worsted stockings darn ?
 Should harvest whiskey make me fall,
 Wouldst thou assume the nurse's care ;
 Nor sullen those gay scenes recal
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when dead drunk I'm put to bed,
 Wilt thou prepare the water gruel,
 Nor curse the day that thou didst wed
 And call thy sighing Strephon cruel.
 If thus he *daily* wet his clay,
 Wilt thou not drop a tender tear :
 And wish thou wert with heart more gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Ah ! no I think thou know'st what's good
 And to the country will incline,
 Where thou must work to earn thy food,
 And whiskey drink instead of wine.
 On Sabbath days to church we'll go,
 I riding Bob, and thou the mare ;
 And still I'll think, as old we grow,
 That thou art fairest of the fair.

SEDLEY.

West River.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

Extraordinary scene—From a London paper of Nov. 28.

The greatest *hoax* that has ever been heard of in this metropolis, was yesterday practised in Berner's street, Oxford. The house of Mrs. Tottenham, a lady of fortune, at No. 54, was beset by about a dozen trades people at one time, with their various commodities, and from the confusion, (such crowds had collected) the streets were altogether impassable. Waggon's laden with coats from the Paddington wharfs, upholsterers' goods in cart loads, organs, pianofortes, linens, jewellery, and every description of furniture, sufficient to have stocked the whole street, were lodged as near as possible to the door of 54, with anxious tradespeople and a laughing mob. About this time the lord mayor of London arrived in his carriage, and two livery servants, but his lordship's stay was short, and he was driven to Marlborough street police office.

At the office his lordship informed the sitting magistrate that he had received a note purporting to have come from Mrs. Tottenham, which stated that she had been summoned to appear before him, but that she was confined to her room by sickness, and requested his lordship's favor to call on her. Berner's street, at this time, was in the greatest confusion, by the multiplicity of tradespeople, who were returning with their goods, and spectators laughing at them. The officers belonging to Marlborough street office were immediately ordered out to keep order, but it was impossible for a short time. The first scene witnessed by the officers were six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by coal merchants with permits, barbers with wigs, mantua-makers with band-boxes, opticians with their various articles of trade; and such was the pressure of tradespeople who had been duped, that at four o'clock all was consternation and confusion.

Every officer that could be mustered was enlisted to disperse the people, and they were placed at the corners of Berner's street, to prevent tradespeople from advancing towards the house with goods. The street was not cleared at a late hour, as servants of every denomination wanting places began to assemble at 5 o'clock. It turned out that letters had been written to the different trades people, which stated recommendations from persons of quality.

A reward has been offered for the apprehension of the criminal *hoax*.

This *hoax* exceeded by far that in Bedford street, a few months since ; for besides a coffin which was brought to Mrs. Tottenham's house, made to measure, agreeable to letter, *five feet six, sixteen*, there were accoucheurs, tooth drawers, miniature painters, artists of every description, auctioneers, undertakers, grocers, mercers, post chaises, mourning coaches, poultry, pigeons, &c. In fact the whole street was filled with the motley group.

The following are a few of the notes sent in the name of Mrs. Tottenham, for the purpose of collecting this most extraordinary group :—

“ Mrs. Tottenham requests Mr. —— will call upon her, at two to-morrow, as she wishes to consult him about the sale of an estate—54, Berners street, Monday.”

“ Mrs. Tottenham requests that a post chaise and four, may be at her house at two to-morrow to convey her to the first stage towards Bath—54, Berners street, Monday.”

“ Mrs. Tottenham begs the hon. Mr. —— will be good enough to give her a call at two to-morrow, as Mrs. T. is desirous of speaking to him on business of importance—54, Berners street, Monday, &c. &c. &c.”

A spirited tar, who had just received his prize money, lately engaged a small provincial theatre to himself ; he took his seat in the centre of the pit, furnished himself with an inordinate quantity of beer, punch, and tobacco, &c. and requested the performers to commence, as no one should enter the theatre but himself ; at the close of every speech that pleased him he presented the actor with a glass, and when the curtain dropped, he transferred his stores to the stage, and invited the whole of the *Dram. Per.* to partake.

WASHINGTON CITY, FEB. 12.

We have had among us, for some days past, *Zera Colburn*, the child so distinguished for arithmetical genius, of whom the public prints have already taken some notice. This notice is, however, altogether insufficient to give an adequate impression of his extraordinary powers. He is unquestionably one of those prodigies that are only the production of an age. He is now about six years and a half old.—He was born in Vermont, and until very lately received no advantage from education ; and, even now, he is scarcely more than acquainted with his letters, and can neither read nor cypher. Yet, such is the astonishing rapidity and accuracy with which he combines numbers, adding, abstracting, multiplying, or di-

viding them, without the least use of pen or paper, that most of the questions put to him are answered without hesitation. When the questions are involved he takes a longer time, but in no instance occupies as much time as would be required by a skilful arithmetician with the use of pen, ink and paper. He gives no indications of the process by which he almost intuitively reaches the most difficult results, although it is most evident that his powers of mind are actively engaged.

As in the disclosure and cultivation of such powers the whole community are interested, we regretted exceedingly the avowed purpose of his father to make a public and indiscriminate spectacle of him for money, thus exposing his mind as well as his morals to irreparable injury, instead of acceding to propositions calculated to gratify the most solicitous parental feelings, by giving his son the best opportunities for education, at the same time that they involved a liberal donation to the father. We allude particularly to the offer of a few gentlemen in Boston, one of whom was Mr. Quincey, to give the father 2,500 dollars, and to raise the additional sum of 2,500 dollars for the education of the son at a respectable seminary, provided his education should be under the guardianship of five citizens of Boston, who were designated. Under their direction the child was to be taken to the private houses of the respectable citizens of that place, and any sums received beyond the specified amount were to be exclusively applied to his education and establishment in life.

Besides this offer, several gentlemen in this city have honourably expressed their readiness to bear the expences of his education, provided his father would give up his controul over him. Such an offer has, we learn, been separately made by Mr. Randolph and Mr. M. Clay, of the House of Representatives ; and a like offer was, it is said, previously made by Mr. Neef, the celebrated pupil of Pestalozzi.

ABSTRACT OF MANUFACTURES IN THE STATE OF MARYLAND.	
6,388 looms, weaving annually	1,801,578 yards
linen, woolen and cotton, valued at	dolls. 901,509
1,505 distilleries, annually	667,542 gallons brandy
and whiskey,	333,571
2 ditto of rum, 127,700 gallons,	76,620
2 ditto of gin, 65,500 ditto,	43,200
191 tanneries, 82,800 hides and skins,	734,728
14 cut nail factories, 697 tons nails,	132,150
7 wrought ditto, 280,000 lbs.	28,000
267 shoe and boot factories, 286,711 pair shoes,	
19,750 do. boots	500,500

202 hat factories, making annually 97,995 hats, value	321,712
30 carriage do. making and repairing per annum to the value of	397,500
11 tin do. value	76,500
9 tobacconists, do.	200,000
7 breweries, 9,330 bbls. beer, value	69,380
8 furnaces, 4,780 tons pig iron, pots, stoves, cannon and shot.	
13 forges, 2,320 tons bar iron.	
16 spinning machines, going by water, containing 12,500 spindles.	
22 carding machines, going by water.	
7 paper-mills, annually 17,550 reams.	
28 fulling-mills.	
398 grist-mills.	
10 oil-mills.	
94 saddle and bridle factories.	
3 glass works, 5,400 boxes and 7,000 bottles.	
6 powder-mills, 12,720 quarter casks per annum.	
7 sugar refiners, 605,879 lbs. loaf and lump sugar.	
8 salt works, 7,538 bushels per annum.	
20 rope walks, 985 tons hemp do.	
50 manufactories of cabinet work.	
5 manufactories of curled hair.	
2 slitting-mills, 480 tons per annum.	
1 type foundry.	
1 air furnace.	
1 trip-hammer forge.	

WEALTH OF NEW-YORK STATE.

The funds belonging to the state of New-York in the various banks and canal stock, mortgages and loans, according to the report of the state comptroller, for the present year, amount to 4,191,803 dollars, 25 cents. The revenue of the state for the year 1810, is stated at 278,489 dols. 96 cts. Monies received into the treasury for the same period, amount to 625,242 dols. 88. The permanent appropriations are stated at 606,157 dols. 22 cts. Estimate to the permanent expences of the state government for 1811, 268,866 dols. 29 cts. Balance in the treasury 31st Dec. 1810, including bills of credit of 1786 and 1788, 24,006 dols. 12 cts. State debt, exclusive of unliquidated demands, and a balance claimed by the United States, 80,000 dols. School fund is stated at 483,326 dols. 29 cts.—the revenue of which is stated at 36,427 dols. 64 cts.

THE
BALTIMORE REPERTORY,

OF PAPERS ON LITERARY AND OTHER TOPICS :

BY A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

La maxime n'est point fausse, qu'il n'y a si méchant livre dont on ne puisse tirer quelque chose de bon ; aux uns on loue la doctrine, aux autres les expressions. S'il n'y a rien de bon de l'auteur, il rapporte possible quelque chose de rare qu'il a pris d'ailleurs.

DE LA CONNOISSANCE DES BONS LIVRES.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1811.

No. 6.

AGRARIUS DENTERVILLE;

OR, THE VICTIM OF DISCONTENT.—A TALE.

Laudet diversa sequentes... *Horace.*

(Continued from Page 225.)

SINCE Denterville's arrival in town he had possessed frequent opportunities of observing the number of persons that regularly attended the levees of the minister ; he had, with envy, remarked the number of lucrative places with which that person was always enabled to reward the fidelity and services of his numerous adherents ; and the extensive weight that such a power, when judiciously employed, must necessarily bestow on all his measures. He had seen him familiarly converse with the most exalted characters of the realm, nay, even with the sovereign himself : and the unbounded partiality the latter entertained towards him was visible to the perception of every one. "This, after all," said Denterville, one day

as he silently revolved all these circumstances in his mind, " this is certainly the happy man. Possessed of such an exalted station, he must envy no one ; the numerous offices he can perform for his friends must render him beloved ; the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign, and the crowds that are dependent on his bounty, must secure him universal respect, and, encircled with blessings like these, he must be unavoidably happy."

Denterville, indeed, well knew that the generality of the people were extremely disgusted with the expensive prodigality of the present administration, and with the oppressive taxes, still accumulating, that were continually imposed upon them ; but, at the same time, however shallow in other respects his political knowledge might be, he was perfectly sensible, that as long as the minister was able to maintain his interest with the majority in parliament, he might securely smile at the harmless execrations of the rabble, or the impotent endeavours of the disaffected party. More than once he felt himself openly inclined to abandon the opinions and connexions of his friends the anti-ministerialists, and to offer himself, boldly, to his former adversaries, as a volunteer, able, as well as willing, to employ his powerful weapons in the defence of their cause ; but his unconquerable pride, that quality which too generally supplies the place of innate virtue, was always sufficient to restrain him from executing these unprincipled designs. Secretly pining, however, for having embarked in what he now esteemed such an unprofitable and desperate scheme, and detesting the man whose situation he considered as so greatly preferable to his own, he began immediately to exclaim still louder against him ; and, as he imagined he should never be able to ascend in the scale of happiness to an height equal with his antagonist, he very naturally endeavoured, by an inverse proportion, to reduce him on a level with himself.

In a short time he rendered himself conspicuous in the house, rather for the virulence than the eloquence of his lan-

guage. Every measure, however necessary, every scheme, however judicious, that had the misfortune to be first suggested by the minister in parliament, was reprobated by him in the most vehement manner ; and, from being but an inferior, he soon, by these extraordinary methods, became the most formidable enemy of the administration. In all his harangues, in every oration, he demonstrated to the people, by what he was pleased to call incontrovertible arguments, that their glorious constitution was secretly subverted, and the prosperity of the kingdom irretrievably overthrown. He assured them that they were on the brink of destruction ; at the very edge of a precipice ; that nothing could preserve them but a change of their ministers : and he conjured them by every moral and political consideration, by their publick welfare & domestick happiness, nay, by their very existence as a nation, immediately to commence such a salutary measure.

The moderate, and more respectable part of the nation, heard his complaints against the servants of government with outward indifference and inward suspicion ; they were surprised that he, influenced, as he affirmed, by no other motives than the general welfare, should on a sudden, become such a strenuous and disinterested patriot ; but the mob, who, resembling in some degree himself, were always discontented with their present situation, listened to him with rapture, and implicitly believed his most extravagant assertions. In a short time he had the appellation given him of " Man of the People ;" the voice of wisdom was effectually drowned in the tumultuous exclamations of a licentious multitude ; and, by a strange infatuation, the whole kingdom appeared unanimously to resound with eulogies on Denterville.

Some fresh taxes the minister was, about that time, obliged to impose, for the further prosecution of a disastrous war, greatly augmented the publick discontent. Cabals were formed, societies were instituted, confederacies were made for the determined opposition of what was now deemed his uncon-

stitutional measures ; the throne of majesty was overwhelmed with petitions for his immediate removal ; the party that withstood him in Parliament was lately considerably increased ; and at length unable to resist the torrent of an angry opposition, he resigned, with reluctance, a station he was no longer in a condition to maintain.

Now it was the ingenuity of Denterville appeared in a manner so conspicuous. He foiled, with wonderful dexterity, a crowd of competitors ; he alternately employed, as most convenient to the prosecution of his designs, flattery and entreaty, threatening and promises, persuasions and presents ; he encouraged the discontented, excited the populace, raised their expectations, and really promised them their most extravagant demands ; and by his skilful management, he, alas ! to his own misfortune, was finally victorious. The favourite of the people was constituted their prime minister ; and the party which he had joined, as well as those he had formerly opposed, beheld with equal astonishment and disgust, an obscure individual, entirely unknown in the sphere of politics till within a couple of years, elevated to that honourable rank which each had the vanity to suppose was peculiarly due to himself. Every nobleman in the realm was incensed ; and the ambitious Denterville was presented, by his sovereign, with the vacant office, not on account of any partiality the latter entertained towards him, but merely to appease the presumptuous murmurs of a discontented multitude.

No one can suppose that Denterville could derive the smallest degree of satisfaction from a station obtained in such an extraordinary manner. There was not a leading man throughout the kingdom, whom he could, with confidence, rely upon as his faithful friend ; there was scarcely a single courtier but who, at the same time when, in the usual complimentary language of a court, he expressed the most unbounded affection for his person, waited with an inward impatience for the moment of his degradation ; and his only reliance

was placed in the continuance of the affection of that populace, whose opinions are proverbial for their fluctuation, whose aversions and partialities are always formed with equal inconsideracy, and who are liable to be inflamed and misled by every orator who will flatter and harangue them. If he should be once deprived of their support and affection, he knew, too well, his fall was inevitable. Like the courtier of Dionysius, he constantly beheld the suspended sword, supported only by a single thread; hovering over him; at the sumptuous banquet, or the gilded couch, he shuddered with horror as he silently viewed the fate that was impending; and a continual solicitude for the fearful production of a tremendous futurity, prevented him from participating even in the scanty enjoyments of his newly acquired situation.

"It is more easy," says the father of our dramatic writers, "to teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own instructions;" and it certainly does not require the wisdom of a sage to be enabled to observe, that in the political, as in the moral world, to censure the imperfections of an act already performed, demands by far less ingenuity and understanding than, in our turn, to execute one equally judicious and equally salutary. The merciless marauder may easily destroy, within the fleeting space of a single hour, that magnificent structure which has employed the labor and dexterity of the artist during the entire revolution of a century.

The abilities of Denterville, it must be acknowledged with a sigh, were solely of this destructive nature. By his specious objections and inflammatory language, the sword and buckler of a popular orator, he had been empowered, at his pleasure, to oppose and overturn the most prudent measure of his preliminary antagonist; but scarcely was he seated in the place of the person whose conduct he had reprobated, before, corrected by experience, he became perfectly sensible of his own incapacity, and was unable, during the course of a short

administration, to project any expedient comparable to those he had formerly, with his own severity, censured.

Nature, in truth, had never designed him for a minister of state ; and it was only by "o'erstepping the modesty" of that goddess, that he had, at length, arrived to this present pre-eminence. His head became quickly distracted by a multiplicity of affairs, and his thoughts were confused by the rapidity with which he was obliged to hurry from one transaction to another. His attention was confused by the number of different and important objects that continually crowded before his view, equally demanding an investigation ; and whilst he stood irresolute to which he should first turn, the moments would frequently elapse without his turning to either. His mind was harrassed, and his integrity ransacked, in the constant formation of new schemes, which, when executed, answered no other purpose but, by their badness, of adding fresh vigour to the flame of a violent opposition. The vigilant eyes of a thousand observers were always on the watch as his own had formerly been, to observe the most trifling inaccuracy ; a thousand ears were attentively employed to catch the most unpremeditated expression ; and a thousand mouths were perpetually open to recite and aggravate, with acrimonious malice, what had been heard and seen, to the credulous multitude. So far from enjoying that voluptuous and delightful indolence, those luxurious delicacies, and that endearing converse of friendship, for which he had, from his tenderest years, incessantly panted, but which the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition rendered him wholly unable to enjoy, he had not now leisure to indulge in those innocent amusements that are in common to every one. His hours were occupied in the concerns of the state, and in parliamentary debates ; in attending his own levee, and being present at that of his sovereign ; and, in a short time, his pallid countenance and debilitated constitution fatally convinced him of that truth with which every one but himself was already per-

factly acquainted, namely, that the elevated situation of a prime minister ought to be the object of our sincerest compassion, rather than of our envy. But the measure of that misfortune to which his ambition and discontent had contributed to reduce him was not yet complete. The black clouds of fate still continued to accumulate around him, and, by the darkness of their appearance, prognosticated the speedy bursting of a terrible storm.

When Denterville solicited, after so suppliant a manner, the vacant office of minister of state, he promised to the people, with the most solemn asseverations, that their political machine should be, from the fortunate moment of his elevation, conducted after such a manner, that it might be rendered, at the same time, honourable to them all considered as a nation, and easy to each considered as individuals. He had promised them, with the same inconsiderate facility, an almost entire annihilation of taxes, an immediate conclusion of the war, an instantaneous discharge of an enormous naval and military force; and the credulous populace, who are generally too precipitate to reflect, and too ignorant to judge for themselves, listened to his extravagant assurance with delight, and were all very easily induced to believe what each so earnestly desired to be true.

But as soon as Denterville had, in reality, the political rudder under his guidance, and was seated by his partizans in that exalted station he had so eagerly coveted, he perceived, and it was with amazement he perceived, the futility of all his former assertions, and the total impracticability of his speculative systems: so far from being able to effect a reduction of the taxes, an event which the credulity of his followers made them fondly to expect from his abilities and ingenuity, he was even obliged, shortly after his admittance into office, to impose, in addition to former ones, those very duties which he himself had, but a short time back, reprobated as being both unconstitutional and superfluous. So far from

having it in his power to effect a conclusion of the disastrous war, the enemy with whom the kingdom was engaged, being elated with some recent and considerable success, positively refused to listen to any terms of accommodation except such as were wholly incompatible with the honor of the nation to propose. And so far from effecting a discharge of an excessive large and military force, the nation being about that time alarmed with continual apprehensions of a projected invasion, he was compelled to augment, by very violent measures, the strength of those powers he had so solemnly engaged to reduce.

It may easily be supposed that all these circumstances were represented by the anti-ministerial party in parliament, magnified by exaggeration, and arrayed in all the odious colours that the united force of eloquence and envy could give them. It was in vain that Denterville forcibly urged the unavoidable necessity of this measure: his vindication was esteemed a greater insult to the nation than the very offence itself. "What," said one of them, in reply to the arguments he had used, "shall the severe censurer of others be justified in error himself? or shall we presume to animadvert on that as reprehensible in another, which we attempt to palliate and defend in ourselves? Who was it that so recently told us the constitution of the kingdom would be inevitably destroyed by the expensive prodigality of its ministers? Who was the man that but a short time ago, presented to the house such specious plans of reformation and frugality? and who was he that so publickly asserted, in all his harrangues, the inutility of the taxes, the inexpediency of the war, and the intolerable burthen of an armed force? Now," continued the same member, in a more energetic and exulting tone, "now let the multitude contemplate on their glorious labour! Let them bow their knees and offer up the incense of adoration to the idol they have exalted: or rather let them tear the bandage from their eyes, and, clearly beholding the infatuating deception, let

them atone for their fault by an emulous desire to repair it." The people were, in reality, exasperated at the unexpected conduct of their favorite minister. There is scarcely any misfortune that is capable of wounding the feelings of a person in a more sensible manner, than being deceived where he has, unsuspiciously, placed his confidence ; and the complaints of the populace were rendered doubly vehement, because they had listened, with such credulity, to the flattering assurances of Denterville, and he had so publickly disappointed them. Their murmurs assumed, by insensible degrees, the more alarming tone of menaces ; and, with the lower orders of people, the distance is but short from a denunciation of vengeance to the actual performance of it. The same outrageous measures were again pursued as on the deposal of the former minister : the city was once more agitated by secret confederacies ; associations were every where formed, names of distinction assumed, and the badges of party openly displayed ; and, by a very rapid, though not uncommon transition, the favourite of the people became the prime object of their detestation. A number of tumultuary petitions were presented to the throne for his immediate dismissal ; those enemies who had silently withdrawn during the height of his popularity, willingly re-appeared to contribute to the destruction of a man whom they detested : and that same minister who had been but lately so disgracefully discarded from his station, was again produced by his zealous partisans, and was earnestly entreated to accept, once more, the dangerous pre-eminence of office.

Denterville had the wisdom to perceive the increasing danger of his situation. He prudently followed the example of his predecessor, and now became his successor, in office ; and, after a feeble administration of a few months, presented, with a sigh, his resignation to his sovereign. But, alas ! how frequently do our mistaken ideas of happiness allure us to

those heights that finally prove our destruction ; and who amongst us is able to stem the impetuous rolling of a mountain torrent, or restrain the fury of an angry multitude ? The people, exasperated by disappointment, were not to be appeased by the resignation of Denterville ; and both the nobility and gentry secretly fomented the publick commotion against a man whom they had always disliked. Resentment animated one party, and malevolence stimulated the other : till the whole nation, though influenced by different motives, unanimously demanded the accusation of Denterville. The parliament could find no difficulty in convicting a man who was already condemned by the wishes of the majority ; and he was immediately seized and thrown into prison.

Articles of impeachment, rather as a ceremony, than being, in the present case, any wise necessary, were preferred against him ; the charges they contained were chiefly general ; and the most reprehensible measures imputed to him by his adversaries were, his having imposed those taxes on the nation which, in reality, it was utterly impossible, during the present situation of affairs, to dispense with, and his not having terminated a ruinous war, which, notwithstanding his most strenuous endeavours, he had hitherto been unable to conclude. The solemnity of a trial was scarcely allowed him ; no witnesses were produced against, none were permitted to be examined for him ; and although he proved, by the most convincing arguments, the absolute necessity of every measure he adopted, popular indignation easily triumphed over unsupported innocence, and Denterville, the trembling, the unfortunate Denterville, was sentenced, by the voice of a very large majority, to lose his head on the scaffold in eight and forty hours after his condemnation.

Now it was, when remanded by his inexorable judges to his solitary cell, that Denterville first made a retrospect of his life. Hope, our most valued comfort, to whose beloved protection we fly in every evil, and who, by displaying to our

view the flattering object of some distant good, instructs us to maintain our ground against the severest misfortunes, even Hope had forsaken him. He was too well acquainted with the sanguinary character of his persecutors, to expect, from their humanity, the smallest mercy ; and he appeared in his own eyes like a proscribed wretch, destitute of every friend, whom no one regards with a moment's compassion, and whom every one avoids as he would the contagion of a pestilence.

The virtuous man, when oppressed by the insults of injustice, and when confined within the gloom of a dungeon, still possesses within himself the inestimable power of being always able to view the tenor of his past life with inward satisfaction, and even with delight. But such was not the consolation of Denterville. The memory of preceding events was, to him, an agony too poignant to be endured, and every limb trembled as they successively arose to his recollection.—His cottage,—that cottage for which he would now have gladly sacrificed the wealth of the world, had it been at his disposal, presented itself to his view. It stood before him clad in all the sweetness of rural simplicity, and accompanied by its constant attendants, Innocence and Health. His wife, that Caroline, at once so amiable and lovely, whose death he had accelerated by the inhumanity of his treatment, again arose to his sight. She came before him, her countenance pale and emaciated, and her body veiled in the funeral shroud. Her eye regarded him with the mingled emotions of pity and indignation ; and the deep sigh that seemed to issue from her bosom, and the trickling tear that, slowly descending, appeared to moisten her cheek, were wounds more painful to the sensibility of Denterville, than the excruciating punishment of the torture, or the stroke of the executioner himself. The iniquitous ruffian, when his disordered imagination presents to his sight the ghastly spectre of some mortal whom he has barbarously murdered, feels not such terror.

He groaned. He raved. Now he paced his narrow dungeon with a furious impetuosity ; soon again he suddenly paused, and appeared in a profound meditation. His limbs shook : his blood froze ; his whole frame was convulsed with excess of anguish. Sometimes his eye-ball sparkled with the frenzy of distraction ; and sometimes it would vacantly roll around the narrow circumference of his cell, without fixing on any thing. He violently struck, in the madness of despair, his burning temples ; his mouth uttered, with rapidity, a few incoherent and unconnected sentences ; and, for a short time, he experienced all those dreadful sensations, of which every man must be conscious, when he beholds a tremendous eternity opening to receive him, and when he recollects his destruction is produced by the greatness of his own misconduct.

Nature, at length, exhausted herself in the conflict of so many contending passions. A copious flood of tears brought to his assistance a moment's relief, and his feelings were by far less exquisite, though they were still painful. Almost for the first time in his life he now presumed to address himself to his maker ; and that beneficent Providence, who kindly regards, with the eye of a father, the errors of imperfect mortals, infused into his soul the balm of comfort. After his despair had been alleviated by the fervency of his devotion, he suddenly conceived a thought of committing to writing the momentous occurrences of his life. "Mankind," said he, "shall be profited by my indiscretions ; and when they will be acquainted with the long chain of those events that served to produce in me such a melancholy catastrophe, they will certainly shudder for themselves, and cautiously avoid a repetition of the like." When the gaoler, therefore, brought him his scanty pittance of bread and water, for such only was the fare allowed him by the unrelenting hatred of his judges, he requested a taper and some paper and ink, and composed, during the gloom of the night, the following incoherent narrative.

“ Oh ye ! who are misled by error, and deceived by appearances ; who consider happiness as concomitant with riches, and imagine that content is the offspring of wealth ; who are dissatisfied with the humble station allotted you by Providence, and accuse the wisdom of your heavenly father ; whose imaginations wander on the luxuries of the rich, and whose fancies represent the ideal delights of titled magnificence ; to you does the unfortunate Denterville address himself ; listen to his tale, and blush for your folly.

“ Like you, I have been mistaken in my journey through life. I was placed, by the benevolence of Providence, in an obscure situation ; I cultivated the earth in the shade of retirement, and enjoyed its fruits as a recompense for my labour : but I was discontented. I dared to arraign the goodness of my Creator, and impiously murmured at his beneficent decrees. The simplicity of a cottage, and the labour of a husbandman, were rendered disgusting, by the example and precepts of an aged parent ; he taught me to consider uninterrupted felicity, as the invariable attendant on unlimited possession ; and, with my heart inflamed by his pernicious discourses, I panted for the pleasures that disappear as we approach them. My glowing fancy was always delighted to wander on enjoyments that are attractive only when viewed from afar ; and, whilst eagerly solicitous in the pursuit of a shadow, I irrecoverably lost the substance itself.

“ I prayed for wealth ; and immediately my petition was granted. But was I now more happy ? or were my days encircled by the pleasures I had depicted ?... Alas ! No... The experience of a moment was sufficient to convince me, that superior cares are invariably allied to superior stations, and that the goddess of happiness is but seldom the inhabitant of a splendid palace. I became quickly dejected amidst the voluptuous pomp of the banquet ; and my appetite was soon satisfied with the luxuries of the most sumptuous repast. The productions of nature, and the inventions of art, were equally

exhausted to contribute to my desires ; but those desires were already palled by repeated enjoyment, and both nature and art afforded their productions in vain. My mind, always unemployed, experienced a total privation of pleasure : a disgusting monotony succeeded to the novelty of first possession ; and, in a short time, I perceived, with astonishment, it was possible to be both rich and miserable.

“ Dissatisfied with that state which I had formerly imagined was replete with an inexhaustible fund of the most delightful gratifications, I afterwards directed my attention to the attainment of other objects, more forbidding in their appearance, but which, if steadily pursued, would certainly have been more productive of real enjoyment in the event. I sought for *knowledge*. Happiness, I frequently said, within myself, is a term synonymous with wisdom : virtue is nothing but a more enlightened reason : content of spirit can only flow from the lucubrations of the mind : by the assistance of science the soul is exalted nearly to a participation with the divinity ; and with the sole advantage of his learning, the poet and the philosopher still exist, flourishing and vigorous, after the revolution of upwards of a thousand years. But, alas ! who can obtain the meed of victory without first enduring the perils of the combat ; or how can we expect to enjoy the gratifying superiority of wisdom, if we will not with patience submit to those painful disappointments that are its invariable attendants ? The temple of knowledge, I quickly perceived, was situated on a lofty eminence : the only path that conducted to it was narrow, rugged and uneven ; numberless obstacles were always in the way to intercept the passage of the wearied traveller ; and, for one who could climb the perpendicular ascent, a multitude were observed to retire, overcome with fatigue and disgust. I was amongst the latter.— The indolence of my mind made me reject the advantages that were only to be obtained by such persevering labour ; I quickly retired dissatisfied from the attempt ; and, in a mo-

ment of discontent, I angrily exclaimed, that wisdom was nothing but a delusive phantom, which continually recedes as we venture to approach her.

“ Disappointed in my endeavours, and dissatisfied with myself, I found my happiness was still incomplete. The felicity of every mortal does, in reality, reside within his own bosom. No external circumstances, no variation of situations, no vicissitudes of fortune, can bestow that inestimable blessing on the man who will not, by his own behaviour, contribute to its reception ; nor can the severest evil in the catalogue of human misfortunes deprive him entirely of its support, who is resolutely determined to preserve it continually. Of this evident truth melancholy experience has fully convinced me ; and the dear price with which I have been compelled to purchase that experience, will, at least, be of service to render to my assertion an indisputable validity. But to proceed. Inspired with the ardour of a warm imagination, I was now resolved to *marry*. To a few, and, I am afraid, to but a very few, the state of matrimony is by far more productive, than any other, of solid enjoyments ; but if we do in reality desire to be made partakers of its blessings, we must accept with caution, the yoke it imposes. Interest or idleness, the gratification of a depraved desire, or the splendour of a brilliant equipage, are the foundations of the generality of marriages. The mind does not participate ; reason has no share in the alliance. A short time is then sufficient to enjoy, and to be sated with the pleasures it affords, and the fleeting honeymoon of rapture is, in that case, closely succeeded by a lingering age of disgust. Too precipitate, however, to attend to these considerations, I married. Every useful, every agreeable qualification was surely concentrated in my Caroline : and yet, with the burning blush of shame, I confess, the altar of Hymen was still warm with my sacred vows of unalterable affection, when that Caroline, so lovely, so fascinating, and so mild, became the object of my unconquerable

detestation. In a short time I avoided her company : her conversation became disagreeable, and the gentle reproaches she sometimes ventured to utter, I madly considered as an unpardonable insult. But, oh, ye ! into whose possession this narrative may fall, with what courage shall I dare to explain to you the cause, the only cause, of my inveterate dislike ? She was *mine*. Yes, I confess it, that was her only fault. The unfortunate singularity of my temper made me dissatisfied with whatever I could call my own : I was incapable of receiving any enjoyment but that which arose from anticipation : and the discontent of my mind was invariably increased by the gratification of those very wishes I had formed. Oh fleeting, halcyon hours ! with what a zest could I enjoy ye now ! Oh my Caroline ! my wife ! had but thy unhappy husband requited with mutual love the love thou barest him, his trembling body would not have been now confined within the gloom of a solitary dungeon ; nor would he, in that case, have fallen a devoted, a deserving victim, to his own ambition, and the resentment of an ungovernable populace.

“ Whilst my mind was yet agitated by its recent disappointment, and I again wandered, with persevering eagerness, in the pursuit of a phantasm, the creature of my own imagination, the accidental arrival of a general election produced an unexpected change in my ideas, and my attention was immediately engaged by the numerous delights, I had heard, and believed, were only inherent in a publick life. The glowing feelings of patriotism, and the chicanery of politicks, were the only sensations that now arose within my bosom ; and I thought, as indeed I constantly thought, when employed in anticipating the success of any scheme hitherto unattempted, I had at last discovered the road that conducted to certain happiness. I inwardly exulted as my fancy dwelt on the aerial prospect that glided before me, and as my enraptured eye wandered, without limits or controul, over the boundless

regions of visionary space. Patriotism, according to the modern signification of the word, does not consist in anxiously defending the liberties of our country, but in steadily opposing the inclinations of the minister: not in exclaiming against the measures he adopts, because they are in themselves pernicious, but because it is ~~he~~ who adopts them; &, in this sense of the word, I was a most determined patriot. I ranted, I harangued, and rendered myself, in a short time, conspicuous, if not for the eloquence, at least for the virulence of my debates. But ye! who were secretly jealous of my advancing fortune, and who observed, with a dark and malignant eye, my extraordinary progress in the affections of the populace, did ye suppose me happy?—No, no.—Ten-fold was the misery accumulated, that I, without intermission, endured in my elevated situation; and ten-fold were the causes multiplied, that now contributed to render me wretched. Envy, hatred, rivalry, inordinate ambition, corroding discontent, with an inexhaustible train of the meanest passions, too numerous and too disgracing to recapitulate individually, overwhelmed me by the weight of the burden they imposed: and I sunk into a state of wretchedness, to which my former sufferings were, in comparison, reduced to nothing.

“At length, by a concatenation of circumstances, with which every one is already acquainted, I was constituted prime minister. Now I was at the very zenith of my ambition.—My imagination, in its most daring flights, had never ventured to waft me higher: and in all the rambles of my eccentric fancy, here was fixed the determinate point, the insuperable barrier, that I never exceeded. And here let me draw the overshadowing veil, and bury in an everlasting obscurity the subsequent transactions. Who is there, so ignorant or so recluse, that does not already know the melancholy train of those events which followed my elevation to office; and for what purpose should I particularize circumstances which afford not others the charm of novelty, and are inexpressibly

painful to my own feelings? As I now sit in my cell, and silently revolve them, the stream of life forsakes my livid cheeks, and flows, with a freezing coldness, through all its channels. As my mind wanders on the times, those happy, happy times, that are past forever, the pen falls from my trembling hand; the mist of darkness hovers around me;— and I already feel, by a dreadful anticipation, the horrors of death itself. Let it be sufficient to say, that the same populace, who, with the loudest acclamations, formerly hailed me as their guardian genius, the protector of their liberties, and their heaven-descended minister, have now condemned me to an ignominious death. They have decorated their victim with the flowery wreath, and are now preparing to drag him to the altar.

“ Oh ye! who have hitherto wandered in the mazes of error, and who have been seduced by the phantoms of a warm imagination, harken to the voice of experience, and repine no more. Young, inexperienced, and presumptuous, every calamity, every evil of my life, may be attributed to the discontentedness of my own unhappy disposition; and the æra from which I may, with safety, date all my misfortunes, is from that accursed moment when I joyfully forsook the tranquility and retirement of my humble cottage, for the splendid misery of a magnificent mansion. If my melancholy tale can awaken you to a consciousness of your present happiness, and warn you to remain peaceably in the station allotted you, however humble, or however disagreeable it may appear, I shall meet my fate without a murmur: and do thou, oh Almighty Father! accept into thy celestial habitation my repentant soul, and do thou, O mother earth! once again receive, within thy bosom, the dust which produced my body.”

The writing of his little tale had employed him the greatest part of the night, and nature, being, at length, wholly exhausted, by the extraordinary fatigue and agitation she had recently undergone, loudly demanded the sleep that was necessary.

Denterville, therefore, rendered devout by his misfortunes, presented, on his knees, a short, but sincere prayer to the throne of mercy : and laying himself on the straw pallet that was placed in one corner of his cell, he calmly sunk into the arms of repose. His slumbers were sound ; his dreams were agreeable : the same Caroline whom he had heretofore beheld, her countenance clouded with anger, and her body wrapt in the shroud of death, once again appeared to his sight. She now came, arrayed with the dazzling lustre of an angel, and her features beamed with celestial beauty : and she seemed, by the gentle waving of her hand, and the smile of peace that played around her mouth, to invite him to arise, and partake with her the pleasures of the blessed in paradisc. The effect of this charming vision was as salutary as it was visible. It infused a new, an animating vigour into his dejected soul, and when he awoke from his sleep, the sweetest, that perhaps, he had ever experienced, he felt himself endowed with a patient resolution, prepared to encounter the axe of the executioner, and confident of forgiveness in the regions above. During the course of the day a Clergyman was permitted to attend him in his cell, and, by the exhortations and advice of this venerable divine, the courage he had recently acquired was both increased and confirmed.

At length the fatal morning arrived. The luminous orb of day forsook, betimes, the bosom of the ocean, and glittered with unusual lustre, in the eastern horizon. Denterville arose early from his pallet, and, actuated by an unaccountable, though not altogether unprecedented caprice, he dressed himself with peculiar nicety for his approaching death.

His habiliments were all black ; his hair, devoid of powder, carefully combed, and of the darkest auburn, gracefully shaded his manly countenance : a slight hectic had tinged his cheeks with a colour of the most beautiful vermillion : and if ever the features of the unfortunate sufferer were entirely free from the frown of discontent, it was on the very morning

when he was preparing to expiate with his blood the mischievous consequences of that unruly passion. As soon as he was drest, the same clergyman who had hitherto regularly attended him, entered his cell. Denterville returned the salutations of the Priest with serenity, and even with cheerfulness : he deposited into his hands the narrative he had written, "Take it," said he, with a faint smile, "but forbear, on account of the situation of the person who composed it, to criticise, with severity, the merits of the performance ;" and immediately turning to an affair of greater importance, he partook, for the last time, with devotion and reverence, of the comfortable gift of the holy sacrament.

Scarcely had he concluded his orisons to Heaven, when the bell of the prison, on a sudden, tolled the knell of death : the massy bars of the door of the dungeon were drawn aside with a loud noise, and with considerable violence : and a couple of officers, the messengers of his fate, appeared before him, and summoned the contrite sufferer to the death that awaited him. Denterville, leaning on the arm of the divine, followed, with firm steps, the feet of his gloomy conductors, and ascended into a mourning carriage which was standing before the gate of the outward court of the gaol, without uttering a single sentence. One municipal, and one military officer, were seated in the coach opposite to him and the priest ; a profound silence was maintained by each party during the whole of the way : and although the sides of the streets through which they passed were lined with innumerable spectators, not a murmur was to be heard, not a voice to be distinguished among the collected crowd.

The coach now stopped before the foot of the scaffold, which was covered with black cloth, and erected in one of the most conspicuous squares of the city. When Denterville first gave his hand to the clergyman to assist him to alight, he trembled excessively, and it was with difficulty he could descend from the steps of the carriage. The venerable divine,

who perceived and compassioned his violent agitation, pressed with warmth the glowing hand he held within his own, and pointing to the blue firmament of Heaven with his finger, "Fear not, my son," said he, with fervency, "when we meet again it will be *there*." Denterville meekly bowed his head in return ; he quickly recovered his mental composure ; and ascended the steps of the scaffold with firm steps, and with perfect calmness. As he looked around, for the last time, on the populace, that populace, whose resentment had reduced him to his present situation, the recollection of preceding events strongly arose within his mind ; a deep sigh involuntarily escaped from his bosom ; and a tear, one solitary tear, overflowed from his eye, and softly stole down his cheek. Twice he attempted to speak, and twice his powers of utterance forsook him in the endeavour. He immediately laid his neck on the block, and his head was, at a single stroke, severed from his body.

The people maintained a respectful silence during the whole of the solemnity : and, such is the strange inconsistency of human nature, many of them returned home, lamenting with tears, the untimely fate of the man whose death they themselves had been instrumental in accelerating.

The moral to this simple tale is short and obvious : and how can that moral be better expressed than in the animated language of one of the most ingenious writers* of modern times :—"Alas, if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station or worldly grandeur, will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness."

Sterne, Sermon 44th.

THE VIGIL.

NO. VII.

He that outlives this day,
Will yearly on THE VIGIL feast his neighbours—
SHAKSPEARE.

When it was proposed to publish a literary magazine, in this city, the projectors of the scheme were fully aware that they incurred the hazard of adding their names to the voyagers on the stream of oblivion. In marshalling their forces, this post was most maliciously assigned to one, the most indolent of the club, in the hope that, like the being described in Virgil, he might acquire strength by motion. Upon drawing a scheme of our horoscope, one of our number who has watched the literary zodiack with the eyes of Partridge, and who is not unmindful of the opinion of the learned Brown that “a proportion of the horoscope unto the *seventh* house oppresseth living creatures,” predicted that ours would not exceed the *sixth*. Finding that it was only a temporary draught, and not an enlistment during the whole war, he consented to serve. Laying his hand then upon a tome of Rabelais he prayed the powers of perseverance to be propitious to the undertaking, and vowed by the beard of Bickerstaffe, and the pipe of Will Honeycomb, that “not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,” should tempt him to sleep on his post. In the customary hours of rest, the Vigil has been watchful and busy in the discharge of his duty. This night he mounts guard probably for the last time. As he paces his solitary rounds he will seek relief in the comforts of soliloquy. “To be or not to be,” will be the important subject of his meditations. But whether it be decided that like the ambitious Cardinal, he has touched the highest point of all his greatness, or whether his neighbours shall desire to be *monthly* feasted on the Vigil, not a single complaint shall be uttered. Yet the reader will scarcely desire the presence of one who confesses with all the frankness of sincerity, that his mind has become

so void of materials, for either amusement or information, and his imagination so leaden, that nothing can be expected from his pen, but what is weary, like the sighs of hopeless love : stale like lips that have practiced too long the fastidious *no* before the glass: flat, like the champaigne of yesterday's bottle, and unprofitable, like the business of a young lawyer at the Baltimore bar :—that in this sultry season, when nature and art, when love and hatred, pleasure and business, submit alike to the raging influence of the perpendicular beams, as he surveys his labours, neglected and unpaid, and reverts to the days of indolence when he could have gained an estate by snoring,* he is tempted to exclaim

Oh, master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary—

But dog-weary as thou art, luckless inditer ; though thou hast heard it said, that

Pensive poets, painful *Vigils* keep
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep—

yet thou must keep thy heavy eyelids from closing, trim thy glimmering taper, and read an epistle from the sprightly *Moranda* in support of the empire of fashion.

WATCHFUL SIR,

Most of you writers have leaped into the censor's throne without leave or licence ; where you were no sooner seated, than, with the impudence one might expect from such conduct, you have railed, with all the severity of satire and the indecency of invective, against our folly, frivolity, forwardness, fondness of dress, and so forth. You can't conceive what a latitude is assumed by the witlings of the day, from the encouragement of such pens as yours. Those well-dressed young gentlemen who will *lay awake whole nights in carving the fashion of a new doublet*, and who will criticise Cooke without knowing whether Shakespere wrote dramas or

* See Juvenal, Sat. I.

epic poems, these wiseacres, I say, plant themselves in the vicinity of our Court-house when the sun shines, where they amuse themselves with sneers against our sex. And in nothing are we so much the object of their ridicule as in our devotion to fashion, on whose shrine, according to these modern perapatetics, we sacrifice our time, our understanding, and our health.

What do these sapient gentlemen wish? Would they have a dress for females established by an act of the General Assembly, as Doctors of Medecine have been created in this state? “ Which dress aforesaid of the *aforegoing* figure, colour, materials, fashion, cut, make, &c. &c. all the good spinsters of Maryland shall wear on all highdays and holy-days, under pain, &c. &c.” Horrible idea!—What! tie us down to the dull routine of the same looks, the same bonnets, the same cloaks? take from us that charming diversity, that delightful variety, which blooms in endless succession from week to week, with the changes of the season—make us tedious to ourselves, and as unalterable and unattractive as an old family picture—or, what is equally out of the way and insipid, an old bachelor? Rob us of half our charms and deprive us of all subjects of thought and conversation! You men may talk of your dogs, your horses, your wine and your cockfights; but alas! if you take fashion from us, pray Mr. Vigil, inform me upon what topic shall we converse? Can you furnish us with any substitute for the delightful themes of of ribbons, laces, bonnets, shawls, new dresses—with all the various and interesting inquiries about the forms and fashions intended to be at Mrs. O’s party to-morrow night, or which agitated the bosoms of so many belles on the preceding evening, at Mrs. T’s? We should really mope ourselves into the melancholy of a young lawyer who looks and sighs in vain for a mistress or a client, or a gay girl who is shut up in the country, enjoying the poetical charms of turbid ponds, bellowing cattle, ragged negroes, roofless *quarters* and neighbourly visitations?

But some of you talk of the simplicity of nature ; of the gewgaw display of artificial charms ; of deforming nature's works by the cumbrous and fantastical embellishments of art, and so forth. Now, sir, if you will pin the argument to this point, I shall have you in my power. Pray is nature simple, barren, tedious, dull, uniform, and unadorned as you old bachelors would have us to be, so that we might resemble your comfortless selves ? Look at the trees : are they all of the same colour ? Are they not so infinitely diversified in their shades and figures, that, to an observing eye, no two are alike ? Observe the flowers of the garden : do they exhibit the same sombre or pale hue ? Do they present that dull simplicity which you recommend to us, whom your greatest philosophers allow to be the handsomest beings in creation ? Do you prefer the dull uniformity of a trench of upright celery to the variegated bed of tulips ? What would you say of a project to reform nature by robbing the rose of its blushing red, the lilly of its silver lustre, the tulip of its gorgeous streaks, the violet of its regal purple, and allowing the vale to be no longer embroidered with their various beauties ? or, of blotting from the clouds their golden streaks and dazzling silver, and banishing the gay rainbow from the heavens, because they are not of an uniform colour, but forever present more varieties and combinations of beauties than our imaginations can paint ? And shall not we, who, at least, pretend to have the use of reason, imitate nature ? Nature has given for *our* use the varied dyes of the mineral and the vegetable world, which enable us almost to vie with her own splendid gilding. Nature made us to be various, changeable, inconstant, many colour'd, whimsical, fickle and fond of show if you please, and we follow nature with the greatest fidelity, when, like her, we use her beauties to delight the eye, gratify the taste and employ the mind in the harmonious varieties of colour and figure to which fashion resorts, and to which we devote so much time and thought.

Attend to these hints, and if you properly digest them, I have no doubt so sensible a head as you possess must nod assent to my doctrine, that to study fashion and be in the fashion is the most delightful and harmless employment upon earth and the most conformable to our nature. But if you should be so perverse as to think erroneously on this subject, I advise you to keep your observations to yourself, or to have your head well *wigged* the next time you come among us.

Yours, as you demean yourself,

MORANDA.

“If you don’t believe this loaf of bread to be a shoulder of mutton,” says Peter in the Tale of a Tub, in one of those sarcasms against transubstantiation, which no man could convey with more archness than Dean Swift, “then d—n you and all your generation forever.” As my fair correspondent does not impose such rigorous terms upon me, I shall pull my wig very closely about my ears, though my hair for divers cogent reasons is not in very imminent danger, and venture to make a few observations upon the subject of her spirited epistle.

The Goddess Fortune is represented as blind: but she who presides over dressing tables and mirrors, at whose shrine thousands of the foppish and the fair, worship, with such sincere devotion, darts a beam as unerring as the lynx, and like a meridian sun, she dazzles and even blinds her admirers. How quickly does a cloak or a bonnet, which we should at first pronounce horribly ugly and unbecoming, change its qualities, if we are told that it is imported from the regions of Fashion. How immediately do we begin to hesitate: then to palliate defects: then to discover beauties! At last we exclaim, in raptures of admiration, how charming, how captivating! Surely it is the very thing, and we should never be able to exist without it! How truly may fashion be called

A host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;

But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner : welcome ever smiles,
And goes out sighing.

Potent as this empire must be admitted to be, every rational mind must lament, as a signal misfortune, the badness of her administration and the tardy pace of her laws. The city and the country never agree ; and whole tracts of land are separated from each other by the colours of fashion, as distinctly as the counties or territories of a painted map. As in travelling the delightful change from mountains, high and airy, and covered with promising buds, through the humble vales, where we are regaled with luscious fruits, and to more southern countries, where we mark the appearance of the many coloured Autumn—so in an excursion from the city to the country, the latter is clad in the green livery of Spring while the former dazzles the eye with all the gaudy tulips of Summer. The gunboat and torpedo bonnets glide through the aisles of the village church, in their full rage while they have been consigned to the ocean of oblivion by the city belle : the country shrugs itself in the warm pelisse or the close coat, while Mrs. L*tt*n has forgotten their very names and exhibits nothing but the Spanish cloak, of all colours, and of all shades of colours, and ornamented with ingenious decorations of diamonds, scallops, convexities and concavities, leaves, sprigs, and flowers.

Yet this irresistible Goddess can not only effect a revolution in the subordinate government of taste, but inspire the mind with the most powerful virtues. I have often looked with a mixture of admiration and pity, at a delicate form passing through our streets, shrinking under the thin covering of a Spanish cloak, against the cutting keenness of a rude northern blast. Every fold and every wrapper of this thin material, was economically employed to turn off the sharp wind that still pierced its interstices. I could not but admire a fortitude which enabled the wearer to defy the common feel-

ings of pain in the steadfast performance of her allegiance to the deity of her idolatry. Yet I sympathized sometimes in those feelings which must now and then make themselves be regarded and compel us to acknowledge the frailty of humanity!

My correspondent, however, pleads the cause of fashion with so much ingenuity and naïveté that I know not how to decide against her influence. Indeed, when I reflect upon the powerful arguments which are employed by Mesanda, I know not whether it would require more than a few moments of verbal persuasion from so acute a reasoner, to induce even me to burnish my pale cheeks, doff my slippers and array myself in all the paraphernalia of a beau. To

be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.

THE VIGIL.

NO. 8—THE PAINTERS.

Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think.

SHAKSPEARE.

Upon returning to my study, after my initiation into the confederacy of men of letters, who have resolved to offer a mental banquet to the lovers of polite literature in Baltimore, the nature of the pledge of co-operation which I had given, led me into a train of reflections on the many different writers who have successively adorned the English language by periodical papers. The ready finger of memory pointed to the illustrious names of Steele, Addison, Johnson and others, whose performances are the models of our infant and companions of our riper years. While I was pursuing this interesting contemplation, I insensibly found myself within a spacious

edifice divided into apartments, which seemed to be occupied by a multitude of inhabitants.

Upon entering the first apartment which presented itself, I discovered a person who was busily employed in painting. The productions of his fertile pencil were numerous and diversified.—He seemed to draw from nature only ; and, so far as I could form an opinion from his first essays, he began without the advantage of example or instruction. The style and colouring of his paintings were hurried and capricious, and in the disposition or grouping of his different objects there was an appearance of irregularity and confusion. But what he wanted in softness of colouring and delicacy of pencilising, seemed to be abundantly supplied by the originality of his conceptions and the fidelity of his strokes. The manners of the times, satire, politics, wars and gallantry were all mingled together in the composition of a single piece. I found that he gradually became more perfect, and his latter works were much more finished and unique. His appearance displayed a genius to invent and a capacity to execute without much preparation—But his works showed rudeness and haste, and I was of opinion that he would have succeeded much better had he lived after those who pursued the same track as himself.

Leaving this person, I passed into an adjoining apartment where I found another, engaged in a similar employment. I was informed, that the door between the two rooms always stood open, and that the friendly artists maintained an uninterrupted intercourse, consulting each other in their labours, and sometimes assisting in the same picture.

The room was light and airy : it was built in the Attic taste, and remarkable for the neatness and simplicity of its decorations. It was hung round with numerous specimens of the skill of the artist. In them were displayed many different subjects : but his chief object seemed to be to delineate the manners of the age in which he lived. There was a light gaiety in his manner, mingled with a decorum and chastness

which increased the pleasure of the beholder, the longer he viewed the picture. I was not at first surprised nor delighted, but the calm soberness of the shades insensibly stole over my mind, and I felt that the oftener I inspected them the more their infatuation increased. In short, they seemed to possess a magical charm which bids defiance to the powers of description or imitation, but which irresistibly riveted my attention, and wrapt me in a pleasing and tranquil admiration.

It was with difficulty that I tore myself from the contemplation of these enchanting pieces to survey the master. He was engaged in a small piece similar in size to many others which were hung round the room. His pencil moved with ease and rapidity, and it seemed that he did but copy from an abundance of distinct images with which his mind was stored. The first strokes of his pencil were so vivid and faithful to the design, that he seldom retouched his lights and shades, and when he did, I thought that his corrections were not improvements. What he gained in polish he lost in animation, and, if possible, the hues of the original draught were the richest and most captivating.

In his features I beheld the sober dignity of the philosopher mingled with the cheerful graces of the courtier. He appeared to be qualified to teach wisdom to princes; while the charms of his manner rendered the most solemn advice agreeable to the unlearned and the ignoble. Devoid of all affectation or reserve he made his pictures more pleasing by throwing into them many little tints of his own character and thoughts; and he had the peculiar art of making that egotism, which we condemn in others a source of new pleasure and fascination.

I left these enchanting scenes with regret, which was increased by a despair of finding others so delightful. Through a long corridor, which was directly opposite, I discovered another chamber, to which I immediately repaired.

This was, in every respect, different from that which I had just quitted. The ornaments of the room, though chisselled and polished in the most classical taste, exhibited a Gothic magnificence which inspired the mind with sensations of awe and reverence. The pictures partook of the same character. Their subject were gloomy, and the master seemed to have aimed at showing his power in depicting scenes of melancholy and darkness. They were, however, wrought with such inimitable force and correctness, that the most prying connoisseur could not detect a fault. I admired the lofty genius of the painter, and the vast extent, boldness and grandeur of his pencil, which left nothing, scarcely, untouched, and which ornamented whatever it did touch ; yet I could not avoid being overcome with a gloominess of mind, a sadness of soul, according with the views before me : and I felt myself disposed to sit down and weep over the miseries of humanity.

My attention, however, was withdrawn from this contemplation by the remarkable appearance of the authour, who was clothed in a suit of sable velvet. With a stern countenance he was taking from his gloomy pallet a shade of deep black for the picture before him. His face wore a tincture of grandeur, tinctured with melancholy : but it was overcast with a magisterial severity, which made me hesitate to approach him. In strongly marked lines I saw, written on his brow, wisdom, learning and sage counsels ; but accompanied with a forbidden mein, which repressed my curiosity and inspired repugnance and fear.

Ah ! I exclaimed, here are fit resorts for those who despont in spirit, and seek companions in melancholy—for the misanthrope who wants arguments to justify his hatred of mankind, and for those who are too happy, if any such exist, whose joy requires to be checked in its fleeting career. But virtue may certainly venture to wear a more attractive garb ; and I prefer courting her when her countenance is ir-

radiated by the smiles of cheerfulness, and decent pleasures attend her footsteps.

His room was filled with a train of sycophants, both male and female. Some of them were flattering his vanity, in strains of fulsome adulation, which he sometimes repressed with indignant contempt, and again received with eager attention. Others, again, were gratifying the curiosity of his visitors, by narrating the events of his life. As soon as he received any money for his pictures, I observed that it was instantly distributed among the blind and the needy, and that when this source was exhausted, he gave them sketches of designs, to exchange for food. His mind was enlarged and invigorated by long habits of contemplation and inquiry. His vigorous intellect and insatiable curiosity, had supplied him with an abundant store of knowledge, which he freely imparted to younger painters, who listened to him with that undivided attention which is due to the precepts of oracular wisdom—His conversation with these persons alternately displayed the brilliant scintillations of the witty, the habitual piety of the religious, the gloomy superstition of the weak, and the awful dread of death of the wicked. His studies, I understood, were desultory and irregular, and, from the rapidity with which his hand passed over the canvas, it was evident he could ramble with ease from images the most near and familiar, to the display of objects the most remote and profound. Owing to his habits of close attention his eyesight was imperfect, but his hand was so accurate that he scarcely ever retouched his pictures.

Quitting a scene which agitated my mind with emotions the most various and conflicting, I passed through many other rooms, which were filled with inferior artists, who were sedulously employed in the same manner as those whom I have described. But the impressions which their labours made upon my mind, were too feeble and indistinct to enable me to recollect their peculiar characters. Their works, in

general, were but imitations of the great men whose rooms I had visited, and the fates of them were very various. Some of them, occasionally approached the originality & ease of the first artist whom I have described, the magical neatness and perspicuity of the second, and the energy and correctness of the third ; and their colours possessed a durability, which seemed to promise an equal immortality to their ambition. The pictures of others were brilliant and glowing at first, but they faded after a time, and at length vanished so entirely, that no trace of the outline remained upon the canvass.

Fired with the example of the great artists before me, and enraptured by the prospect of the perennial fame which they had acquired, I exclaimed, with enthusiastick fervour,

AND I ALSO WILL BE A PAINTER !

Instantly seizing a pallet and brush, I proceeded to fill up a vacant canvass which stood before me. I completed the picture, and was attentively waiting to see the effects of Time upon my colours—when the rays of the morning sun darted through my curtains, and speedily dissipated the illusions of slumber.

EVENING RECREATIONS,

BY A DESULTORY READER.

No. III.

The imagination of a German writer thus elegantly delineates those spirits which surround us in creation, and though invisible to our gross senses, were, by a touch from an angelic hand, once made visible to the first of men. It will bear a comparison with any of the descriptions of those feiry beings which are familiar to us in the fine fancies of Milton and Shakespere, and which captivate us in our manhood not less than infancy with an irresistible charm.

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P

Words are too weak to describe the beauty of this glorious scene ; we saw innumerable heavenly youths dispersed through the champaign, more beautiful than Eve, as she proceeded new created from the Eternal's hand, and with tender voice woke me to her embrace. Some bade the mists rise out of the earth and bore them aloft upon their waving wings, that gentle dew and refreshing rains might descend upon the earth. At a distance were others reposing by babbling rivulets, careful that their fountain might not fail, nor the herbage be robbed of its moist nourishment. Many were scattered over the plain, and watched the growing of the fruits, or painted the flowers as they bloomed with colours of fire, or of evening red, or with the azure of the heaven, and breathed upon them that they dispersed sweet perfumes. Many hovered variously employed, through the groves. From their glittering wings proceeded gentle winds which whispered through the shades or gently bending over flowers, cooled themselves upon the winding rivulets or crisped banks. Some rested from labour and sat in choirs dispersed in the shades, and sung upon their golden harps to the praise of the highest, songs inaudible to mortal ears. Many wandered on the mountains, or sat in the domestic recesses of our arbours, and looked often upon us with a countenance of heavenly friendship : but our eyes were suddenly darkened again, and the ravishing scene vanished.

WINDHAM.

The mighty minds of Burke, and Fox, and Pitt, and Nelson, have been withdrawn in our own times, from the degraded scene of our affairs ; and almost the last star in that great constellation set at the death of Mr. Windham ;—a death which has deprived his country of its most perfect model of a gentleman, and left friends and enemies to deplore that generous and romantick gallantry of feeling, which gave a certain chivalrous elevation to all his views and actions ;

those beautiful accomplishments which embellished the whole society in which he lived—that fine and graceful wit, which fascinated those who were most adverse to his principles, and bound with a spell the very men who were most aware of its seductions ;—that high tempered honour and unsullied purity which were never questioned even by the calumniating zealots of reform, and emerged unspotted even from their monstrous alliance with the creatures of corruption.—*Edin. Review,*

COMFORTS OF THE SICK.

In reading the letters of Pliny, lately, I was struck with the justness of the following observations and I copy them for the consolation of the valetudinarian. They are translated from a letter to his friend Maximus.

The late indisposition of one of my friends taught me to believe, that we are always best when we are sick. In sickness we see none troubled with the demon either of lust or avarice. The sick man is no slave to love or ambition ; he despises honours, and neglects riches, and is contented even with his little which he is about to leave. In that hour he remembers that there are Gods, and finds himself to be a man. He envies no man, he admires no man, nor does he listen to obloquy either with attention or pleasure. He only sends his imagination after baths and fountains ; all his care, all his wishes are, if he is restored to health, to lead an easy, innocent and harmless life. I can therefore, in a very short compass, give you and myself an admonition, which some philosophers have spun out into many volumes ; I mean, that we should strive, while we are well, to lead such a life as we could wish when we shall be sick.

SALMASIUS.

Salmasius, not contented with attacking Milton's arguments in defence of the execution of Charles I. attacked the Latinity of his verses. He begins his *Apology for Charles* in this singular manner :

“ Oh ye English, who toss about the heads of kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play at bowls with crowns, and treat sceptres with no more regard than toys !”—

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

Europe is indebted to **Leontius Pylatus**, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer ; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for **Boccace**, who assisted him in his translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the **Decameron** has given the following portrait :

His look was frightful ; his countenance hideous : he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society ; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals ; but, to make amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that “ a prophet hath no honour in his own country,” he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the labyrinth of Crete.

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of **Boccace** and of **Petrarch** to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece ; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to **Petrarch**, longer and more filthy than his hair and beard, as that author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel for Venice. The ship arrived safely in the Adriatic, when suddenly a storm arose. While all on board were in motion to do what was necessary

for the vessel in this predicament, the Greek clung to a mast, which was struck with a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury. The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half-burnt was thrown into the sea ; and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says, among other things, " This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

CHARACTER OF THE USURPER, RICHARD III.

BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

" Richard was little of stature, crooke-backed, hard-favoured of visage, and such as in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious. None evil captaine was he in the warre, as to which his disposicion was more metely than for peace : sundrye victories hadde he, and sometimes overthrows but never in default, as for his own parsonne, either of hardinesse or polytike order. Free he was called of dyspence and somewhat above his power liberal— With large giftes he gat him unstedfaste frendeschippe ; for which he was fain to pil or spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. He was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly confinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill, dispicious and cruel, not for evil alway, but after for ambition, and either for the securitie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foe was much what indifferent.— Where his advantage grew, he spared no man's life whose death withstood his purpose."

CHARACTERS OF THE POETS AND ACTORS IN THE REIGN OF
KING CHARLES II.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine, 746, Vol. XV.]

"Though misfortunes joined with my own choice have greatly abated the taste, which I once had for poetry, (alas! 'tis now full sixty years since I bade adieu to the Muses), yet let me profess (vanity may be a little pardonable in what Will Davenant calls talkative old age) that the wits and poets usually esteemed me a notable young fellow. I am now in my 87th year, and though my memory fails as to things of yesterday, yet I remember the bards and theatres of Charles the Second's reign, (even the comedy you allude to,* at its first appearance,) as well as you can recollect any thing concerning the present poets or theatres.

"I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat hearts with him and Madam Reeve† at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig. Posterity is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; though forced to be a satyrist, he was the mildest creature breathing, and the readiest to help the young and deserving; though his comedies are horribly full of double entendres, yet it was owing to a false complaisance for a dissolute age. He was in company the modestest man that ever conversed.

"Master Elkanah Settle, the city poet, I knew, with his short-cut band, a sattin cap. He ran away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year 1674. His person was of middle size, about five feet seven inches in height, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful speaking eye and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking.

* Marriage A La Mode, by Dryden.

† Dryden's mistress: she died a religious

and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with lord Pl—th, and then starving a week in low company at an ale house on Tower-hill.

“ Poor Nat. Lee (I cannot think of him without shedding tears) had great merit. In the poetic sense, he had, at intervals, inspiration itself: but lived an outrageous boistrous life like his brethren. He was a well looking man, and had a very becoming head of hair. A picture of him I never saw. He was so esteemed and beloved that, before his misfortune, we always called him honest Nat.*

“ Shadwell in conversation was a brute. Many a cup of metheglin have I drank with little starched Jonny Crown; we called him so from the stiff unalterable firmness of his long cravat.

“ But this, my friend, is all the pure digression of old age. I will now speak to that part of your verses† which relates to the first acting of *Marriage A La Mode*, on account of which you committed them to my inspection, desiring some account of the then existing theatre. This comedy, acted by his Majesty’s servants at the Theatre Royal, made its first appearance with extraordinary lustre. Divesting myself of the old man I solemnly declare that you have seen no such acting, no not in any degree since. The players were then, 1673, on a court establishment, seventeen men and eight women. But I am out of my province on this head. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cibber will give us a history of the stage from Shakspere’s time, or at least from the restoration till the period where his own begins, 1690. If he should die without composing such a work, the loss to the *Belles Lettres* would be irreparable.

* “ I have heared that Dorset, Sedley, and others of those idle wits would write whole scenes for him.”

OLDYS.

† Verses to Mrs. Sybilla, on her acting the Goddess of Dullness, and persuading her to attempt Melantha in Dryden’s *Marriage A La Mode*, which preceded this memoir.

"Old Bowman, I think, is no more, to the infinite regret of the curious and ingenuous in this particular; others will drop off daily, except Mr. Cibber takes down what they remember, and delivers it to posterity. That admirable and worthy person, Mrs. Bracegirdle, must recollect many circumstances, which it is greatly hoped she will commit to paper. Ten years hence any history of the stage in the above mentioned manner will be impracticable: forty years ago nothing might have been performed more easily."

"As Mr. Cibber is the only person furnished with materials for this delightful and ingenious work, so he is alone the proper person for stage criticisms and observations. (Some things might be intermixed concerning the famous stage poets of Charles II. time, of whom at present we hardly know a syllable.) In short Mr. Cibber's book has given the publick exceedingly great pleasure. His characters of the men, Betterton, Montford, Kynaston, Sandford, Nokes, Underhill, Leigh:—and of the women, Mrs. Betterton, Barry, Leigh, Butler, Montford and Bracegirdle, are as animated, as strongly marked and as precisely individuated, as can be conceived. How the playhouse stood from the restoration till the year 1670, I cannot say. The king's theatre had a manifest advantage over the duke's along, till the union 1684.

"The players probably may have by them written parts with the actors name affixed, from the year '60 to '70, which will greatly inform us of the state of the stage at its most curious period: the printed plays afford us little or no light. Be that as it will, the stage in the year '79 arrived to the zenith of its glory. From that time to the union of the two companies, I have found as accurate a list of actors and actresses, as came within my narrow compass of knowledge.

W. G.*

* This letter has been attributed to Southerne: but Malone does not think he is the writer of it. See Life of Dryden, p. 468.

LORD BYRON'S POEMS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS :—A Series of Poems, Original and Translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8 vo. pp. 200—1807.*

The poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water.—As an extenuation of this offence, the noble authour is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume ; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority, we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant ; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry ; and if judgment were given against him ; it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry*, the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority* ; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth, is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than

* This young gentleman is the author of a very noisy and a very empty Satire called “ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” written by way of retaliation against this Criticism which we have extracted from the Edinburgh Review.

to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, " See how a minor can write ! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen ! "— But, alas, we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve ; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences ; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England ; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege, our author rather brings forward in order to wave it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes ; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only, that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet : nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem ; and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of some writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in

verses like the following, written in 1806, and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

“Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory, and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
‘Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown:
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.” p. 3.

Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons, as he must have had occasion to see at his writing master's, are odious.—Gray's Ode on Eton College, should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas “on a distant view of the village and school of Harrow.”

“Where fancy, yet, joys to retrace the resemblance,
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is deny'd—p. 4.

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rodgers, “*On a Tear*,” might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following.

“Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

“The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.”—p. 11.

And so of instances in which former poets had failed.— Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

“ Ah ! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight ?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.”—p. 72.

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn ? And why call the thing, in page 79, a translation, where *two* words (*θέλω λόγον*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing, in page 81, where *μεμονότης μετ' οἶνος*, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses ? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticizing some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a “ Song of Bards,” is by his Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. “ What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests ? His voice rolls on the thunder ; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Otihana. He was,” &c. After detaining this “ brown chief,” some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to “ raise his fair locks ;” then to “ spread them on the arch of the rainbow ;” and “ to smile through the tears of the storm.” Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages ; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson ; and

we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen), of being "an infant bard."—"The artless Helicon I boast is youth;")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited on the family seat of the Byron's, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it;" but really, "the particular request of some friends," &c. &c. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal too about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin-y-gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that *pibroch* is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas:

" There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

" Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin, doom'd to wrangle.

" Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the lettered sage,
The square of the hypotenuse.

" Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compar'd with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.—p. 123, 124, 126.

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas.

“ Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
Even as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

“ If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard those blockheads sing before him,
To us, his psalms had ne'er descended ;
In furious mood, he would have tore 'em.”—p. 126, 127.

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content ; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus ; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets ; and “ though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highland's of Scotland,” he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication ; and whether it succeeds or not, “ it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter,” that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice ? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but “ has the sway” of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful ; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

There is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*. The reason is that people can commend it without *envy*.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

Every good poet includes a critic.—The reverse will not hold.

MINERALOGY.

PERKIOMEN MINES.

The mines upon the Perkiomen creek, in the county of Montgomery, Pennsylvania, about 22 miles from Philadelphia, attracted considerable attention a few years since, when they first became generally known. Since that period but little has been published relative to them, although they have been explored to a considerable extent, and have not only presented a variety of specimens extremely interesting to mineralogists, but have fully justified the expectation then entertained of their importance and utility. Though the ores have not been smelted, owing to a want of capital, and the timidity natural to such undertakings in this country, which has so little experience in the metals here discovered—yet they are applied to various manufacturing uses, and will, it is probable, before long be found to be an object worth pursuing for the purpose of procuring the pure metals.

For the gratification of those who are curious in the interesting science of mineralogy, we have procured an account of the exploring these mines, and of the various ores found there, which afford an important addition to the cabinet of American minerals.

The first mining attempt commenced about five years ago, upon the land of Mr. John Pauling and Mr. James Dill, by a company of labouring men, whose labours for want of knowledge in mining, though they developed the treasures of the earth, were productive of very little benefit to themselves. They began on high ground upon a hill, where they first discovered a vein of lead ore, about four inches in width, taking a N. E. and S. W. course, or nearly so. They afterwards made a level or drift, beginning at a run near the bottom of the hill, as far as the line of the shaft; where they found an extensive vein of zinc ore, containing sulphuret, carbonate

and oxid of zinc, with a considerable quantity of galena ; the matrix being quartz, amorphous and crystalized, and sulphate of Barytes. There is no doubt from an inspection of the place, that lead or copper may exist in abundance, at probably an inconsiderable depth below the present work. The course of lead, however, upon the high ground should have been followed, and would not only have more than paid their expenses, but would probably have led to the most favorable part of the vein. This has not been done. About thirty tons of the ores before described were taken out ; the greater part of which lies near the mouth of the drift, and appears to contain a sufficiency of lead ore to pay for smelting.

The next attempt began upon land purchased by Mr. De Costa, not far from the mouth of Perkiomen creek, and nearly half a mile south westerly from the former, and was conducted in a scientific manner. The course of the vein is nearly in the same direction as the former, and is evidently the same vein. It has been traced in the S. W. direction for two or three miles. To explore this vein a shaft has been sunk on the vein to the depth of eighty feet. In sinking this, they passed through a course of lead, about fifteen feet below the surface, from four to five feet in depth and sixteen inches wide, which course however was not followed. No other appearance was observed till the shaft was sunk seventy-five feet. A level has been driven, commencing at the creek, at nearly right angles with the vein first mentioned. At the depth of eighty feet from the surface the vein has been followed on each side to the distance of nearly forty feet. Lead ore was found on both sides for about half the distance. The south end is very poor ; but on the north side they are now working out good sulphuret of copper containing some iron. The shaft having been sunk about fifteen feet below the drift, three or four excellent courses of lead crossed it in that depth, and at the bottom is a course of malachite or carbonate of copper. The above is evidently a regular vein, and the work done has

been performed in a proper manner. The metallic products are sulphuret of lead, of which about fifteen tons has been taken out—carbonate and phosphate of lead—sulphuret and carbonate of copper—iron froth—and a small quantity of zinc. The matrix is composed of Quartz, Barytes and Mundic.

About one mile from the last, in a north east direction, and taking nearly the same course with the two former, a third research has been made by Mr. Partridge, who owns the land. Five pits were sunk on the vein, within a distance of two hundred yards. All of these afforded sulphuret of copper, excepting one on the south west which produces malachite. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of twenty-eight feet, about twenty feet to the south of the vein. On driving —— at that depth, the vein was found to be five feet in diameter, more compact than any other yet opened, and containing a course of yellow copper ore about twelve inches in thickness. The metallic productions of these last explorations, are—Sulphuret of copper, malachite, grey copper, sulphuret, carbonate, and phosphate of lead; and an exceedingly beautiful and very rare mineral found by Mr. Partridge, the molybdate of lead. The matrix is composed of quartz, barytes, (sulphate and decomposed) with large masses of copper mundic.

It is the opinion of an intelligent gentleman who is critically acquainted with the mines and the adjacent country, that Perkiomen, with other places between it and Philadelphia, if properly worked, would afford sufficient copper to supply the United States.

List of Minerals found at Perkiomen.

OF COPPER.

Compact copper glance.

Variegated copper ore,

Copper pyrites.

Earthy copper azure.

Fibrous malachite.

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R r

OF LEAD.

Galena, or common lead glance.

White lead ore, disseminated and crystalized in four sided tables, bevelled on the terminal planes.

Green lead ore, or phosphated lead, botryoidal, massive and crystalized in six sided prisms.

Yellow lead ore, or molybdated lead, crystalized in rectangular four sided tables, bevelled on the terminal planes.

ZINC.

Sulphuret of zinc.

Carbonate of zinc, }
Oxide of do. } or calamine.

AND

Sulphurated barytes, compact, crystalized and decomposed.

Quartz, massive and crystalized.

Anthracite.

ANTIQUARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ART. III.

[The wonderful mysteries of Masonry being very much the subject of conversation in this city, we have searched very sedulously for some evidence of the principles or the practice of a body of men who arrogate so much to themselves. But, as is observed in the following pamphlet, they are their own heralds. Nothing of the sort is to be found, from which any conjecture can be hazarded as to the real nature of this combination: but we have stumbled upon the following letter, which appears to be worthy of preservation in this department of our miscellany. The term "*faculty of abrac*," which appeared inexplicable to Mr. Locke, probably is an allusion to

the magical incantations of Samonicus (*abracadabra*): and however the reader may smile at the faith of the mason, of those days, we assure him that he may listen to absurdities not less extravagant in the present times.

This curious document is copied from a small pamphlet of 12 pages 8vo. printed at Frankfort, in Germany, in 1748, entitled,* a letter of the famous Mr. John Locke, relating to **FREE-MASONRY**; found in the desk or scrutoir of a deceased member.]

—
A letter from the learned Mr. John Locke, to the Right Hon.

**** Earl of *** *, with an old manuscript on the subject of Free-Masonry. May 6, 1696.*

My LORD,

I have at length, by the help of Mr. C——ns, procured a copy of that MS. in the Bodleian Library, which you were so curious to see: and in obedience to your Lordship's commands, I herewith send it to you. Most of the notes annexed to it, are what I made yesterday for the reading of my lady MASHAM, who is become so fond of masonry, as to say, that she now more than ever wishes herself a man, that she might be capable of admission into the Fraternity.

The MS. of which this is a copy, appears to be about 160 years old; yet (as your lordship will observe by the title) it is itself a copy of one yet more ancient by about 100 years: for the original is said to have been the hand-writing of K. H. VI. Where that prince had it is at present an uncertainty: but it seems to me to be an examination (taken perhaps before the king) of some one of the Brotherhood of **MASONS**; among whom he entered himself, as 'tis said, when he came out of his minority, and thenceforth put a stop to a persecution that had been raised against them: But I must not detain your lordship longer by my prefaces from the thing itself.

* We cannot give the original title; having no German types.

**Certayne Questyons, wþth Awntsweres to the
same. concernynge the
Mystery of Maconrye ;**

Mysterye by the Name of Kyng Henrie the Eights of the Name, and
faithfullye copied by me (1) Iohn Leylande Antiquarius, by the
comande of His (2) Highnesse.

They be as followeth :

Quest. What mote ytt be ? (3)

Answ. Ytt beethe the Skylle of Nature, the understandynge of the myghte that is hereynne, and its sondrye Werckynges ; sonderlyche, the Skylle of Rectenyngs, of Waightes, and Metynges, and the true manere of Faconnynge, and all other thynges for Mannes Use, headlyc, Dwellynges, and Buyldynge of alle Bindes, and al other thynges that make Gudde or Manne.

Quest. Where ytt begyne ?

Answ. Ytt did beginne with the (4) fyrste menne yn the Este, whych were before the (5) ffyrste manne of the Weste, and comynge Westlye, ytt hathe broughte herwyth alle Comforthes to the wylde and Comfortlesse.

(1) *John Leylande* was appointed by King *Henry the eighth*, at the dissolution of Monasteries, to search for, and save such books and records as were valuable among them. He was a man of great labour, and industry.

(2) *His Highness*, meaning the said king *Henry the eighth*. Our kings had not then the title of majesty.

(3) *What mote yt be ?* that is, what may this Mystery of Maconrye be ?—The answer imports, that it consists in natural, mathematical, and mechanical knowledge. Some part of which (as appears by what follows) the masons pretend to have taught the rest of mankind, and some part they still conceal.

(4) (5) *Fyrste menne yn the Este, &c.* It should seem by this that Masons believe there were men in the *East* before Adam, who is called the *ffyrste Manne of the Weste* ; and that arts and sciences began in the *East*. Some authors of great note for learning have been of the same opinion ; and it is certain, that Europe and Africa (which in respect to Asia may be called western countries) were wild and savage, long after arts and politeness of manners were in great perfection in China and the Indies.

Quest. Who dyd brynge ytt Westlye ?

Answ. The (6) Venetians whoo beynge Grate Marchaundes, comed ffyrste ffromme the Este ynn Venetia, ffor the commodyte of Marchaundysyng beithe Este and Weste, bey the redde and Wyddelonde Sees. —

Quest. Howe comeðe ytt yn Engelonde ?

Answ. Peter Gower (7) a Grecian, journeyedde for kunnynge yn Egypte, and yn Syria, and everyche Londe whereas the Venetians hadde plauntedde Maconrye, and Wynnyng Entraunce yn al Lodges of Maconnes, he lerned muche, and retournedde, and woned yn Grecia Magna (8) wachsynge, and becommynge myghtye (9) Wyseacre,

(6) *The Venetians, &c.* In the times of Monkish ignorance 'tis no wonder that the Phenicians should be mistaken for the Venetians. Or perhaps, if the people were not taken one for the other, similitude of sound might deceive the clerk who first took down the examination. The Phenicians were the greatest voyagers among the ancients, and were in Europe thought to be the inventors of letters, which perhaps they brought from the East with other arts.

(7) *Peter Gower.* This must be another mistake of the writer. I was puzzled at first to guess who Peter Gower should be, the name being perfectly English; or how a Greek should come by such a name: but as soon as I thought of Pythagoras, I could scarce forbear smiling, to find that Philosopher had undergone a Metempsycosis he never dreamt of. We need only consider the French pronunciation of his name Pythagore, that is, Petagore, to conceive how easily such a mistake might be made by an unlearned clerk. That Pythagoras travelled for knowledge into Egypt, &c. is known to all the learned, and that he was initiated into several different orders of Priests, who in those days kept all their learning secret from the vulgar, is as well known. Pythagoras also made every geometrical theorem a secret, and admitted only such to the knowledge of them, as had first undergone a five years silence. He is supposed to be the inventor of the XLVII. of the first book of Euclid, for which, in the joy of heart, 'tis said he sacrificed a Hecatomb. He also knew the true system of the world lately reviv'd by Copernicus; and was certainly a most wonderful man. See his life by Dion. Hal.

(8) *Grecia Magna.* A part of Italy formerly so called, in which the Greeks had settled a large colony.

(9) *Wyseacre.* This word at present signifies simpleton, but formerly had a quite contrary meaning. Weisager in the old

and gratelyche renowned, and her he framed a grata Lodge at Groten (10) and maked manye Maconnes, wherfromme, in Processe Tyme, the Arte passed yn Engelonde.

Quest. Dothe Maconnes, descouer here Artes unto Oders?

Answ. Peter Gower whenne he journeyedde to lernne, was ffyrste (11) made, and anonne techedde; evenne soe shulde all others be yn recht. Nathelss (12) Maconnes hauethe always yn everyche Tyme from Tyme to Tyme communycatedde to Mannkynde soche of her Secrettes as generallyche myghte be usefull; they haueth keped backe soche allein as shulde be harafulle yff they commed yn euylle Hanndes, oder soche as ne myghte be holpynge wythouten the Techynges to be joynedde herwythe in the Lodge, oder soche as do bynde the Freres more strongelyche togeder, bey the Proffytte, and commoditye comynge to the Confrerie herfromme.

Quest. Whatte Artes haueth the Maconnes techedde Mankynde?

Answ. The Artes (13) Agricultura, Architectura, Astro-

Saxon, is philosopher, wiseman, or wizard; and having been frequently used ironically, at length came to have a direct meaning in the ironical sense. Thus Duns Scotus, a man famed for the subtlety and acuteness of his understanding, has by the same method of irony, given a general name to modern dunces.

(10) *Groton.* Groton is the name of a place in England. The place here meant is Crotona, a city of Grecia Magna, which in the time of Pythagoras was very populous.

(11) *Fyrste made.* The word made I suppose has a particular meaning among the masons, perhaps it signifies initiated.

(12) *Maconnes haueth communycatde, &c.* This paragraph hath something remarkable in it. It contains a justification of the secrecy so much boasted of by Masons, and so much blamed by others; asserting that they have in all ages discovered such things as might be useful, and that they conceal suchonly as would be hurtful to the world or themselves. What these secrets are we see afterwards.

(13) *The arts.* Agriculture, &c. It seems a bold pretence this, of the Masons, that they have taught mankind all these arts. They have their own authority for it; and I know not how we shall disprove them. But what appears most odd is, that they reckon religion among the arts.

nomia, Geometria, Numeres, Musica, Poesie, Kymistrye, Governmente, and Relygyonne.

Quest. Howe commethe Maconnes more teachers than odher Menne?

Answ. They hemselfe haueth allein the (14) Arte of fyn-dynge neue Artes, whyche Art the fyrste Maconnes receaued from Godde ; by the whyche they syndethe whatte Artes hem pleseth, and the treu Way of techynge the same. Whatt odher Manne dothe ffynde out, ys onelyche by chaunce, and herfore bat lytel I tro.

Quest. Whatt dothe the Maconnes concele, and hyde?

Answ. They concelethe the Arte of ffyndyng neue Artes, and thatys for her owne Proffyte, and (15) Preise ; they concelethe the arte of kepynge (16) Secrettes, thatt soe the Worlde mayethe. nothinge concele from them. Thay concelethe the arte of Wunderwerckynge, and of fore sayinge thynges to comme, thatt so thay same artes may not be usedde of the wyckedde to an euyll Ende ; thay also conceethe the

(14) *Arte of ffyndyng neue Artes.* The art of inventing arts, must certainly be a most useful art. My Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, is an attempt towards somewhat of the same kind. But I much doubt, that if ever the Masons had it, they have now lost it ; since so few new arts have been lately invented, and so many are wanted. The idea I have of such an art is, that it must be something proper to be applied in all the sciences generally, as algebra is in numbers, by the help of which new rules of arithmetic are and may be found.

(15) *Preise.* It seems the Masons have a great regard to the reputation as well as the profit of their order ; since they make it one reason for not divulging an act in commmen, that it may do honour to the possessors of it. I think in this particular they show too much regard for their own society, and too little for the rest of mankind.

(16) *Arte of kepynge secrettes.* What kind of an art this is I can by no means imagine. But certainly such an art the Masons must have : for though, as some people suppose, they should have no secret at all ; even that must be a secret which, being discovered, would expose them to the highest ridicule : and therefore it requires the utmost caution to conceal it.

(17) the Arte of chaunges, the Wey of Wynnynge, the Facul-tye (18) of Abrac, the Skylle of becommynge gude and par-fyghte wythouten the Holpynges of Fere, and Hope ; and the Universelle (19) Longage of Maconnes.

Quest. Wylle he teche me thay same Artes ?

Answ. Ye shalle be tecchedde yff ye be werthye, and able to lerne.

Quest. Dothe alle Macynnes kunne more then odher Menne ?

Answ. Not so. Thay onlyche haueth recht, and Occa-syonne more than odher Meenue to kunne, but many doth fale

(17) *Arte of Chaunges.* I know not what this means, unless it be the transmutation of metals.

(18) *Facul-tye of Abrac.* Here I am utterly in the dark.

(19) *Universelle Longage of Maconnes.* An universal lan-guage has been much desired by the learned of many ages. 'Tis a thing rather to be wished than hoped for. But it seems the Masons pretend to have such a thing among them. If it be true, I guess it must be something like the language of the Pantomimes among the ancient Romans, who are said to be able, by signs only, to express and deliver any oration intelligibly to men of all nations, and languages. A man who has all these arts and advantages, is certainly in a condition to be envied ; but we are told that this is not the case with all Masons ; for though these arts are among them, and all have a right and an opportunity to know them, yet some want capacity, and others industry to ac-quire them. However of all their arts and secrets, that which I most desire to know is, *The Skylle of becommynge gude and per-fyghte*, and I wish it were communicated to all mankind, since there is nothing more true than the beautiful sentence contained in the last answer, "that the better men are, the more they love one another." Virtue having in itself something so amiable as to charm the hearts of all that behold it.

I know not what effect the sight of this old paper may have upon your Lordship ; but for my own part I cannot deny, that it has so much raised my curiosity, as to induce me to enter myself into the fraternity ; which I am determined to do (if I may be admitted) the next time I go to London, (and that will be shortly.)

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble servant,

JOHN LOCKE.

yn Capacity, and manye more doth want industrie, thatt ys
Pernecessarye for the gaynyng all Kunnyng.

Quest. Are Maconnes gudder menne than othres?

Answ. Some Maconnes are nott so Vertuous as some other
Menne; but in the moste parte, thay be more gude then
thay woulde be yf thay war not Maconnes.

Quest. Doth Maconnes love eidther odher myghtylye as
beethe sayde?

Answ. Yea verylyche, and yt map not odherwyse be: For
gude Menne, and true, kennynge eidher odher to be soche,
doeth always love the more as thay be more Gude.

Here endethe the Questyonnes, and Answeres.

—
—
—
A Glossary to explain difficult words in the foregoing.

Allein *only*, alweys *alwas*, beithe *both*, commodyte *conve-*
nienty, confrerie *fraternity*, faconnyng *forming*, fore sayinge
prophecyng, freres *brethren*, headlye *chifly*, hem plesethe *they*
please, hemselfe *themselves*, her *there* *their*, hereynne *therein*,
herwyth *with it*, holpyng *beneficial*, kunne *know*, kunnyng *knowledge*, make gudde *are beneficial*, metynges *measures*, mote
may, Myddelonde *Mediterranean*, myghte *power*, occasyonne *op-*
portunity, oder *or*, onelyche *only*, pernecessarie *absolutely ne-*
cessary, preise *honour*, recht *right*, reckenyngs *numbers*, son-
derlyche *particularly*, skylle *knowledge*, wacksynge *growing*,
werck *operation*, wey *way*, whereas *where*, woned *dwellt*, wunder-
werkyng *working miracles*, wylde *savage*, wynnyng *gaining*,
ynn *into*.

POETRY.

[We exhibit the following picture of one of the worthiest of our friends, with great pleasure. The fidelity of the likeness must be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the original.]

EPITAPH

ON A LIVING CHARACTER—IN THE MANNER OF GOLDSMITH.

Here lies our queer friend with a grave solemn phiz,
 Who looks like a Judge when most ready to quiz. ▲
 Whose verses in Epigram so keenly hit,
 That none could help laughing, though cursing his wit.
 'Tis true in heroics he oft took delight,
 And Homer-like sung of a terrible fight;
 But deuce take his fancy so low it descended,
 That the Muse with the subject was justly offended.
 Too heavy to reach the sublime—all his pathos,
 Was employed in low rhyme 'till he sunk to the *bathos*.
 Yet strange tho' it seem, he possessed the rare art
 Of gaining by some means, a place in each heart :
 With men of all parties he stood high in favour,
 To Demo's and Fed's he seemed equally clever.
 With all arts and all artists acquaintance he made,
 Manufactures, Law, Politics, Science and Trade,
 With Merchant, Mechanic, Musician and Bard,
 He would bargain, sing, rhyme, as by either preferr'd.
 Tho' so unskill'd in Music no tune he could turn,
 In all parties he'd sing without any concern.
 While industriously anxious for wealth, he ne'er spent it,
 But carelessly gave it, or foolishly lent it.
 A fellow so curious sure ne'er lived before,
 Both the grave and the gay his sad loss will deplore.
 Adieu then friend ———, tho' thy faults were not few,
 Yet chiefly from careless good-nature they grew.
 To delight and be social with ev'ry degree,
 Requir'd versatility even in thee;

True friendship can never exist with a throng,
 Nor at once to such crouds of all classes belong.
 And so many appear'd in thy friendship to share,
 That for me, I much fear, thou hadst little to spare.

BALTIMORE.

—
 LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS ————— BY HER MOTHER, WHILE
 ABSENT WITH A DISTANT FRIEND.

Once more I'll touch the long neglected lyre,
 And from her sleep awake my dormant Muse ;
 Maternal love my humble lay inspire,
 And thou, Eliza, fondly shalt peruse.

Though well I know a mother's fondest care,
 And father's guardian eye are well supply'd ;
 Though distant far, I wish thy joys to share,
 To check thy errors and thy virtues guide.

Just stepping now on life's precarious stage,
 With youth and health to deck the flow'ry way,
 Let fair discretion grace thy early age,
 While Hope's bright finger points to prospects gay.

When from the East the bright Aurora glows,
 And leads the humid hours of New-born day,
 May health and duty call thee from repose,
 To join creation in the joyful lay.

Nor let thy hours pass unimproved along,
 But gain instruction in each passing scene :
 Join not too oft the gay unthinking throng,
 Who seek false joys in fashion's airy train.

Be thine the joy, the satisfaction thine,
 Which flows from innocence and spotless truth ;
 Like chrystal dews which on the rose-bud shine,
 And add fresh lustre to the bloom of youth.

When sage Experience tells the tale,
 Of disappointment sad in life's rough way ;
 Let resignation o'er thy mind prevail,
 For all may feel misfortune's rigid sway.

Where fortune smiles, look not with envious eye,
 But when affliction lowers the towering crest,
 Where late ambition wav'd her banners high,
 Check not the sigh which rises in thy breast.

With meek respect address the aged form,
 Where Nature fails a modest aid bestow ;
 Let affectation have thy utmost scorn,
 To every native female charm a foe.

But know, my child, within thy youthful breast,
 There dwells a teacher, an unerring guide,
 Whose mild reproofs if not too oft repress'd,
 Will steer thee safe o'er life's tumultuous tide.

ELVIRA.

Banks of the Susquehanna, April 20.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

Gaze not, my friend, on Celia's eye
 Where thousand loves in ambush wait,
 Now, while thou canst the danger fly,
 Nor dare like me to tempt thy fate.
 Those charms I view'd in luckless hour,
 Awe struck as Persians of the sun ;
 My bosom own'd their instant pow'r,
 I did but look, and was undone
 So through the air with winged force,
 And deadly aim, the bullet flies ;
 Although unseen its trackless course,
 The warrior feels it, and he dies.

(C)

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ERRATA.

Page 42, line 18, for "imbrued," read imbued.

54,	10,	"shore"	throe.
301,	13,	"beau. To"	beau—to

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

WILD OATS,

OR

THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN,

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

1791.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Thunder	Lamp	Twitch
Rover	Ephraim Smooth	Landlord
Harry	Sim	
Banks	Zacharia	Lady Amaranth
John Dory	Midge	Amelia
Farmer Gammon	Trap	Jane

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A parlour in Lady Amaranth's house* Enter John Dory.

John. Fine cruizing this! without flip or biscuit! dont know who's the governor of this here fort; but if he can victual us a few—how hollow my bread room sounds! (*striking his sides*) I'm as empty as a stoved keg, and as tired as an old dutchman—my obstinate master, sir George, to tow my old hulk—aboard the house, ha, hoy!

Sir Geo. (without) John! John Dory!

John (sits) I'm at anchor.

Enter Sir Geo. Thunder

Sir Geo. I don't know who's house we've got into here, John; but I think, when he knows me, we may hope for some refreshment—eh! (*looking at John*) was not I your captain?

John. Yes; and I was your boatswain. And what of all that?

Sir Geo. Then how dare you sit in my presence, you bluff-head?

John. Why, for the matter of that I don't mind; but had I been your captain, and you my boatswain, the man that stood by me at sea, should be welcome to sit before me at land.

Sir Geo. That's true my dear John, offer to stand up, and, damme, if I don't knock you down—ounds! I am as dry as a powder match—to sail at the rate of ten knots an hour, over

fallow and stubble, from my own house, but half a league on this side of Gosport, and not catch these deserters!

John. In this here chase you wanted the ballast of wisdom.

Sir Geo. How, sirrah! hasn't my dear old friend, Dick Broadside, got the command of the ship I so often fought myself—to man it for him with expedition, didn't I, out of my own pocket, offer two guineas over the king's bounty to every seamen that would enter on board her? havn't these three scoundrels fingered the shot, then ran, and didn't I do right to run after them? damn the money! I no more mind that than a piece of clinker; but 'twas the pride of my heart to see my beloved ship, the Faggle, well mann'd, when my old friend is the commander.

John. But since you've laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet, on your estate, and had done with all sea affairs—

Sir Geo. John, John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good. Though Broadside's letter said these fellows were lurking about this part of Hampshire, yet still it's all hide and seek.

John. Your ill luck.

Sir Geo. Mine, you swah?

John. Ay, you've money and gold; but grace and good fortune have

shook hands with you these nine teen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd poor miss Amelia, by deceiv ing her with a sham marriage, when you passed yourself for captain Dey mour, and then putting off to sea, leaving her to break her poor heart, and since marrying another lady

Sir Geo. Wasn't I forc'd to it by my father?

John. Ay; because she had a great fortin, her death too was a judgment upon you.

Sir Geo. Why you impudent dog fish!—upbraid me for running into false bay, when you were my pilot?—wasn't it you even brought me the false clergyman that performed the false marriage with Amelia?

John. Yes, you think so; but I took care to bring you a real clergy man.

Sir Geo. But is this a time or place for your lectures! at home, abroad, sea or land, you will still badger me! mention my wild oates again and— you scoundrel, since the night my bed-curtains took fire, when you were my boatswain aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading strings—you snatched me upon deck, and toss'd me into the sea—to save me from being burnt, I was almost drowned.

John. You would but for me—

Sir Geo. Yes, you dragged me ou by the ear, like a water dog—last week, 'cause you found the tenth bot tle uncorked, you rushed in among my friends, and ran away with me: and next morning captain O'Shan agan sends me a challenge for quit ting the company, when he was in the chair! so, to save me from a headache, you'd like to have got my brains blown out.

John. Oh, very well, be burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water, by jumping into boats, like a tight fellow as you are, and poison yourself with sloe juice; see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it! But I wish you hadn't made me your valet de chambre! No sooner was I got on shore, after five years dashing among rocks, shoals and breakers, than you sets me on a high-trotting cart horse, which knockt me up and down like an old bomb-boat in the bay of Bis-

cay, and here's nothing to drink after all!—because at home you keep open house, you think every body else does the same.

Sir Geo. Why, by sailing into this strange port, we may be more free than welcome.

John. Holla! I'll never cease piping, till it calls up a drop to wet my whistle. [exit.]

Sir Geo. Yes, as John Dory re marks, I fear my trip through life will be attended with heavy squalls and foul weather. When my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for that day, and when I turn in at night, the ballad of " Margaret and William," rings in my ear. (sings) " In glided Margaret's grimly ghost." Oh, zounds! the dismal are coming upon me, and can't get a cheering glass to—holloa!

enter Ephraim Smooth.

Eph. Friend, what wouldst thou have?

Sir Geo. Grog

Eph. Neither man nor woman of that name abideth here.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! man and wo man! then if you bring me Mr Bandy and Mrs. Water, we'll couple them and the first child probably will be Master Grog.

Eph. Thou dost speak in parables, which I understand not.

Sir Geo. Sheer off with your sanctified poop, and send the gentleman of the house.

Eph. The owner of this mansion is a maiden, and she approacheth.

enter Lady Amaranth.

Lady Am. Do I behold?—it is!— how dost thou uncle?

Sir Geo. Is it possible you can be my niece, Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder?

Lady Am. I am the daughter of thy deceased brother *Lotus*, called *Earl Thunder*, but no lady, my name is *Mary*.

Sir Geo. But, zounds! how is all this? eh! unexpectedly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly here tells me you're the mistress— turned quaker, and disclaimed your title!

Lady Am. Thou know'st the relation to whose care my father left me?

Sir Geo. Well! I know our cousin,

old Dovehouse, was a quaker! but I didn't suspect he would have made you one.

Lady Am. Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me all his worldly goods; amongst them this mansion, and the lands around it.

Eph. So thou becomest and continue one of the faithful. I am executor of his will, and by it, I cannot give thee, Mary, possession of these goods but on those conditions.

Sir Geo. Tell me of your thee's and thou's, quaker's wills and mansions! I say, girl, though on the death of your father, my eldest brother, Lof-tus, earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolved to his next brother, Robert; though, as a woman, you can't be an earl, nor as a woman, you can't make laws for your sex and our sex, yet as the daughter of a peer, you are, and, by heaven, shall be called lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Eph. Thou makest too much noise friend.

Sir Geo. Call me friend, I'll bump your block against the capstern.

Eph. Yea, this is a man of danger, and I'll leave Mary to abide it. [exit.

Sir Geo. 'Sfire, my lady—

Lady Am. Title is vanity.

enter Zachariah.

Zach. Shall thy cook, this day, roast certain birds of the air, called woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewise?

Lady Am. All. My uncle sojourneth with me, peradventure, and my meal shall be a feast, friend Zachariah.

Zach. My tongue shall say so, friend Mary.

Sir Geo. (strikes him) Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call your mistress, Lady Amaranth.

Zach. Verily, George.

Sir Geo. George! sirrah, though a younger brother, the honor of knighthood was my reward for placing the glorious British flag over that of a daring enemy—therefore address me with respect.

Zach. Yea, I do, good George

[exit

Sir Geo. George and Mary! here's levelling—here's abolition of title, with a vengeance.

Lady Am. Kinsman, be patient, thou, and thy son, my cousin Henry, whom I have not beheld, I think, these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth.

Sir Geo. At the naval academy, at Portsmouth.

Lady Am. May I not see the young man?

Sir Geo. What, to make a quaker of him? no, no. But, hold, as she's now a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry, will keep up and preserve her title in our family too—(aside.) Would'st thou really be glad to see him? thou shalt, Mary. Ha, ha, ha! John Dory! (calling) Here comes my valet de chambre.

enter John Dory.

John. Why, sir—such a breeze sprung up

Sir Geo. Avast, old man of war; you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

John. Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of the dock already.

Sir Geo. What wind now?

John. You know, on our quitting harbor—

Sir Geo. Damn your sea jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give the contents of your logbook in plain english.

John. The young squire has cut and run.

Sir Geo. What?

John. Got leave to come to you: and master didn't find out before yesterday, that, instead of making for home, he had sheered off towards London; directly sent notice to you, and Sam has traced us all the way here, to bring you the news.

Sir Geo. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him.—Come, John.

Lady Am. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir Geo. No, thank ye, my lady. Let your equipage keep up your own dignity. I have horses here, but I won't knock 'em up; next village is the channel for the stage—my lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bow-sprit—Weigh anchor! crowd sail! and after him!

[exit.

enter Ephraim, peeping in.

Eph. The man of noise doth not tarry, then my spirit is—

Lady Am. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman, and hire the maiden for me that thou didst mention.

E.A. I will; for this damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. Mary, as thou art yet a stranger in this land, and just taken possession of this estate, the laws of society command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbors.

Lady Am. Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice; I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all that cometh, to hearty cheer.

Eph. Yea; I will distribute among the poor good books.

Lady Am. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim. In the fulness o' plenty, they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts of which I am so unworthy. *[exit]*

SCENE II.—A Road—Enter Harry Thunder, and Midge follows, calling.

Midge. I say, Dick Buskin! hear ye, my lad!

Harry. What keeps Rover?

Midge. I'm sure I don't know. As you desired, I paid for our breakfast. But the devil's in that fellow; every inn we stop at, he will always hang behind, chattering to the barmaid or chambermaid.

Harry. Or any, or no maid. But he's a worthy lad; and I love him better, I think, than my own brother, had I one.

Midge. Oh! but Dick, mind, my boy.

Harry. Stop, Midge. Though 'twas my orders, when I set out on this scamper with the players, the better to conceal my quality, for you, before people, to treat me as your companion; yet, at the same time, you should have had discretion enough to remember, when we're alone, that I am still your master, and son to sir Geo Thunder.

Midge. Sir, I ask your pardon; but by making yourself my equal, I've got so used to familiarity, that I find it cursed hard to shake it off.

Harry. Well, sir, pray mind, that familiarity is all over now. My frolic's out; I now throw off the player, and shall directly return. My father

must, by this time have heard of my departure from the academy at Portsmouth; and though I was deluded away by my rage for a little acting, yet 'twas wrong of me to give the gay old fellow any cause of uneasiness.

Midge. And, sir, shall you and I never act another scene together? shall I never again play colonel Standard for my own benefit? never again have the pleasure of caning your honour in the character of Tom Errand.

Harry. In future act the part of a smart hat and coat brusher, or I shall have the honour of kicking you in the character of an idle puppy. You were a good servant, but I find, by letting you crack your jokes, and sit in my company, you're grown quite a rascal.

Midge. Yes, Sir, I was a modest well behaved lad; but evil communication corrupts good manners.

Harry. Begone, surlab, till I call for you. *[exit Midge grumbling.]* Well, if my father but forgives me—This three months excursion has shown me some life, and a devilish deal of fun. For one circumstance I shall ever remember it with delight—its bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover. How long he stays. Jack!—in this forlorn stroller, I have discovered qualities that honor human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a prince. I don't know a pleasanter fellow, except when he gets to his abominable habit of quotation. I hope he will not find the purse I've hid in his coat pocket, before we part. I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rover (without). 'The brisk hill-lightening I.'

Harry. Ay, here's the the rattle. Hurtled on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim; and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best of actions, his features shine in laugh and levity. Studying Bays, eh, Jack? *[enter Rover.]*

Rover. 'I am the bold Thunder.'

Harry (aside). I am if he but knew all.—Keep one standing in the road.

Rover. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick; but all the fault of—plague on't, that a man can't sleep and break-

fast at an inn, then return up to his bed chamber for his gloves that he'd forgot, but there he must find chambermaids, thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one, when one has affairs and business. 'Pon my soul, these girls' conduct to us is intolerable. The very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to serve, provoke me so, dam'me, but I will, I will—an't I right, Dick?

Harry. No; 'all in the wrong.'

Rover. No matter, Dick; that's the universal play 'all round the wakin': but you are so conceited, because, by this company you are going to join at Winchester, you are engaged for high tragedy.

Harry. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rover. Our first play is Lear. I was devilish imperfect in Edgar t'other night at Lymington. I must look it over. (*takes out a book*) 'Away, the foul fiend follows me!' hollo! stop a moment, we shall have the whole country after us (*going*)

Harry. What now?

Rover. That rosy faced chamber-maid put me in such a passion, that, by heaven, I walked out of the house, and forgot to pay our bill. (*going*)

Harry. Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

Rover. Paid! why, neither you nor Midge had money enough. No, really!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you 'tis.

Rover. You paid? oh, very well—Every honest fellow should be a stock purse. Come 'hen, let's push on now. Ten miles to Winchester; we shall be there by eleven.

Harry. Our trunks are booked at the inn for the Winchester coach.

Rover. 'Aye, to foreign climates my old trunk I bear.' But I prefer walking to the car of Thespis.

Harry. Which is the way.

Rover. Here.

Harry. Then I go there. (*pointing opposite.*)

Rover. Eh?

Harry. My dear boy, on this spot, and at this moment, we must part.

Rover. Part!

Harry. Rover, you wish me well.

Rover. Well, and suppose so. Part,

eh! what mystery and grand? what are you at? Do you forget,—you, Midge, and I, are engaged to Truncheon, the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names for tonight to play at Winchester.

Harry. Jack, you and I have often met on a stage in assumed characters; if it's your wish we should ever meet again in our real ones, of sincere friends, without asking whether I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

Rover. Joke!

Harry. I'm serious. Good b'ye!

Rover. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever—

[*takes him under the arm.*]

Harry. Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

Rover. Have I done any thing to Dick Buskin? leave me! [*turns and puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*]

Harry. I am as much concerned as you to—good b'ye!

Rover. I can't even bid him—I won't neither—if any cause could have given—farewell!

Harry. Bless my poor fellow!—adieu! [*silently weeps*]

[*exit several ways.*]

End of the first Act.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A village, a farm house, and near it a cottage.—enter farmer Gammon and Ephraim.

Gam. Well, master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you quakers never break your words.

Eph. I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter, Jane, as her handmaid.

Gam. Very good of you.

Eph. Goodness I do like, and also—comely Jane, (*aside*)—the maiden I will prefer, for the sake of—myself. [*aside.*]

Gam. I intended to make a present to the person that does me such a piece of service; but I shan't affront you with it.

Eph. I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.

Gam. Then here's a guinea, master Ephraim.

Eph. I expected not this ; but there is no harm in a guinea. [exit.]

Gam. So I shall get my children off my hands. My son, Sim, is robbing me day and night,—giving away my corn and what not among the poor. My daughter, Jane—when girls have nought to do, this love mischief creeps into their minds, and then hey ! they are for kicking up their heels.—Sim! [calling]

enter Sim.

Sim. Yes, feyther.

Gam. Call your sister.

Sim. Jane, feyther wants you. enter Jane from the house, with linen she had been working.

Jane. Did you call me.

Gam. I often told you both, but it's now settled, you must go out into the world, and work for your bread.

Sim. Well, feyther, whatever you think right, must be so, and I'm content.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, I'm willing to do as you'd have me.

Gam. There's ingratitude for you ! when my wife died, I brought you both up from the shell, and now you want to fly off and forsake me.

Sim. Why, no ; I'm willing to live with you all my days.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, if it's your desire, I'll never part from you.

Gam. What, you want to hang upon me like a couple of leeches, aye, to strip my branches, and leave me a wither'd hawthorn ! see wo's yon. [exit Sim.] Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hired you for Lady Amaranth.

Jane. O lack ! then I shall live in the great house.

Gam. She has sent us all presents of good books [gives her one] to read a chapter in. That when one's in a passion, gives a mon patience.

Jane. Thank her good Ladyship.

Gam. My being incumbered with you both is the cause why old Banks won't give me his sister.

Jane. That's a pity. If we must have a step mother, madam Amelia would make us a very good one. But I wonder how she can refuse you, feyther, for I'm sure she must think you a very portly man in your scarlet vest and new scratch. You can't think

how parsonable you'd look, if you'd only shave twice a week, and put six pence in the poor-box.

[retires reading.]

Gam. However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power. I'll turn them both out of their cottage vonder, and the bailiff shall produce them with a lodging.

enter Banks.

Well, neighbor Banks, once for all, am I to marry your sister ?

Banks. That she best knows.

Gam. Ay, but she says she wont.

Banks. Then I dare say she wont, for though a woman, I never knew her to speak what she didn't think.

Gam. Then she wont have me ? a fine thing, that you and she, who are little better than paupers, dare be so dom'd saucy !

Banks. Why, farmer, I confess we're content.

Gam. Od, dom it ! I wish I had now a good, fair occasion to quarrel with him ; I'd make him content with a devil to him ; I'd knock'em down, send him to jail, and—but I'll be up with him !

re-enter Sim.

Sim. Oh, feyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ring leader of showfolks, come from Andover, to act in our village. He wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yourn.

Gam. Surely, boy. I'll never refuse money. But lest he should engage the great room in the inn, run thou and tell him—stop, I'll go myself—a short cut through that garden—

Banks. Why, you or any neighbor is welcome to walk in it, or to partake of what it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare is—

Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What ?

Gam. Does the lad hear ?

Sim. Why, yes, yes.

Gam. Does the fool understand.

Sim. Dang it, I'm as yet but young ; but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbor, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

Gam. What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther ? burst open the garden gate, as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he that made both

you and the garden commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

Gam. Here's an ungracious rogue! then I must do it myself. (*advances*)

Banks. (*stands before it*) Hold neighbour. Small as this spot is, it's now my only possession: and the man shall first take my life, who sets a foot in it against my will.

Gam. I'm in such a passion.—

Jane. (*comes forward*) Feyther, if you're in a passion, read the good book you gave me.

Gam. Plague of the wench! but, you hussy, I'll—and you, you unlucky bird! [*exit Sim & Jane.*]

(*A shower of rain*)—Enter Rover, *hastily*.

Rover. Zounds! here's a pelting shower, and no shelter! 'poor Tom's a cold; I'm wet through—oh, here's a fair promising house. (*going to Gammon's*)

Gam. (*stops him*) Hold my lad. Can't let folks in, till I know who are they. There's a public house not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man; my fire is small, but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rover. (*to Banks*) The poor cottager! (*to Gam.*) and the substantial farmer! (*knuckles*) Hear, nature, dear goddess, hear! if ever you designed to make his cornfields fruitful, change thy purpose; that from the blighted ear no grain may fall to fat his *stubble goose*; and when to town he drives his hogs, so like himself, oh, let him feel the soaking rain; then may he curse his crime too late; and know how sharper than a serpent's tooth 'tis.—Dam'me, but I'm spouting in the rain all this time. [*Jumps up, and runs into Banks's.*]

Gam. Ay, neighbour, you'll soon scratch a beggar's head, if you harbor every mad vagrant. This may be one of the footpads, that, it seems, have got about the country; but I'll have an execution, and seize on thy goods this day, my charitable neighbour! eh, the sun strikes out, quite cleared up.

re-enter Jane.

Jane. La feyther, if there isn't coming down the village—

Gam. Ah, thou hussey!

Jane. Bless me feyther! no time

for anger now. Here's lady Amaranth's chariot, drawn by her new grand long tail'd horses—La, it stops.

Gam. Her ladyship is coming out, and walks this way. She may wish to rest herself in my house.

Jane. Dear me, I'll run in, and set things to rights. But, feyther, your cravat and wig are all got so rumplified with your cross grained tantarums.—I'll tie your neck in a big bow, and for your wig, if there is any flour in the drudging box—(*adjusts them, and runs into the house.*)

Gam. Oh! the bailiff, too, that I engaged.

enter Twitch.

Twitch. Well, master Gammon, as you desired, I'm come to serve this warrant of yours, and arrest master Banks; where is he?

Gam. Yes, now I be's determined on't—he's—zounds! stand aside, I'll speak to you anon. (*looking out*)

Enter lady Amaranth; Zachariah following.

Lady Am. Friend, Jane, whom I have taken to be my dairymaid, is thy daughter?

Gam. Ay, so her mother said, an't please your ladyship.

Lady Am. Epraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yoman.

Gam. Why, my lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Am. Being yet a stranger on my estate around here, I have passed through thy hamlet to behold with mine own eye the distresses of my poor tenants. I wish to relieve their wants.

Gam. Right, your ladyship; for charity hides a deal of sins. How good of you to think of the poor! that's so like me; I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbors—you must lay Banks in jail to-night,

(*apart to Twitch.*)

enter Jane.

Jane. An't please you, will your ladyship enter our humble dwelling, and rest your ladyship in feyther's great cane bottom'd elbow chair, with a high back.

Gam. Do, my lady. To receive so great a body from her own chariot, is an honor I dreamt not of; though, for the hungry and weary foot trav'ly

ler, my doors are always open, and my morsel ready. Knock ; when he comes out, touch him.

(aside to Twitch.)

Lady Am. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with satisfaction.

Jane. O precious ! this way, my lady. [exeunt all but Twitch.]

Twitch. Eh, where's the warrant (feels his pocket, and knocks at Bank's door.)

enter Banks.

Banks. Master Twitch ! what's your business with me ?

Twitch. Only a little affair here against you.

Banks. Me !

Twitch. Yes ; farmer Gammon has bought a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. Indeed ! well, I didn't think his malice could have stretched so far—I thought the love he professed for my sister might—why, it is true, master Twitch, to lend our indigent cottagers small sums when they've been unable to pay their rents, I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hoped their industry would have put it in my power to take up my note before now. However, I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and settle it.

Twitch. You must go with me.

Rover. [without] Old gentleman, come quick, or I'll draw another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch. You'd best not make a noise, but come. [to Banks]

enter Rover.

Rover. Oh, you're here ? rain over—quite fine—I'll take a sniff of the open air too—eh, what's the matter ?

Twitch. What's that to you ?

Rover. What's that to me ? why, you're a very unmannerly—

Twitch. O, here's a rescue !

Banks. Nay, my dear sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into trouble about me.

Twitch. Now, since you don't know what's civil, if the debt's not paid directly, to jail you go.

Rover. My kind, hospitable good old man to jail ! what's the amount you scoundrel.

Twitch. Better words, or I'll—

Rover. Stop ; utter you a word good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating you ever got since the hour you commenced rascal. (in a low tone.)

Twitch. Why, master, I don't want to quarrel with you, because—

Rover. You'll get nothing by it. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living ?

Twitch. Why, pray ?

Rover. 'I am the bold Thunder !' sirrah, know that I carry my purse of gold in my coat pocket, though dam'me if I know how a purse came there. (aside, and takes it) There's twenty pictures of his majesty; therefore, in the king's name, I free his liege subject ; (takes Banks away) and now who am I ! ah, ah !

Twitch. Ten pieces short, my master ; but if you're a housekeeper I'll take this and your bail.

Rover. Then for bail you must have a housekeeper ? What's to be done ?

enter Gammon.

Ah, here's old hospitality ? I know you've a house, though your fire side was too warm for me. Lookye, here's some rapacious, griping rascal, has had this worthy gentleman arrested. Now a certain, good for-nothing, ratling fellow has paid twenty guineas ; you pass your word for the other ten, we'll step back into the old gentleman's friendly house, and over his currant wine, our first toast shall be. liberty to the honest debtor, and confusion to the hard-hearted creditor.

Gam. I shan't.

Rover. Shan't ! what's your name ?

Gam. Gammon.

Rover. Gammon ! dem'me, you're the Hampshire hog. [exit Gammon] 'Sdeath, how shall I do to extricate—I wish I had another purse in my waist-coat pocket.

Enter Lady Amaranth, from Gammon's, Zachariah following.

Lady Am. What tumult's this ?

Rover. A lady ! ma'am, your most obedient humble servant. [bows] A quaker too ! they are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may be she'd help us here. [aside] Ma'am, you must know that

—that I—no—this gentleman, I mean this gentleman, and I—he got a little behind hand, as every honest, well-principled man often may, from—bad harvests and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot the murrain ! you know this is the way all this affair happened, [to Banks] and then up steps this gentle man, [to Twitch] with a—a tip in his way—madam, you understand ? and then in steps I with a—in—short madam, I am the worst story teller in the world, where myself is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expose me thus !

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within, have spoken well of thy sister, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals, though unfortunate.

Rover. Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the best hand at stirring a fire—if you was only to taste his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life ; but hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity ; but obligations from a stranger—

Lady Am. He really a stranger, and attempt to free thee ? but, friend, (to Rover) thou hast assumed a right which here belongeth alone to me.—As I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce, I own also the heart-delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched.—Thou mad'st thyself my wordly banker, and no cash of mine in thy hands, [takes a note from a pocket-book] but thus I balance our account. [offers it.]

Rover. Madam, my master pays me, nor can I take money from another hand, without injuring his honor, and disobeying his commands.

‘ Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she,’ [runs off]

Banks. But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money. [to Twitch]

Stop ! [going]

Twitch. Ay, stop ! [holds the skirt of his coat.]

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he ?
Banks. I fancy, where he can, madam. I understand, from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

Lady Am. A profane stage-player with such a gentle, generous heart ! yet so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

enter Jane, from the house, more drest.

Jane. Now, my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyship. I look so genteelish, mayhap her ladyship may take me home with her.

Lady Am. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth. [aside] Call on my steward and thy legal demands shall be satisfied [to Twitch.]

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's charott nearer to our door. [calls off] Charott ! if she'd take me with her, la ! how al. the folks will stare. [aside] Madam, though the roads are so very dusty, I'll walk all the way on foot to your ladyship's house—ay, though I should spoil my bran new petticoat.

Lady Am. Rather than sully thy garment, thou shalt be seated by me. Friend, be cheerful ; thine and thy sister's sorrows shall be but an April shower.

Jane. Oh, your ladyship !—ecod, if I didn't think so. [aside]

enter Sim.
Here, you Sim, order the charott for us

Sim. Us ! come, come, Jane, I've the little tilt cart to carry you.

Jane. Cart ! [exeunt severally.]

SCENE II—before an inn.

enter Rover and Waiter.

Rover. Hillo ! friend, when does the coach set out for London ?

Waiter. In about an hour, sir.

Rover. Has the Winchester coach past ?

Waiter. No, sir.

Rover. That's lucky ! then my trunk is here still. Go I will not.—Since I've lost the fellowship of my friend Dick, I'll travel no more, I'll try a London audience, who knows but I may get an engagement. This

celestial lady quaker? she must be rich, and ridiculous for such a poor dog as I am, even to think of her.—How Dick would laugh at me if he knew—I dare say by this she has released my kind host from the gripe—I should like to be certain though.

enter Landlord.

Land. You'll dine here, sir? I'm honest Bob Johnstone; kept the Sun these twenty years. Excellent dinner on table at two.

Rover. Yet my love indeed is appetite; I'm as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much.

Land. Then you wont do for my shilling ordinary, sir; there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head, at the end of the town. Shoudn't have thought indeed hungry foot-travellers to eat like—coming, sir.

[*exit*]

Rover. I'll not join this company at Winchester. I will take a touch at a London theatre. The public there are candid and generous, and before my mer't can have time to create enemies, I'll save money, and—a fig for the sultan and sophy.'

enter Jane, at the back, and Sim, watching her.

Jane. Ay, that's he!

Rover. But if I fail, by heaven I'll overwhelm the manager, his emprise, and—himself in one prodigious ruin.'

Jane. Ruin! oh, lord! (*runs back*)

Sim. What can you expect, when you follow young men? I've dodg'd you all the way.

Jane. Well! was'nt I sent?

Sim. Oh yes, you were sent—very likely. Who sent you?

Jane. It was—I won't tell it's my lady, 'cause she bid me not (*aside*)

Sim. I'll keep you from sheame—a fine life I should have in the parish, rare fleering, if a sister of moine should stand some Sunday at church in a white sheet, and to all their flouts what could I say?

Rover. Thus, 'I say my sister's avro'g'd, my sister *B'owsab'ella*, born as high and noble as the attorney—do her justice, or by the gods I'll lay a scene of blood, shall make this *haymow* horrible to Beebles.'—

'Say that Chamont.'

Sim. I believe it's full moon. You

go hoame to your place, and moind your business.

Jane. My lady will be so pleased I found him! I don't wonder at it, he's such a fine spoken man.

Sim. Dang it! will you stand here grinning at the wild bucks.

Jane. Perhaps the gentleman might wish to send her ladyship a compliment, [aside] An't please you, sir, if it's even a kiss between us two, it shall go safe; for, though you should give it to me, brother Sim then can take it to my lady.

Rover. 'I kist thee, e'er I kill'd thee.'

Jane. Kill me!

Rover. 'No way but this, killing myself to die upon a kiss!' [advancing.]

Sim. Go! (*to Jane—pulls her out*)

Rover. 'Ay; to a nunnery, go.' I'm cursedly out of spirits; but hang sorrow, I may as well divert myself. 'Tis meat and drink for me to see a clown.—Shepherd, was't ever at court?

Sim. Not I.

Rover. 'Then thou art damn'd.'

Sim. Eh!

Rover. Ay, 'thou art damn'd like an ill-roasted egg—all on one side.' Little hospitality. [*looking out*]

enter farmer Gammon

Gam. Ah, where's the showman, that wants to hire my barn? so, madam Jane, I place her out to service, and instead of attending her mistress, she gets galloping all about the village. How's this, son?

Rover. 'Your son? young Clod-pate, take him to your wheat stack, and there teach him manners.'

Gam. Ah, thou'rt the fellow that would bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houses. Ho ho, ho! Sim's schooling is mightily thrown away if he has'nt more manners than thou.

Sim. Why, seyther, it is! gadzooks, he be one of the play! acted Tom Fool, in King Larry, at Lymington, t'other night—I thought I knowed the face, thof he had a straw cap, and a blanket about'n—ho, ho! how comical that was when you said—

Rover. 'Pilicock sat upon Pilicock hill, pil—i—loo, loo!'

Sim. That's it! he's at it! [*claps*] laugh, seyther.

Gam. Hold your tongue, boy ! I believe he's no better than he should be. The moment I saw him, says I to myself, *you are a rogue*

Rover. There you spoke truth for once in your life.

Gam. I'm glad to hear you confess it. But her ladyship shall have all the vagrants whipt out of the country,

Rover. Vagrant ! 'thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee ! Only squint, and, by heaven, I'll beat thy blown body till it reboards like a tennis-ball.'

Sim. Beat my feyther ! no, no.—Thou must first fight me. [puts himself in a posture of defence.]

Rover. [aside with great feeling.] 'Though love cool, friendship fall off, brothers divide, subjects rebel, —oh, never let the sacred bond be crack'd twixt son and father !'—I never knew a father's protection, never had a father to protect. [puts his handkerchief to his eyes]

Sim. Ecod ! he's not acting now ! *enter Landlord, with a book, pen and ink.*

Gam. Landlord, is this mr. Lamp here ?

Land. I've just opened a bottle for him and t'other in the parlour.

Rover. 'Go father, with thy son ; give him a livery more gaudy than his fellows.'

Sim. Livery ! why, I be no servant man, though sister Jane is. Gi's thy hand. [to Rover] I don't know how 'tis ; but I think I could lose my life for him ; but mustn't let feyther be lickt though—no, no ! (going, turns and looks at Rover) Ecod, I ne'er shall forget Pilcock !

[*exeunt Gammon and Sim.*]

Rover. Thou art an honest reptile, I'll make my entré on the London boards in Bays, yes, I shall have no comparison against me. 'Egad it's very hard that a gentleman and an author can't come to teach them, but he must break his nose, and—and—all that—but—so the players are gone to dinner.'

Land. No such people frequent the Sun, I assure you.

Rover. 'Sun, moon, and stars !' now mind the eclipse, mr. Johnstone.

Land. I hear nothing of it, sir.

Rover. 'There's the sun between

the earth and moon—there's the moon between the earth and the sun, tol, tol, tol ! dance the hay ! Luna means to show her tail.'

enter Waiter.

Waiter. Two gentlemen in the parlor would speak with you

Rover. 'I attend them, were they twenty times our mother.'

Waiter. Your mother, sir ! why it is two gentlemen.

Rover. Say I attend them with all respect and duty. [*exit Waiter.*]

Land. Sir, you go in the stage—as we book the passengers, what name ?

Rover. 'I am the bold Thunder.' [*exit.*]

Land. (writing) Mr. Thunder.

enter John Dory.

John. I want two places in the stage-coach, because I and another gentleman are going a voyage.

Land. Just two vacant ;—what name ?

John. Avast ! I go aloft. But let's see who'll be my master's messmate in the cabin : (*reads*) captain Muccolah, counsellor Fazacherly, miss Gosling, mr. Thunder. What's this ? speak, man ! is there one of that name going ?

Land. Booked him this minute.

John. If our voyage should now be at an end before we begin it ?—if this mr. Thunder should be my master's son !—what rate is this vessel ?

Land. Rate !

John. What sort of a gentleman is he ?

Land. Oh ; a rum sort of a gentleman ; I suspect he's one of the players.

John. True ; Sam said it was some player's people coaxed him away from Portsmouth school. It must be the 'squire ; show me where he's moored, my old purser.

[*exit, singing, and landlord following.*]

SCENE III.—a room in the inn.

Lamp and Trap, discovered drinking.

Trap. This same farmer Gammon seems a surly spark.

Lamp. No matter. His barn will hold a good thirty pounds, and if I can but engage this young fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he plays. He's certainly a very good actor. Now, Trap, you must inquire out a carpenter, and be brisk about

the building. I think we shall have smart business, as we stand so well for pretty women, too. Oh here he is!

Trap. Snap him at any terms.
enter Rover.

Rover. Gentlemen, your most obedient—the waiter told me—

Lamp. Sir, to our better acquaintance. [fills]

Rover. I don't recollect I have the honor of knowing—

Lamp. Mr. Rover, though I am a stranger to you, your merit is none to me.

Rover. Sir. [bows]

Lamp. Yes, sir, my name is Lamp. I am manager of the company of comedians that's come down here, and Mr. Trap is my treasurer, engages performers, sticks bills, finds properties, keeps box-books, prompts play, and takes the town.

Trap. The most reputable company, and charming money getting circuit. [apart to Rover.]

Rover. Hav'n't a doubt, sir.

Lamp. Only suffer me to put up your name to play with us six nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rover. Sir, I thank you, and must confess your offer is liberal: but my friends have flattered me into a sort of opinion that encourages me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Ah, my dear mr. Rover, a London theatre is dangerous ground.

Rover. Why, I may fail, and gods may groan, and ladies drawl, 'la, what an awkward creature!' but should I top my part, then shall gods applaud, and ladies sigh, 'the charming fellow!' and treasurers smile upon me, as they count the shining guineas!

Lamp. But suppose—

Rover. Ay, suppose the contrary. I have a certain friend here in my coat pocket. (puts his hand in his pocket.) Eh, zounde, where is—oh, the devil! I gave it to discharge my kind host—going to London, and not master of five shillings! (aside) 'sir, to return to the twenty pounds.'

Lamp. Twenty pounds. Well, let it be so.

Rover. Sir, I engage with you, call a rehearsal when and where you please, I'll attend.

Lamp. Sir, I'll step for the cast-book, and you shall choose your characters.

Trap. And, sir, I'll write out the play-bills directly.

[exeunt Lamp and Trap.]

Rover. Since I must remain here some time, and I've not the most distant hope of ever speaking to this goddess again, I wish I had inquired her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

[enter John Dory and Landlord.]

Land. There's the gentleman.

John. Very well. [exit Landlord]

What cheer, ho, master squire?

Rover. Cheer, ho! my hearty!

Johu. The very face of his father! and an't you ashamed of yourself?

Rover. Why, yes, I am sometimes.

John. Do you know, if I had you at the gangways, I'd give you a nearer dozen than ever you got from your schoolmaster's cat-o-nine tails.

Rover. You wouldn't sure?

John. I would sure.

Rover. Indeed?—pleasant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've dispatcht a shallop to tell lady Amaranth you're here.

Rover. You havn't.

John. I have.

Rover. Now, who the devil's lady Amaranth?

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll get into it, and I'll set you down genteely at her house; then I'll have obeyed my orders, and I hope your father will be satisfied.

Rover. My father! who's he pray?

John. Pshaw! leave off your fun, and prepare to ask his pardon.

Rover. Ha, ha, ha! why my worthy friend, you are totally wrong in this affair. Upon my word I'm not the person you take me for. [going]

John. You don't go, though they've got your name down in the stage-coach book, mr. Thunder.

Rover. Mr. Thunder! stage-coach book! (pauses) ha, ha, ha! This must be some curious blunder.

John. Oh, my lad, your father, sir George, will change your note.

Rover. He must give me one first.—Sir George!—then my father is a knight, it seems; ha, ha, ha! very good, faith! 'pon my honor, I am

not the gentleman that you think me.

John. I ought not to think you any gentleman for giving your honour in a falsehood. Oh, them play-actors you went amongst have quite spoiled you. I wish only one of 'em would come in my way. I'd teach 'em to bring a gentleman's son trampozing about the country.

enter Waiter.

Waiter. Her ladyship's chariot's at the door, and I fancy it's you, sir, the coachman wants.

John. Yes, it's me. I attend your honor.

Rover. Then you insist on it that I am—

John. I insist on nothing, only you shall come.

Rover. Indeed ! shall ! shall is a word don't sound over agreeable to my ears.

John. Does a pretty girl sound well to your ears ?

Rover. ' More music in the clink of her horses' hoofs than twenty hautboys ' Why, is this lady Thing-o-me pretty ?

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and stately as a ship under sail.

Rover. Egad ! I've a mind to humor the frolic. (*aside*) Well, well, I'll see your mermaid But then on the instant of my appearance the mistake must be discovered. (*aside*) Harkye, is this father of mine you talk of at this lady's ?

John. No : your father's in chase of the deserters. I find he's afraid to face the old one, so, if I tell him, he won't go with me. (*aside*) No, no, we shan't see him in a hurry.

Rover. Then I'll venture. Has the lady ever seen me ?

John. Psha ! none of your jokes, man ; you know that her ladyship, no more than myself, has set eyes upon you since you was the bigness of a rumbo canakin.

Rover. The choice is made. I have my Rangers dress is in my trunk.— ' Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage grave man '.

John What ?

Rover. ' Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear her burden, whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load ;—but if black scandal, or foul faced—'

John. Black ! my foul face was as fair as yours before I went to sea.

Rover. ' Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me.'

John. Man, don't stand preaching parson Sacks—come to the chariot.

Rover. Ay, to the chariot ! ' Bear me, Bucephalus, among the billows —hey ! for the Tygris !' [exit.]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE 1—Lady Amaranth's house.

enter Lady Amaranth and Ephraim.

Lady Am. Though thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debt, let his sister come unto me ; and remit a quarter's rent upon all my tenants.

Eph. As thou bid'st I have discharged from the pound the widow's cattle ; but shall I let the law suit drop against the farmer's son who did shoot the pheasant ?

Lady Am. Yea ; but instantly turn from my service the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn, while it was eating from his hand. We should hate guile, though we may love venison.

Eph. I love a young doe. (*aside*) Since the death of friend Dovehouse, who, though one of the faithful, was an active magistrate, this part of the country is infested with covetous men, called robbers, and I have, in thy name, said unto the people, who ever apprehendeth one of these, I will reward him, yea, with thirty pieces of gold. (*a loud knocking without.*) That beating of one brass against another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity, whose pride of heart swelleth at an empty sound.

[exit.]

Lady Am. But my heart is possessed with the idea of that wandering youth, whose benevolence induced him to part with, perhaps, his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His person is amiable, his address, according to worldly modes, formed to please, to delight. But he's poor ; is that a crime ? perhaps meanly born ; but one good action is an illustrious pedigree. I feel I love him, and in that world are birth, fame and riches.

enter Jane. Digitized by Google

Jane. Madam, my lady, an't please

you—

Lady Am. Didst thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

Jane. I found him, ma'am, and—I found him, and he talk'd of—what he said.

Lady Am. What did he say?

Jane. He saw me, ma'am,—and call'd me Blowsabella, and said he would—I'll be hang'd ma'm, if he didn't say he would—now, think of that;—but if he hadn't gone to London in the stage coach—

Lady Am. Is he gone? (with emotion) *enter John Dory*

John. Oh, my lady, mayhap John Dory is not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country play acting! pray, walk up stairs, master Thunder. (call off)

Lady Am. Hast thou brought my kinsman hither?

John. Well, I havn't then.

Jane. If you havn't, what do you make a talk about it?

John. Well, don't give me your palaver, young miss Slip Slop. Will you only walk up, if you please, master Harry?

Jane. Will you walk up, if you please, master Harry?

Lady Am. Friendship requireth, yet I am not disposed to commune with company. (aside)

Jane. Oh, bless me ma'am! if it isn't—

enter Rover, drest.

Rover. 'Tis I, Hamlet the dame!—thus far into the bowels of the land, have we marcht on.—'John, that bloody and devouring boar!'

John. He called me *bull* in the coach.

Jane. I don't know what brought such a bull in the coach.

Rover. (aside) This the lady Amananth! by heavens, the very angel quaker!

Lady Am. (turns) The dear, generous youth, my cousin Harry!

John. There, he's for you, my lady, and make the most of him.

Jane. Oh, how happy my lady is! he looks so charming, now he's fine.

John. Harkye! she's as rich as a spanish indiaman; and I tell you, your father wishes you'd grapple her

by the heart—court her, you mad devil. (apart to Rover.) There's an engagement to be between these two vessels; but little Cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come. (to Jane)

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you?

John. No, my lass, you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on this great sea-ball! lack-a-daisy! am I—am—

John. By this, sir George is come to the inn.—Without letting the younker know, I'll go bring him here, and smuggle both father and son into a joyful meeting. (aside)—Come, now, usher me down like a lady.

Jane. This way, mr. sailor gentleman. [exit John and Jane.

Rover. By heavens, a most delectable woman! (aside)

Lady Am. Cousin, when I saw thee in the village free the sheep from the wolf, why didst not tell me then thou wert son to my uncle, sir George?

Rover. Because, my lady, then I—didn't know it myself. (aside)

Lady Am. Why wouldst vex thy father, and quit thy school!

Rover. 'A truant disposition, good my lady, brought me from Wurtemberg.'

Lady Am. Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession; but is thy inclination turned to the voice of trumpets, and smites of mighty slaughter!

Rover. 'Why, ma'am, as for old Boreas, my dad, when the blast of war blows in his ear, he's a tyger in his fierce resentment.' But for me, 'I think it a pity, so it is, that villainous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed, with wounds, and guns, and drums, heaven save the mark!'

Lady Am. Indeed, thou art tall, my cousin, and grown of comely stature. Our families have long been separated.

Rover. They have—since Adam, I believe. (aside) 'Then, lady let that sweet bud of love now ripen to a beauteous flower.'

Lady Am. Love!

Rover. ‘Excellent wench ! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, chaos is come again.’

Lady Am. Thou art of an happy disposition.

Rover. ‘If I were now to die, twere now to be most happy.’ ‘Let our senses dance in concert to the joyful minutes, and this, and this, the only discord make.’ [embracing.

enter Jane, with cake and wine.

Jane. Ma’am, an’t please you, mr. Zachariah bid me—

Rover. ‘Why, you fancy yourself cardinal Woolsey in this family.’

Jane. No, sir, I’m not cardinal Woolsey, I’m only my lady’s maid here—Jenny Gammon, at your service.

Rover. ‘A bowl of cream for your catholic majesty.’

Jane. Cream ! no, sir, it’s wine and water.

Rover. ‘You get no water, take the wine great potentate.’ (gives lady Amaranth a glass, then drinks)

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave—

Rover. ‘Go, go, thou shallow Pomena.’ (puts her out)—Eh ! zounds, here’s my manager.

enter farmer Gammon and Lamp.

Gam. I hope her ladyship hasn’t found out twas I had Banks arrested. (aside) Would your ladyship give leave for this here honest man and his comrades to act a few plays in the town, ‘cause I’ve let’n my barn.—Twill be some little help to me, my lady.

Rover. My lady, I understand these affairs. Leave me to settle them.

Lady Am. True ; these are delusions, as a woman, I understand not. But, by my cousin’s advice, I will abide ; ask his permission.

Gam So ; I must pay my respects to the young ‘squire. (aside) An’t please your honor, if a poor man, like me, (bow) durst offer my humble duty—

Rover. Canst thou bow to a vagrant. Eh, little hospitality ?

[*farmer Gammon looks in his face, and sneaks off.*

Lamp. Please your honor, if I may presume to hope you’ll be graciously pleased to take our little squad under

your protection—

Rover. Ha !

Lady Am. What say’st thou, Henry ?

Rover. Ay, where’s Henry ! gadso’ true, that’s me. Strange I should already forget my name, and not half an hour since I was christened ! (aside) Harkye ! do you play yourself ? eh ! ha ! hem ! (vaporing) fellow ?

Lamp. Yes, sir ; and, sir, I have just now engaged a new actor, mr. Rover. Such an actor !

Rover. Eh ! what ! you’ve engaged that—what’s his name, Rover ?—if such is your best actor, you shan’t have my permission. My dear madam, the worst fellow in the world. Get along out of town, or I’ll have all of you, man, woman, child, stick, rag, and fiddlestick, clapt into the whirligig.

Lady Am. Good man, abide not here.

Rover. Eh ! what, my friend ! now indeed, if this new actor you brag of, this crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman—

Lamp. (stares) It isn’t !

Rover. My good friend, if I was really the unfortunate poor strolling dog you thought me, I should tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn-door foul ; but as fate has ordained that I’m a gentleman, and son to sir—sir—what the devil’s my father’s name ? (aside) you must be content to murder Shakespeare, without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But, my most gentle sir, I, and my treasurer, Trap, have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country—the bills are posted—the stage built—the candles booked—fiddles engaged—all on the tip-top of expectation. We should have to-morrow night an overflow, ay, thirty pounds.—Dear, worthy, sir, you wouldn’t go to ruin a whole community and their families, that now depend only on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Rover. Eh ! I never was uniform but in one maxim, that is, though I do little good, to hurt nobody but myself.

Lady Am. Since thou hast promised, much as I prize my adherence

to those customs in which I was brought up, thou shalt not sully thy honor, by a breach of thy word.—Play; if it can bring good to these people.

Rover. Shall I?

Lady Am. This falleth out well; for I have bidden all the gentry round unto my house-warming, and these pleasantries may afford them a cheerful and innocent entertainment.

Rover. True, my lady; your guests ar'n't quakers though we are, and when we ask people to our house, we study to please them, not ourselves—But if we do furnish a play or two, the muses sha'n't honor that churlish fellow's barn. No; the god, that illuminates the soul of genius, should never visit the iron door of inhumanity. No Gammon's barn for me! —

Lady Am. Barn! no; the gallery shall be thy theatre; and, in spite of the grave doctrines of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleasant cousin.

Rover. My kind, my charming lady! Hey, brighten up, bully Lamp, carpenters, tailor, manager, distribute your box-tickets for my lady's gallery—' Come, gentle coz, The actors are at hand, and by their show

You shall know all
That you are like to know.' [exeunt.

SCENE II.—the inn.

enter Harry, and Midge.

Harry. Though I went back to Portsmouth academy with a contrite heart, to continue my studies, yet, from my father's angry letter, I dread a woeful storm at our first meeting. I fancy the people of this inn don't recollect me; it reminds me of my pleasant friend, poor Jack Rover; I wonder where he is now.

Midge. And brings to my memory a certain stray vaguing acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buskin.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! then I desire, sir, you'll turn Dick Buskin again out of your memory.

Midge. Can't sir. The dear, good-natured, wicked son of a——beg your honor's pardon.

Harry. Oh, but Midge, you must, as soon as I'm drest, step out and enquire whose house is this my father's

at; I did not think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country. Sound what humour he's in, and how the land lies, before I venture in his presence. [exeunt. enter Sir George Thunder, agitated, and Landlord.

Sir Geo. I can hear nothing of these deserters; yet, by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London. They must still be lurking about the country. Landlord, have any suspicious persons ever put in at your house?

Land. Yes, sir; now and then.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what do you do with them?

Land. Why, sir, when a man calls for liquor that I think has no money, I make him pay before hand.

Sir Geo. Damn your liquor, you self-interested porpoise! chatter your own private concerns, when the public good, or fear of general calamity, should be the only compass! these fellows, that I'm in pursuit of, have run from their ships; if our navy's unmann'd, what becomes of you and your house, you dunghill cormorant?

Land. This is a very abusive sort of a gentleman; but he has a full pocket, or he wouldn't be so saucy. [aside] [exeunt.

Sir Geo. This rascal, I believe, does'nt know I'm sir George Thunder. Winds still variable, blow my affairs right athwart each other.—To know what's become of my runagate son Harry,—and there my rich lady neice, pressing and squeezing up the noble plumage of our illustrious family in her little mean quaker bonnet. But I must up to town after—sblood, when I catch my son Harry!—oh, here's John Dory.

enter John Dory.

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

John. Hayhoy! your honor, is that yourself?

Sir Geo. No, I'm beside myself—heard any thing of my son?

John. What's o'clock?

Sir. Geo. What do you talk of clocks or time-pieces,—all glasses, reckoning, and log-line, are run mad with me.

John. If it's two, your son is at this moment walking with lady Amaranth

in her garden.

Sir Geo. With lady Amaranth!

John If half after, they're cast anchor to rest themselves amongst posies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cramm'd fowl; and if half after, they're picking their teeth, and cracking walnuts over a bottle of calcarella.

Sir Geo. My son! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. Why, I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir Geo. What, and he came to lady Amaranth's?

John. No; but I brought him there from this house, in her ladyship's chariot. I won't tell him master Harry went amongst the players, or he'd never forgive him. [aside] Oh, such a merry, civil, crazy crack-brain! the very picture of your honor.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! what, he's in high spirits? ha, ha, ha! the dog! [joyfully] But I hope he's had discretion enough to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

John. He threw himself on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! made love to her already! oh, the impudent, the cunning villain! what, and may be he—[wi:h greu: glee]

John. Indeed he gave her a smack.

Sir Geo. Me; ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he's yours! a chip of the old block.

Sir Geo. He is! he is! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he threw his arms around her as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir Geo. Huzza! victoria! here will be a juction of bouncing estates! but, confound the money—John, you shall have a bowl for a jolly-boat to swim in; roll in here a puncheon of rum, a hogshead of sugar; shake an orchard of oranges, and let the landlord drain his fish pond yonder. [ing.] 'A bumper! a bumper of good liquor,' &c.

John. Then, my good master, sir George, I'll order a bowl in, since you are in the humour for it—'we'll dance a little, and sing a little' [sing-sing]

Sir George. And so the wild rogue is this instant rattling up her prim ladyship. Eh, isn't this he? left her already!

enter Harry.

Harry. I must have forgot my cane in this room—my father! eh, zounds!

Sir George. [looking at his watch] Just half after four! why, Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your walnuts.

Harry. Yes: he's heard of my frolics with the players. [aside] Dear father, if you will but forgive—

Sir Geo. Why, indeed, Harry, you've acted very bad.

Harry. Sir, it should be considered I was but a novice.

Sir Geo. However, I shall think of nothing now but your benefit.

Harry. Very odd, his approving of—[aside] I thank you, sir, but, if agreeable to you, I've done with benefits.

Sir Geo. If I was'nt the best of fathers, you might indeed hope none from me; but no matter, if you can but get the fair quaker.

Harry. Or the humours of the navy, sir?

Sir George. What, how dare you reflect on the humours of the navy? the navy has very good humors, or I'd never see your dog's face again, you villain! but I'm cool. What, eh, boy, a snug easy chariot?

Harry. I'll order it. Waiter, desire my father's carriage to draw up. [calls]

Sir Geo. Mine, you rogue! I've none here. Mean lady Amaranth's.

Harry. Yes, sir, lady Amaranth's chariot! [calling]

Sir Geo. What are you at? I mean that which you left this house in.

Harry. Chariot! sir, I left this house on foot.

Sir Geo. What, with John Dory?

Harry. No, sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir Geo. Why, John has been a rover to be sure; but now he's settled, since I have made him my valet de chambre.

Harry. Make him your valet!—why, sir, where did you meet him?

Sir Geo. Zounds, I met him on board, and I met him on shore, and the cabin, steerage, gallery, and fore-

[exit.]

castle. He sailed round the world with me.

Harry. Strange this, sir! certainly I understand he had been in the east indies; but he never told me he even knew you; but, indeed he knew me on'y by the name of Dick Buskin.

Sir Geo. Then how came he to bring you to lady Amaranth's?

Harry. Bring me where?

Sir Geo. Answer me. Aren't you now come from her ladyship's.

Harry. (stares) Me? not I.

Sir Geo. Ha, this is a lie of John's, to enhance his own services. Then you have not been there?

Harry. There! I don't know where you mean, sir.

Sir Geo. Yes; tis all a brag of John's but I'll—

enter John Dory.

John. The rum and sugar is ready; but as for the fish pond—

Sir Geo. I'll kick you into it, you thirsty old grampus.

John. Will you? then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

Sir Geo. How dare you say you brought my son to lady Amaranth's.

John. And who says I did not?

Sir Geo. He that best should know—only Dick Buskin here.

John. Then Dick Buskin might find some other amusement than shooting off his guns here.

Sir Geo. Did you bring my son to lady Amaranth's in her chariot?

John. And to be sure I did.

Sir Geo. There, what do you say to that?

Harry I say it's false.

John. False! shiver my hulk, mr. Buckskin, if you wore a lion's skin, I'd curry you for this. [exit in a rage.]

Sir Geo. No, no; John's honest; I see through it now. The puppy has seen her, perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and so blows up this confusion and perplexity only to break off a marriage that I've set my heart on. (aside)

Harry. What does he mean? (aside) Sir, I'll assure you—

Sir Geo. Damn your assurance, you disobedient, ungrateful—I'll not part with you till I confront you with lady Amaranth herself, face to face, and if I prove you've been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life

without rudder, compass, grog or tobacco. [exit.]

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Lady Amaranth's house.

enter lady Amaranth, reading.

Lady Am. The fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchant my senses. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakespeare, that did write it, they call immortal; he must indeed have been filled with a divine spirit. I understand from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries—that, freed from the superstition of early, and the grossness of latter ages, the stage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If so, to hear a good play is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, embossed with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, prove, the ascendancy, that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

enter Ephraim.

Eph. This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it.

Eph. Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not amongst the wicked ones [loud laughing without]

Eph I must shut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth also, good Ephraim. I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and I will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and show mine own hospitality.

Eph. Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants, books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My spirit doth wax wrath.—I say unto thee, a play-house is the school for the old dragon, and a play-book the primer of Belzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become them with one half so good a grace as mercy doth. Oh, think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your

lips like man new made!'—doth Belzebub speak such words!

Eph. Thy kinsman has made all the servants actors.

Lady Am. To act well is good service.

Eph. Here cometh the damsel for whom my heart yearneth. [aside] enter Jane, reading a paper joyfully.

Jane. Oh, ma'am, his honor, the squire, says the play's to be 'As you like it.'

Eph. I like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character I'm to be miss Audrey, and brother Sim's to be William of the forest, as it were. But how am I to get my part by heart?

Lady Am. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good as any other. But I must study my part. 'The gods give us joy.' [exit.]

Eph. Thy maidens skip like young kids.

Lady Am. Then do thou go skip with them.

Eph. Mary, thou shouldst be obeyed in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Am. Ah, thou hypocrite! to obey is easy when the heart commands.

enter Rover, pushing by Ephraim.

Rover. Oh, my charming cousin, how agree you and Rosalind? are you almost perfect? 'eh, what, all a-mort, old Clytus?' 'why, you're like an angry fiend broke in among the laughing gods.' Come, come, I'll have nothing here, but quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's cheek.' [looking at lady Am.]

Lady Am. He says we musn't have this amusement.

Rover. 'But I'm a voice potential, double as the duke's, and I say we must.'

Eph. Nay.

Rover. Yea: 'by Jupiter, I swear ay.' (music without)

Eph. I must shut my ears. The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat.

enter Lamp, with a violin.

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your adyship, we'll go over your song.

Eph. I will go over it. (snatches the

book from lady Amaranth, throws it on the ground and steps on it)

Rover. Trample on Shakespeare! 'you sacrilegious thief, that, from a shelf, the precious diadem stole, and put it in thy pocket!' (takes the book and presents it again to lady Am.) silence, 'thou owl of Crete,' and hear the 'cuckoo's song.'

Lady Am. To practise it I'm content. (Lamp begins to play. Ephraim jostles him, and puts him out of tune)

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear sir.

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow as thou hast to move thine. [Rover pushes him] Why dost thou so, friend?

Rover. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine. [mimicking, shoves Ephraim out]

Lady Am. But, Harry, do your people of fashion act these follies themselves.

Rover. Ay, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for star, ribband, place or pension. Lamp, decorate the seats out smart and theatrical, and drill the servants that I've given the small parts to. [exit Lamp.]

Lady Am. I wished for some entertainment, in which gay people now take delight, to please those I have invited; but we'll convert these follies into a charitable purpose. Tickets for this day shall be delivered unto my friends, gratis;—but money to their amount, I will from my own purse, after rewarding our assistants, distribute amongst the indigent of the village. Thus, whilst we please ourselves, and perhaps amuse our friends, we shall make the poor happy. [exit.]

Rover. An angel! if sir George doesn't soon arrive to blow me, may, I think, marry her angelic ladyship; but will that be honest? she's nobly born; though I suspect I had ancestors too, if I knew who they were. I certainly entered this house the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I am discovered? that I am a scoundrel, and, consequently, though I should possess her hand and fortune, instead

of loving, she'll despise me—*(sits down)* I want a friend now to consult—deceive her I will not. Poor Dick Buskin wants money more than my self, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn. No, no, I must not.

enter Harry.

Harry. Now I hope my passionate father will be convinced this is the first time I ever was under this roof Eh, what beau is here? astonishing! my old strolling friend! *(unperceived, sits by Rover.)*

Rover. Heigho! I don't know what to do.

Harry (in the same tone). 'Nor what to say.'

Rover (turns). Dick Buskin! my dear fellow! ha, ha, ha! talk of the devil, and—I was just thinking of you—'pon my soul, Dick, I'm so happy to see you. *(shakes hands cordially.)*

Harry. But Jack, eh, how came you to find me out?

Rover. Found you! I'm sure I wonder how the deuce you found me out. Ah, the news of my intended play has brought you.

Harry. He doesn't know as yet who I am, so I'll carry it on *(aside)* Then you too have broke your engagement with Truncheon, at Winchester; figuring it away in your stage clothes too. Really, tell us what you are at here, Jack?

Rover. Will you be quiet with your Jacking? I'm now squire Harry

Harry. What?

Rover. I've been pressed into this service by an old man-of-war, who found me at the inn, and insisting I'm son to a sir George Thunder, here, in that character, I flatter myself I have won the heart of the charming lady of this mansion.

Harry. Now the mystery's out.—Then it is my friend Jack has been brought here for me. *(aside)* Do you know the young gentleman they take you for?

Rover. No; but I flatter myself he is honored in his representative.

Harry. Upon my soul, Jack, you're a very high fellow.

Rover. I am, now I can put some pounds your pockets; you shall be employed—we're getting up '*As you like it.*' Let's see, in the cast have I

a part for you?—I'll take Touchstone from *Lamp*, you shall have it, my boy; I'd resign Orlando to you with any other Rosalind; but the lady of the mansion plays it herself, you rogue.

Harry. The very lady my father intended for me. *(aside)* Do you love her Jack?

Rover. To distraction; but I'll not have her.

Harry. No! why?

Rover. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I am a rascal. I'll go on with our play, as the produce is appropriated to a good purpose, and then lay down my squireship, bid adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover.

Harry. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he shan't lose by it. If I could make him believe—*(aside)* Well, this is the most whimsical affair I've anticipated, superceded me, ha, ha, ha! you'll scarce believe that I'm come here too, purposely though, to pass myself for this young Henry.

Rover. No!

Harry. I am.

Sir Geo. (without). Harry, where are you?

Rover. Eh, who's that?

Harry. Ab, ah, ah! I'll try it, my father will be cursedly vexed; but no other way. *(aside)*

Rover. Somebody call'd Harry—sounds, 'if the real Simon Pure should be arrived, I'm in a fine way.'

Harry. Be quiet—that's my confederate.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. He's to personate the father, sir George. He started the scheme, having heard that a union was intended, and sir George not immediately expected—our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she is an heiress.

Rover. But who is this comrade?

Harry. One of our company, a devilish good actor in the old man.

Rover. So, you're turned fortune-hunter? oh, ho, then 'twas on this plan that you parted with me on the road, standing like a finger-post, 'you walk up that way, and I must

walk down this' (mimicks) Why, Dick, I didn't know you were half so capital a rogue.

Rover. I didn't know my forte lay that way, till persuaded by this experienced stager.

Rover. He must be an impudent old scoundrel; who is he? do I know him?

Harry. Why, no—I hope not [aside]
Rover. I'll step down stairs, and have the honor of—I'll kick him.

Harry. Stop! no, I wouldn't have him hurt neither.

Rover. What's his name?
Harry. His name is—is—Abra-

wang.
Rover. Abrawang! Abrawang! I never heard of him; but, Dick, why would you let him persuade you to such a scandalous affair?

Harry. Why faith, I would have been off it; but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil himself can't drive him out of it.

Rover. Yet; but the constable may drive him into Winchester gaol.

Harry. Eh, your opinion of our intended exploit, has made me ashamed of myself—ah, ah, ah, harkye, Jack, to frighten and punish my adviser, do you still keep on your character of young squire Thunder—you can easily do that, as he, no more than myself, has ever seen the young gentleman.

Rover. But by heavens I'll—'quit him down, Bardolph.'

Harry. Yes; but, Jack, if you can marry her, her fortune is a snug thing; besides, if you love each other—I tell you—

Rover. Hang her fortune! 'my love, more noble than the world, prizes not quantity of dirty lands.'—Oh, Dick, she's the most lovely—she is female beauty in its genuine decoration. [exit.

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! this is the drollest—Rover little thinks that I am the identical squire Thunder that he personates—I'll lend him my character a little longer.—Yes, this offers an excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body; if possible, he shall have her. I can't regret the loss of charms I never knew; and, as for an estate, my father's is competent to all

my wishes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honor, which she might miss in an earl—it may tease my father a little at first, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and, I think, when he comes to know my motive—eh, this must be she—an elegant woman, faith! Now for a spanking lie, to continue her in the belief, that Jack is the man she thinks him.

Enter Lady Amaranth.

Lady Am. Who art thou, friend?
Harry. Madam, I've scarce time to warn you against the danger you are in, of being imposed upon by your uncle, sir George.

Lady Am. How?
Harry. He has heard of your ladyship's partiality for his son; but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, he intends, if possible, to disinherit him; and, to prevent your honoring him with your hand, had engaged, and brought me hither, to pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an imposter, in hopes you'll banish him your heart and house.

Lady Am. Is sir George such a parent? I thank thee for thy caution. What is thy name?

Harry. Richard Buskin, ma'am; the stage is my profession. In the young squire's late excursion, we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your ladyship of so good a husband as I'm sure he'll make you.

Lady Am. Then sir George intends to disown him?

Harry. Yes, ma'am; I've this moment told the young gentleman of it; and he's determined, for a jest, to return the compliment, by seeming to treat sir George himself as an imposter.

Lady Am. Ha, ha, ha, 'twill be a just retaliation, and, indeed, what my uncle deserveth for his cruel intentions, both to his son and me.

Sir Geo. (without) What, has he run away again?

Lady Am. That's mine uncle.

Harry. Yes; here is my father—and my standing out that I am not his son, will rouse him into the heat

of battle, ha, ha, ha ! (aside) here he is, madam, now mind how he will dub me squire.

Lady Am. It's well I'm prepared, or I might have believed him.

enter Sir George.

Sir Geo. Well, my lady, wasn't it my wild rogue set you to all the cal-cavella capers you've been cutting in the garden ?—you see here I have brought him into the line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop astern there ? throw a salute shot, buss her bob stays, bring to, and come down straight as a mast, you dog.

Lady Am. Uncle, who is this ?

Sir Geo. Who is he ! ha, ha, ha ! gad, that's an odd question to the fellow that has been cracking your wal-nuts.

Lady Am. He is bad at his lesson.

Sir Geo. Certainly, when he ran from school—why don't you speak, you lubber ? you're curst modest now, but before I came, twas all done amongst the posies—here, my lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

Lady Am. That is what I may not.

Sir Geo. There, I thought you'd disgust her, you flat fish !

enter Rover.

Lady Am. (taking Rover's hand) Here, take from my hand, Harry Thunder.

Sir Geo. Eh ! (staring at Rover)

Rover. Eh ! oh, this is your sham sir George ? (aside)

Harry. Yes ; I've been telling the lady, and she'll seem to humour him.

Rover. I shant though. (to Harry) How do you do, Abrawang ?

Sir Geo. Abrawang !

Rover. You look like a good actor. Ay, that's very well, indeed—never lose sight of your character—you know, sir George is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old seaman. Angry ! bravo !—pout your under lip, purse your brows—very well ! but, dem it, Abrawang, you should have put a little red upon your nose—mind a rule, ever play an angry old man, with a red nose.

Sir Geo. Nose ! [walks about in a passion]

Rover. Very well ! that's right ! strut about on your little pegs.

Sir Geo. I'm in such a fury.

Rover. We know that. Your figure is the most happy comedy squab I ever saw ; why only show yourself, and you set the audience in a roar.

Sir Geo. Sblood and fire !

Rover. 'Keep it up, I like fun.'

Lady Am. Who is this ? (to sir George, pointing at Rover)

Sir Geo. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Am. And you dont know this gentleman ? (to Rover, points to sir George)

Rover. 'Excellently well ; he's a fishmonger.'

Sir Geo. A what !

Lady Am. Yes, father and son are determined not to know each other. You know this youth ? [to Rover.]

Rover. [to Harry] 'My friend, Horatio—I wear him in my heart's core, yea, in my heart of heart, as I do thee.' [embracing]

Sir Geo. Such freedom with my niece before my face ! do you know that lady, do you know my son, sir ?

Rover. Be quiet. 'Jaffier has discovered the plot, and you can't deceive the senate.'

Harry. Yes, my conscience wouldn't let me carry it through.

Rover. 'Ay, his conscience hanging about the neck of his heart, says good Launcelot, and good Gobbo, as aforesaid, good Launcelot Gobbo, take to thy heels and run.'

Sir Geo. Why, my lady ! explain, scoundrel, and puppy unknown.

Lady Am. Uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee, return that kindness to thy child. If the lamb in wanton play doth fall among the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him deeper till he dieth. Though thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen ; in short, he is too old in folly, who cannot excuse it in youth. [exit.]

Sir Geo. I'm an old fool ! well, that's damn'd civil of you, madam neice, and I'm a grey shepherd—with her visions and her vines, and her lambs in a ditch ; but, as for you, young mr. Goat, I'll but you—

Rover. My dear Abrawang, give up the game—her ladyship, in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you ! what the devil, dont you think the fine crea-

ture knows her own true born uncle :
Sir *George*. Certainly ; to be sure
she knows me.

Rover. Will you have done ?—
ounds, man, my honored father was
here himself to-day—her ladyship
knows his person.

Sir *George*. Your honored father !
and who's your honored self ?

Rover. ‘ Now by my father's son,
and that's myself, it shall be sun,
moon, or a Cheshire cheese—befoire
I budge—still crossed and crossed.’

Sir *Geo.* What do you bawl out to
me of a Cheshire cheese, I say—

Rover. ‘ And I say, as the saying
is—your friend Dick has told me
all ; but to convince you of my for-
giveness, in our play, as you're rough
and tough, I'll cast you Charles, the
wrestler, I do Orlando ; I'll kick up
your heels before the whole court.

Sir *Geo.* Why, dam'me, I'll—and
you, you undutiful chick of an old
pelican—(*lifting up his cane to strike*
Harry.)

enter John, who receives the blow.

John. What are you at here ? cu-
gelling the people about ? but, Mr.
Buskin, I've a word to say to you in
private.

Sir *Geo.* Buckskin ! take that.
(*beats him*.)

*enter Lamp, Trap, and two female
servants.*

Lamp. ‘ All the world's a stage,
and all the men and women’—

Sir *Geo.* The men are rogues, and
the women hussies—I'll make a clear
stage. (*beats them off—amongst the
rest, strikes Rover, and exit.*)

Rover. ‘ A blow ! Essex, a blow’
—an old rascally imposter stigmatizing
me with a blow—no, I must not
put up with it. Zounds, I shall be
tweaked by the nose all round the
country—I'll follow him. ‘ Strike
me ! so may this arm dash him to the
earth, like a dead dog despised—
blindness and leprosy, lameness and
lunacy, pride, shame, and the name
of villain light on me, if I dont bang
—mr. Abrawang. [*exit*.]

SCENE II—another apartment.

enter lady Amaranth and Banks.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid
the rent of my little cottage ; but I
dare say 'twas without your lady-
ship's knowledge, that your steward

has turned me out, and put my
neighbour in possession.

Lady Am. My steward oppress the
poor ! I did not know it indeed.

Banks. The pangs of adversity I
could bear ; but the innocent partner
of my misfortunes, my unhappy sis-
ter—

Lady Am. I did desire Ephraim to
send for thy sister—did she dwell
with thee, and both now without a
home ? let her come to mine.

Banks. The hand of misery hath
struck us beneath your notice.

Lady Am. Thou dost mistake—to
need my assistance is the highest
claim to my attention ; let me see
her. [*exit Banks*] I could chide my-
self that these pastimes have turned
my eye from the house of woe. Ah,
think ye proud and happy affluent,
how many, in your dancing mo-
ments, pine in want, drink the salt
tear ; their morsel, the bread of mis-
ery, and shrinking from the cold
blast into their cheerless hovels.

enter Banks, leading in Amelia.

Banks. Madam, my sister. (*bows,*
and retires)

Lady Am. Thou art welcome—I
feel myself interested in thy con-
cerns.

Amelia. Madam !

Lady Am. I judge, thou wert not
always unhappy. Tell me thy con-
dition, then I shall better know how
to serve thee. Is thy brother thy
sole kindred ?

Amelia. I had a husband and a
son.

Lady Am. A widow ! if it recal not
images thou wouldest forget, impart
to me thy story—tis rumored in the
village, thy brother is a clergyman—
tell me.

Amelia. Madam, he was ; but he
has lost his early patron, and is now
poor and unbenefficed.

Lady Am. But thy husband—

Amelia. By this brother's advice,
now twenty years since, I was pre-
vailed on to listen to the addresses of
a young sea officer, for my brother
has been a chaplain in the navy, but
to our surprise and mortification, we
discovered by the honesty of a sailor,
in whom he put confidence, that the
captain's design was only to decoy
me into a seeming marriage ; he of-

dered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman; our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit upon him master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders: he, flat tered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposture, and performed the ceremony.

Lady Am. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Amelia. Madam, the event has justified your censure; for my husband, not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie, abandoned me—I followed him to the indies, distracted, still seeking him. I left my infant at one of our settlements; but after a fruitless pursuit, on my return, I found the friend, to whose care I had committed my child, was compelled to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn. Rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother; who, wounded with remorse, for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that humble asylum, from whence we've both just now been driven.

Lady Am. My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee; but as resignation to what must be, may restore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure—Come, let thy griefs subside, instead of thy cottage, accept, thou and thy brother, every convenience that my mansion can afford.

Amelia. Madam, I can only thank you with—(weeps)

Lady Am. My thanks are here.—Come, thou shalt be cheerful. I will introduce thee to my sprightly cousin Harry, and his father, my humorous uncle: we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

Amelia. Kind lady.

Lady Am. Come, smile—though a quaker, thou seest I am merry—the sweetest joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek the tear of sorrow.

[exeunt.]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I—a road

enter three Russians, dressed as sailors.

1st *Ruff.* Well, now, what's to be done?

2^d *Ruff.* Why, we've been long upon our shifts, and after all our tricks, twists, and turns, as London was then too hot for us, our tramp to Portsmouth was a hit.

3^d *Ruff.* Ay; but since the cash we toucht, upon pretending to be able bodied scamen, is now come to the last shilling, as we have deserted, means of a fresh supply to take us back to London, must be thought on.

2^d *Ruff.* Ay, how to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

1st *Ruff.* By an advertisement posted on the stocks yonder, there are collectors upon this road; thirty guineas are offered by the quaker lady, owner of the estate round here; I wish we could snap any straggler to bring before her. A quaker will only require a yea for an oath—we might sack these thirty guineas.

2^d *Ruff.* Yes; but we must take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in pursuit of us—'sdeath, isn't that his man, the old boatswain?

1st *Ruff.* Don't run, I think we three are a match for him.

2^d *Ruff.* Instantly put on your characters of sailors; we may get something out of him: a pitiful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand, and drop you his last guinea—if we can make him believe we were prest, we have him; only mind me.

enter John Dory.

John. To rattle my lantern, sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2^d *Ruff.* What cheer? [to John.]

John. Ha hoy!

3^d *Ruff.* Bob, up with your speaking trumpet.

2^d *Ruff.* Do you see, brother, this is the thing—

enter sir George, at the back, unperceived.

Sir Geo. If these should be my deserters. [aside]

1st *Ruff.* We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were

prest in the river, and without letting us see our friends, brought round to Portsmouth, and there we entered freely, cause why? we had no choice, then we run. We hear some gentleman is in chase of us, so as the shot are a.i out, we'll surrender.

John. Surrender! oh, then you've no shot left indeed—let's see. [*feels his pocket*] I havn't the loading of a gun about me now, and this same monsieur poverty is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir George. They are the deserters that I've been after. [*aside*]

John. Meet me in an hour's time, in the little wood yonder; I'll raise a wind to blow you into safe latitude—keep out to sea, my master's the rock you'll certainly split upon.

2d Ruff. This is the first time we ever saw you; but we'll steer by your chart, for I never knew one seaman to betray another. [*exit*]

Sir Geo. Then they have been prest—I can't blame them so much for running away.

John. Yes, sir *George* would certainly hang them.

Sir Geo. I wouldn't, they shall eat beef, and drink the king's health, run and tell them so—stop, I'll tell them myself.

John. Why, now you are yourself, and a kind, good gentleman, as you used to be.

Sir Geo. Since these idle rogues are inclined to return to their duty, they shan't want sea store....take them this money—but hold—I'll meet them myself, and advise them as I would my children. [*exit* *severally*].

SCENE II—a wood.

enter Rover, in his first clothes, greatly agitated, with pistols.

Rover. Which way did mr. Abrawang take? Dick Buskin, I think, has no suspicion of my intentions:—such a choleric spark will fight, I dare say. If I fall, or even survive this affair, I leave the field of love, and the fair prize, to the young gentleman I've personated, for I'm determined to see lady Amaranth no more—oh, here comes Abrawang.

enter Sir George.

Sir George. Now, to relieve these

foolish sea gulls—they must be hovering about this coast—ha! puppy unknown!

Rover. You're the very man I was seeking. You are no ignorant, mr. Abrawang—

Sir Geo. Mr. What?

Rover. You will not resign your title, ha, ha, ha! oh, very well, I'll indulge you,—*Sir George Thunder*, you honored me with a blow.

Sir Geo. Did it hurt you?

Rover. Sdeath! but let me proceed like a gentleman; as it's my pride to reject even favors, no man shall offer me an injury.

Sir Geo. Eh!

Rover. In rank we're equal.

Sir Geo. Are we faith? (*smiling*) the english of all this is, we're to fight.

Rover. Sir, you have markt on me an indelible stain, only to be washt out by blood.

Sir Geo. Why, I've only one objection to fighting you.

Rover. What's that, sir.

Sir Geo. That you're too brave a lad to be killed.

Rover. Brave! no, sir, at present I bear the stigma of a coward.

Sir Geo. Zounds! I like a bit of fighting—havn't had a morsel a long time—don't know when I've smelt gunpowder,—but to bring down a woodcock.

Rover. Take your ground.

Sir Geo. But what are we to do for weapons?

Rover. Here are weapons.

Sir Geo. Well, this is bold work, for a privateer to give battle to a king's ship.

Rover. Try your charge, sir, and take your ground.

Sir Geo. I would not wish to sink, burn, or destroy, what I think was built for good service; but dam'me, if I dont wing you to teach you good manners.

enter the three Ruffians, not perceiving

Rover.

3d ruff. Ay, here's the honest fellow has brought us some cash. (*looking at Sir George*)

2d ruff. We're betrayed; it's the very gentleman that's in pursuit of us, and this promise was only a decoy to throw us into his power—the pistol! [*apart, and pointing to it—Sir George*]

ramming the charge.—2d Ruffian seizes and wrenches the piece from sir George]

Sir Geo. Ah, boys ! 2d ruff. You'd have our lives, now we'll have yours. [prevents the piece at sir George—Rover advances quick and knocks it out of his hand - they run off.]

Rover. Rascals ! [pursues them]

Sir Geo. [takes up the other piece] My brave lad ! I'll— [going]

enter John Dory.

John. No you shant. [holding him]

Sir Geo. The rogues will—

John. Never mind the rogues.

[noise of fighting without ; a piece let off]

Sir Geo. Sblood ! must I see my preserver perish ! [struggling]

John. Well, I know I'm your preserver, and I will perish, but I'll bring you out of harm's way.

[still holding him]

Sir Geo. Though he'd fight me himself—

John. Sure we all know you'd fight the devil.

Sir Geo. He saved my life.

John. I'll save your life. (whips him up in his arms) So hey ! haul up, my noble little crab walk. [exeunt]

SCENE III.—. . . in Banks's cottage.

enter farmer Gammon, Banks and Sim.—Sim writing and crying.

Gam. Boy, go on with the inventory.

Sim. How unlucky ! feyther to lay hold of me when I wanted to practise my part. (aside)

Banks. This proceeding is very severe, to lay an execution on my wretched trifling goods when I thought—

Gam. Ay, you know you've gone up to the big house with your complaint—her ladyship's steward, to be sure, has made me give back your cottage and farm ; but your goods I seize for my rent.

Banks. Only leave me a very few necessaries—by the goodness of my neighbors, I may soon redeem what the law has put into your hands.

Gam. The affair is now in my lawyer's hands, and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it, is all smoke.

Sim. Feyther, dont be so cruel to ur. Banks.

Gam. I'll mark what I may want to keep for myself. Stay here, and see that not a pin's worth be removed without my knowledge. [to Sim] [exit.

Sim. I'll be dom'd if I'll be your watch dog, to bite the poor, that I wont. Mr. Banks, as feyther intends to put up your goods at auction, if you could but get a friend to buy the choice of them for you again. Sister Jane has got steward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to sell corn for feyther, besides presepts, I've made a market penny now and then. Here—it's not much ! but every little helps. [takes out a small leather purse and offers it to Banks.]

Banks. I thank you, my good natured boy ; but keep your money.

Sim. Last summer you saved me from being drowned in black pool, if you'll not take this, ecod, in there I'll directly fling it, and let old nick save it from being drowned, an he can.—(going)

Banks. My kind lad, then I'll not hurt your feeling, by opposing your liberality. (takes it)

Sim. He, he, he ! you've now given my heart such a pleasure as I never felt, nor I'm sure feyther afore me.

Banks. But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, still remember he's your parent.

Sim. I will. 'One elbow chair, one claw table.'

[exit writing; and Banks. enter Amelia.

Amelia. The confusion into which lady Amaranth's family is thrown by the sudden departure, and apprehended danger, of her young cousin, must have prevented her ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs, that I'm sure was her inclination. If I can but prevail on my brother too, to accept her protection— I can't enjoy the delights of her ladyship's hospitable mansion, and leave him here still subject to the insults of his churlish neighbor. Heavens ! who's this? [retires.

enter Rover hastily, his hair and dress much disordered.

Rover. What a race ! (panting)

I've at last got from the bloodhounds—Ah, if old Abrawang had but tol-lowed and backt me, we'd have tick-led their catastrophes ; but when they got me alone, three upon me were odds—so—safe's the word—who's house is this I've dasht into ? eh ! the friendly cottage of my old gentleman ! are you at home ? (calls) gadso ! I had a hard struggle for it ? yes, murder was their intent, so it was well for me I was born without brains, I'm quite weak, faint !

(leans against the wall)

Amelia. (advancing) Sir, an't you well ? (with concern)

Rover. Madam, I ask pardon—hem—yes, ma'am, very well, I thank you—now exceeding well—got into a fray there, in a kind of a hobble with some worthy gentlemen ; only simple, honest farmers. I fancy mistook me for a sheaf of barley, for they down with me, and then threshed so heartily, gad, their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I up, and when I could no longer fight like a mastiff; why I—run like a greyhound—but, dear ma'am, pray excuse me. Egad, this is very rude, faith.

Amelia. You seem disturbed, (with emotion) will you take any refresh-ment.

Rover. Madam, you're very good. Only a little of your currant wine, if you please : If I dont forget, it stands just—(points—Amelia brings some from a beaufet) Madam, I've the honor of drinking your health.

(drinks)

Amelia. I hope you're not hurt, sir.

Rover. 'A little better, but very weak still.' I had a sample of this before, and liked it so much, that, madam—' wont you take another ?'

Amelia. Sir !

Rover. Madam, if you'd been fight-ing as I have, you'd—well, well, (fills and drinks) now I'm as well as any man ' in Illyria,' got a few hard knocks though.

Amelia. You'd better repose a little, you seem'd much disordered coming in.

Rover. (places a chair, and both sit) Why, ma'am, you must know thus it was—

enter Sheriff's Officer.

Off. Come, ma'am, mr. Gammon says this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. (lays hold of Amelia's chair, she rises, terrified)

Rover. Why, what's all this ?

Off. Why, the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

Rover. Then, scoundrel, know that a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman.

Amelia. Heavens ! where is my brother ? this gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

Off. Master, d'ye see, I'm repre-sentative for his honor the high sherriff.

Rover. Every high sheriff should be a gentleman, and when he's re-presented by a rascal, he's dishonored—Dein it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch ; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables.

(whips up a stick from the corner of the room, and holds it behind him.)

Off. Come, come, I must—

Rover. As you say, sir, last Wednesday, so it was—sir, your most obdient, humble servant—(bows re-spectfully) Pray, sir, may I take the liberty to know, have you ever been astonished ? (with great ceremony)

Off. What ?

Rover. Because, sir, I intend to astonish you ? my dear fellow give me your hand. (takes his hand and beats him) Now, sir, you are aston-ished.

Off. Yes ; but see if I dont suit you with an action.

Rover. ' Right, suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; ' see if the gentlewoman be not af-frighted—' Michae, I'll make thee an example.'

Off. Yes, fine example, when goods are seized here, by the law, and—

Rover. ' Thou worm and maggot of the law ! ' hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom.'

Off. I don't value your custom.

Rover. You are astonisht, now I'll amaze you.

Off. No, sir, I wont be amazed : but only see if I dont—

Rover. Hop !

[exit officer, muttering and bullying, yet frightened.

Stop, ma'am, these sort of gentry are monstrous bad company for a lady—so I'll just see him to the door, and then I'll see him outside the door. Ma'am, I'm your most obedient, humble servant. [bows respectfully and exit hastily.]

Amelia. I feel a strange curiosity to know who this young gentleman is. I find my heart interested I can't account for—he must have known the house by the freedom—but then his gaiety, without familiar rudeness, native elegance of manners, and good breeding, seem to make him at home any where. My brother, I think, must know—

enter Banks hastily, and agitated.

Banks. Amelia, did you see the young gentleman that was here?—some ruffian fellows, and a posse of country people have bound and dragged him from the door, on the allegation of three men, who mean to swear he has robbed them; and they have taken him to lady Amaranth's.

Amelia. How! he did enter here in confusion, as if pursued; but I'll stake my life on his innocence. I'll speak to lady Amaranth, and in spite of calumny, he shall have justice: he would not let me be insulted, because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband or a son, and shall he want an advocate?—brother, come. [exit.

SCENE IV—*lady Amaranth's.*

enter Jane, with a light.

Jane I believe there's not a soul in the house but myself; my lady has sent all the folks round the country to search after the young squire; she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him; I don't wonder, for surely he's a dear, sweet gentleman: the pity of it is, his going spoils all our fine play, and I had just got my part quite by heart; however, I must do the room up for mr. Banks's sister, that my lady has invited here. [adjusts her toilet]

enter Ephraim Smooth

Eph. The man John Dory has carried the man George hither in his arm, and has locked him up. Coming into the house, they did look to

like a blue lobster with a shrimp in his claws. Oh, here is the damsel I love, and alone.

Jane. They say when folks look in the glass, at night, they see the black gentleman [as she is looking in a glass, Ephraim goes and peeps over her shoulder; she screams.]

Eph. Thou art employed in vanity.

Jane. Well, who wants you?

Eph. It is natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yes; but not such ugly men as you are. Why would you come to frighten me, when you know there's nobody here but ourselves?

Eph. I am glad of that. I am the elm and thou the honey suckle; let thy arms entwine me.

Jane. Oh, what a rogue is here! but yonder comes my lady, and I'll show him off to her in his true colours. [aside]

Eph. Clasp me around.

Jane. Well, I will, if you'll take off your hat, and make me a fine low bow.

Eph. I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent—go along.

Eph. But to win thy favor. [takes off his hat and bows]

Jane. Now kneel down to me.

Eph. I cannot, but one lovely smile may smile me down. [she smiles, he kneels.]

Jane. Well, now, read me a speech out of that fine play book.

Eph. I read a play! a-bo-mi-nation! but, Jane, wilt thou kiss me?

Jane. I kiss a man! a bo-mi-nation! [mimicking] but you may take my hand—

Eph. Oh, tis a comfort to the lip of the faithful. [kisses 'er hand]

enter lady Amaranth.

Lady Am. How! [taps him gently on the shoulder, he looks up confounded] Ah, thou sly and deceitful hypocrite!

Eph. Verily, Mary, I was buffeted by satan, in the shape of a damsel.

Lady Am. Begone!

Eph. My spirit is sad, though my feet move so nimble. [exit very slowly]

Lady Am. But, oh heavens, no tidings of my dearest Henry! Jane, let them renew their search.

Jane. He's madam Amelia, you see I've got her room ready; but I'll go make brother Sim look for the young squire. [exit.]

Amelia. Oh, madam, might I implore your influence with—

Lady Am. Thou art ill accommodated here; but I hope thou wilt excuse—my mind is a sea of trouble, my peace shipwrecked.—Oh, friend, hadst thou seen my cousin Harry, thou too, all who knew him, must be anxious for his safety.

John Dory. [without] Heave a-head.

Enter John Dory, with sir George.

Sir George. Rascal! whip me up like a pound of tea, dance me about like a young bear, make me quit the preserver of my life: yes, puppy unknown will think me a poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow and second him.

John. Well, you may as well turn into your hammock, for out to night you shall not budge. (*sees Amelia*) Oh, marcy of heaven! isn't it—eh, master? only give one look.

Amelia (*seeing sir George*) my husband! [*swoons*; *lady Amaranth* supports her.]

Sir Geo. Tis my Amelia!

John. (*stopping sir George, and looking attentively at Amelia*) Reefs the foresail, first you crackt her heart by sheerling off, and now you'll overset her by bringing to.

Lady Am. Hold—soft!

Amelia. Are you at length returned to me, my Seymour?

Lady Am. Seymour! her mind is disturbed, this is mine uncle, sir George Thunder.

John. No, no, my lady, she knows what she's saying very well.

Sir Geo. Neice, I have been a villain to this lady, I must confess. But, my dear Amelia, providence has done you justice in part. From the first month I quitted you, I have never entered one happy hour on my journal; hearing that you foundered, and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has gnawed my timbers.

Amelia. You're not still offended with me?

Sir Geo. Me! can you forgive my offence, and condescend to take my hand as an atonement?

Amelia. Your hand! do you forget that we are already married?

Sir Geo. Ay, there was my rascality.

John. You may say that.

Sir Geo. Hold your tongue, you impudent cramp, you pander, you bad adviser—I'll strike my false colours—I'll now acknowledge the chaplain you provided was—

John. Was a good man, and a greater honor to his black than your honor has been to your blue cloth—eh, by the word of a seaman, here he is himself.

Enter Banks.

Sir Geo. Your brother!

Banks. Captain Seymour! have I found you, sir?

Sir Geo. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation. Amelia shall really be my wife.

Banks. That, sir, my sister is already; for when I performed the marriage ceremony, which you took only as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. Now, who's the crimp, and the pander? I never told you this since, because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

Lady Am. Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness, and joy for thy reformation. (*to sir George*) But thy prior marriage to this lady, annuls the subsequent, and my cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir Geo. So much the better; he's an unnatural cub; but, Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir, my infant boy—

Amelia. Ah, husband you had,—but—

Sir Geo. Gone! well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel. Eh, I will—yes, I'll adopt that brave, kind lad, that wouldn't let any body kill me but himself. He shall have my estate, that's my own acquisition—my lady, marry him; puppy unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you'd never have found your husband, captain Seymour in sir George Thunder.

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Amelia. What?

Banks. Are you sir George Thunder.

Enter Landlord, followed by Ephraim.

Land. Please you, madam, they've got a footpad in custody.

Eph. I am come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house, Mary. Bring him before me

Sir Geo. Before you, old squintibus? and perhaps you dont know I'm a magistrate.

Eph. I'll examine him.

Sir Geo. You be damn'd—I'll examine him myself. [shoves Ephraim] Tow him in here I'll give him a passport to Winchester bilboes.

Amelia. [kneels to sir George] Oh, sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth; but even should he be guilty, which, from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think it next to an impossibility, let the services he has rendered us—he protected, relieved your forsaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and sorrow.

Sir Geo. What, Amelia, plead for a robber! consider, my love, justice is above bias or partiality. If my son violated the laws of his country, I'd deliver him up a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

Lady Am. Oh, my impartial uncle! had thy country any laws to punish him, who instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid judge I should now behold the trembling criminal. *Enter Twitch, with Rover bound, who keeps his face averted, and two Russians.*

Eph. (advances) Speak thou.

Sir Gee. Hold thy clapper thou—who are the prosecutors?

Eph. Call in—

Sir Geo. Will nobody stop his mouth? (John Dory pushes him up against the wall) where are the prosecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his worship, the justice.

2d Ruff. A justice—oh, the devil! I thought we should have nothing but quakers to deal with. [aside] Why, your honor, I'll swear—[in a feigned country voice]

Sir Geo. (looking at them) Oh, ho!

clap down the hatches, secure these sharks.

Rover. I thought I should find you here Abrawang, and that you had some knowledge of these fellows.

Lady Am. Heavens! my cousin Harry. (aside)

Sir Geo. The devil! isn't this my spear and shield?

John. (advances) My young master—eh! what have you been at here? [unbinds Rover]

Enter Harry.

Harry. My dear fellow, are you safe?

Rover. Yes, Dick, I was brought in here very safe, I assure you.

Harry. A confederate in custody below has made a confession of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery; first for revenge, then, in hopes to share the reward for apprehending him—he also owns they are not sailors, but predators on the public.

Sir Geo. Keep them safe in limbo. [Russians take off] Not knowing that the justice of peace, whom they have brought the lad now here before, is the very man they attacked, ha, ha, ha! the rogues have fallen into their own snare.

Rover. What, now, you're a justice of peace; well said, Abrawang!

Amelia. Then, sir George, you know him too?

Sir Geo. Know puppy unknown? to be sure.

Rover. Madam, I am happy to see you again. [to Amelia]—ah, how do you do, my kind host? [shakes hands with Banks]

Lady Am. I rejoice at thy safety,—be reconciled to him. [to sir Geo.]

Sir Geo. Reconciled! if I dont love, respect and honor him, I should be unworthy of the life he rescued. But who is he?

Harry. Sir, he is—

Rover. Dick, I thank you for your good wishes, but I am still determined not to impose on this lady.—Madam, as I at first told this well meaning tar, when he forced me to your house, I am not the son of sir George Thunder.

John. No! then I wish you were the son of an admiral, and I your father.

Harry. You refuse the lady? to punish you, I've a mind to take her myself. My dear cousin—

Rover. Stop, Dick—if I, who adore her, wont, you shall not. No, no; madam, never mind what this fellow says, he's as poor as myself— isn't he, Abrawang?

Harry. Then, my dear *Rover*, since you are so obstinately disinterested, I'll not tease my father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant *Harry*, that ran from Portsmouth school, and joined you and your fellow comedians.

Rover. Indeed!

Harry. Dear cousin, forgive me, if through my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavoured to promote yours, by giving you a husband more worthy than myself. [*to lady Amaranth*]

Rover. Am I to believe! madam, is your uncle, sir George Thunder, in this room?

Lady Am. He is. [*looking at sir George*]

Rover. 'Tis so! you, in reality, what I've had the impudence to assume! and have perplexed your father with my ridiculous effrontry. [*turns to John Dory, angry*] I told you, I insisted I wasn't the person you took me for, but you must bring your damned chariot! I am ashamed and mortified. Madam, I beg to take my leave.

Eph. Thou art welcome to go.

Rover. [*bows*] Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you; but I hope, sir, you'll apologize to me. [*apart*]

Sir Geo. Ay, with pleasure, my noble splinter. Now tell me from what dock you were laucht, my heart of oak.

Rover. I've heard in England, sir; but from my earliest knowledge, till within a very few years, I've been in the East Indies.

Sir Geo. Beyond seas? well, and how?

Rover. It seems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herself obliged by the gentle Hyder Ally, to strike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow squat- ted on a carpet. A serjeant's wife

alone returned, and snatched me off triumphant, through fire, smoke, cannon, cries, and carnage.

Lady Am. Dost thou mark? (*to Amelia*)

Amelia. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town, where—

Rover. Yes, ma'am, the town was Negapatnam.

Amelia. I thank you sir, [*gazes with delight and earnestness on Rover*].

Rover. An officer, who'd much rather act Hotspur on the stage, than in the field, brought me up behind the scenes in the Calcutta theatre; I was rolled on the boards, acted myself into the favor of a colonel—promised a pair of colors—but, impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of an homeward bound ship—assumed the name of *Rover*, from the uncertainty of my fate, and having murdered more poets than rajahs, stept on english ground, unincumbered with rupees or pagodas. Ha, ha! wouldst thou come home so, little Ephraim.

Eph. I would bring myself home with some money.

Amelia. Excuse my curiosity, sir; what was the lady's name in whose care you were left?

Rover. Oh, ma'am, she was the lady of a major Linstock; but I heard my mother's name was Seymour.

Sir Geo. Why, Amelia!

Amelia. My son!

Rover. Madam!

Amelia. It is my Charles! (*embraces him*)

Sir Geo. Eh!

John. [*sings and capers, clap Eph. on the shoulder*] Tol, lol, lol, though I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block.

Amelia. Your father. (*to Rover, pointing to sir George*)

Rover. Can it? heaven! then have I attempted to raise my impious hand against a parent's life?

Sir Geo. My dear brave boy! then have I a son with spirit to fight me as a stranger, yet defend me as a father?

Lady Am. (*takes him by the hand*) Uncle, you'll recollect twas I who first introduced a son to thee.

Sir Geo. And I hope you will next introduce a grandson to me, young

slyboots. Harry, you've lost your fortune.

Harry. Yes, sir, but I've gained a brother, whose friendship, before I knew him to be such, I prized above the first fortune in England.

Rover. My generous friend—my brother—my friend!

Amelia. Then, will you take our Charles? [to Lady Am.]

Lady Am. Yea; but only on condition thou bestowest thy fortune on his friend and brother, mine is sufficient for us—is it not?

Rover. Angelic creature!—to think of my generous friend. But now for

'As you like it.' Where's Lamp and Trap? I shall ever love a play—a spark from Shakespeare's muse of fire, was the star that guided me thro' my desolate and bewildered maze of life, and brought me to these unexpected blessings.

To merit friends so good, so sweet a wife,
The 'Tender Husband' be my part
for life;
My Wild Oats sown, let candid thespian laws
Decree that glorious harvest,—your
applause.

END OF WILD OATS.

THE
DEVIL TO PAY;

OR,

THE WIVES METAMORPHOS'D.

A FARCE,

BY CHARLES COFFEY, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Loverule, an honest Country Gentleman, beloved for his hospitality.

Butler,
Cook,
Footman,
Coachman,
Jobson, a *Psalm singing Cobler, tenant to Sir John.*

Doctor.

Servants to Sir John.

Lady Loverule, Wife to Sir John, a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical Shrew.

Lucy, *Her Maids.*
Leatrice, *Jobson's Wife, an innocent Country Girl.*

Tenants, Servants.

Scene, a Country Village.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Cobler's House.*

Jobson and NELL.

Nell. Prithee, good Jobson, stay with me to night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you jade, and go spin ; for if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that ; whilst you take your swing at the ale-house, spend your substance, get drunk as a beast, then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

Job. Nouns, do you prate ? Why, how now, brazen face, do you speak ill of the government ? Don't you know, hussey, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such stuff ! But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the ale house to night.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow saucy upon't ; for I'm invited by sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall place ; we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to

enter her doors ; she grudges even a draught of small beer to her own servants ; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong beer in the house.

Job. A pox on her for a fanatical jade ! she has almost distracted the good knight : but she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to night : and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

Nell. O, dear husband, let me go with you ; we'll be as merry as the night's long.

Job. Why, how now, you bold baggage, would you be carried to a company of smooth faced, eating, drinking, lazy serving men ; no, no, you jade, I'll not be a cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome ; you promis'd I should see the house, and the family has not been here before, since you married and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious strumpet, dars't thou dispute with me, thy lord and master ! Get in and spin, or else my strap will wind about thy ribs most confoundedly.

AIR.—*The Twitcher.*

He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life :
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short,
Of her meat and her sport,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel, brave boys,
And ten times a day hoop her barrel.

Nell. Well, we poor women must always be slaves, and never have any joy ; but you men run and ramble at your pleasure.

Job. Why you most pestilent baggage, will you be hooped ? Begone.

Nell. I must obey. [going]

Job. Stay ; now I think on't, here's sixpence for you ; get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with lamb's wool ; rejoice and revel thyself ; be drunk and wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art.

He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life, &c. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*sir John's.*

BUTLER, COOK, FOOTMAN, COACHMAN, LUCY, LETTICE, &c.

But. I would our dancing neighbours were here, that we might rejoice while our termagant lady is abroad — I have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain there is more mirth in a galley than in our family. Our master, indeed, is the worthiest gentleman—nothing but sweetness and liberality.

Foot. But here's a house turn'd topsy-turvy, from heav'n to hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former lady was all virtue and mildness.

But. Ay, rest her soul, she was "so ; but thus is inspired with a legion of devils, who make her lay about her like a fury.

Lucy. I'm sure I always feel her in my bones ; if her complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before night.

Cook. Pox on her, I dare not come within her reach. I have some six broken heads already — A lady, quotha ! a she-bear is a villain animal.

Foot. Heav'n help my poor mas-

ter ! this devilish termagant scolding woman will be the death of him. I never saw a man so alter'd in all the days of my life.

Cook. There's a perpetual motion in that tongue of her's, and a damn'd shrill pipe, enough to break the drum of a man's ear."

Enter JOSSON.

But. Welcome, welcome, " all—this is our wish Honest old acquaintance,"—Goodman Jobson ! how dost thou ?

Job. By my troth, I am always sharp-set towards punch, and am now come with a firm resolution, though but a poor cobler, to be as richly drunk as a lord ; I am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as the best part of the liberty of the subject.

But. Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of punch in solemn procession and then for a song to crown our happiness.

[They all go out, and return with a bowl of punch.

AIR I—*Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure ;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure.
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul
May drink and sing without control,
To support our pleasure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our pleasure ;
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleasure.
And as the hours glide swift away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

But. The king and the royal family in a brimbor.

AIR III.

Here's a good health to the king,
And send him a prosperous reign ;
O'er hills and high mountains,
We'll drink dry the fountains,
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,
Until the sun rises again.
Then here's to thee, my boy boen,
And here's to thee, my boy boen ;
As we've tarry'd all day
For to drink down the sun,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave
boys,
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon.

[*Omnis karzer.*

Enter sir JOHN and LADY.

Lady. O heaven and earth, what's here within my doors ! Is hell broke loose ? What troop of fiends are here ? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak !

Sir John. For shame, my dear—As this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house, to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say, meddle with your own affairs ; I will govern my own house without your putting in an oar. Shall I ask your leave to correct my own servants ?

Sir John. I thought, madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

Lady. Did I bring a fortune to be thus abused before people ? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man ? Look you to your dogs and horses abroad ; but it will be my province to govern here ; nor will I be controul'd by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

AIR IV.

Sir John. Ye gods ! you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But by your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be married to a continual tempest. Strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally afloat—'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my provisions—I shall be devour'd at this rate.

But. I thought, madam, we might be merry once upon a holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish cur : is one day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. (Beats him) You minx, you impudent flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable fiddle? all dancing is whorish, hussey.

[Lugs her by the ears.

Lucy. O lud, she has pull'd off both my ears.

Sir John. Pray, madam, consider your sex and quality. I blush for your behaviour.

Lady. Consider your incapacity—you shall not instruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you buzzard.

[She beats 'em all, Jobson steals by.

Job. I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobler, madam—if your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy voice here first, villain [strikes him.

Job. Nounz ! what a pox, what a devil ails you ?

Lady. O profane wretch ! wicked varlet !

Sir John. For shame, your behaviour is monstrous

Lady. Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am ? I that am so pious and religious a woman.

Job. (sings) He that has the best wife,
She's the plague of his life,

But for her that will scold and will quarrel—

[exit.

Lady. O rogue, scoundrel, villain !

Sir John. Remember modesty.

Lady. I'll rout you all with a vengeance—“ I'll spoil your squeaking “ treble. [beats the fiddle about the blind man's head.

“ *Fid.* O murder, murder ! I am a “ dark man—which way shall I get “ hence !—O heav'n, she has broke “ my fiddle, and undone me and my “ wife and children.

“ *Sir John.* Here, poor fellow, take “ your staff and begone ; there's mo- “ ney to buy you two such—that's “ your way. [exit fidler.

“ *Lady.* Methinks you are very li- “ beral, sir—must my estate maintain “ you in your profuseness.”

Sir John. Go up to your closet, pray, and compose your mind.

Lady. O wicked man ! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A man can't be compleat- ly curst, I see, without marriage—but since there is such a thing as separate maintenance, she shall, to-morrow, enjoy the benefit of it.

AIR V.

Of all the comforts I miscarry'd.

Of the states in life so various

Marriage, sure, is most precarious ;

Tis a mare so strangely winding,

Still we are new mares finding :

Tis an action so severe,

That nought but death can set us clean.

Happy's the man from wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his liberty.

Were men wary

How they marry.

We should not be by half so full of misery.

[Knocking at the door.] Here, where are my servants? Must they be frightened from me?—Within there—see who knocks.

Lady. Within there—Where are my sluts? ye drabs, ye queans—lights there.

Enter SERVANTS, sneaking, with candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten miles off—he practises physic, and is an astrologer—your worship knows him very well—he is a cunning man, makes almanacks, and can help people to their goods again.

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor. Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to night.

Lady. Out of my house, you lewd conjurer, you magician.

Doctor. Here's a turn!—here's a change!—Well, if I have art, you shall smart for this. (aside.)

Sir John. You see, friend, I am not master of my own house: therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be entertain'd.

Doctor. I thank you, sir; I'm your most humble servant—but as for your lady there, she shall this night feel my resentment. [exit.]

Sir John. Come, madam, you and I must have some conference together.

Lady. Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation too in this house, or I'll turn it upside down—I will.

AIR VI—Contented country Farmer.

Sir J. Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this request,
And let who will the world contest;
Convey her to some distant shore,
Where I may n'er behold her more;
Or let me to some cottage fly,
In freedom's arms to live or die.

SCENE III.—The Cobler's.

NELL and the DOCTOR.

Nell. Pray, sir, mend your draught if you please: you are very welcome.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good woman; and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

Nell. O pray do, sir, I never had my fortune told me in my life.

Doct. Let me behold the lines of your face.

Nell. I'm afraid, sir, 'tis none of the cleanest—I have been about dirty work all this day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not ashamed of it; you shall shew it in greater places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, sir, I shall be mighty ashamed—I want dacity when I come before great folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare man—Heaven be thank'd

Doct. To morrow, before the sunrise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow! Alack-a day, sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband that rails at and strap: you.

Nell. Lud, how came he to know that? he must be a conjurer. Indeed my husband is somewhat rugged, and in his cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest pains-taking man, and I let him have his way.—Pray, sir, take t'other cup of ale.

Doct. I thank you—Believe me, to morrow you shall be the richest woman i'th' hundred, and ride in your own coach.

Nell. O father, you jeer me.

Doct. By my art, I do not. But mark my words—be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, sir, I warrant you—O Gemini! a coach!

AIR VII.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes.

My swelling heart now leaps for joy,
And riches all my thoughts employ;
No more shall people call me Nell,
Her ladyship will do as well:
Deck'd in my golden rich array,
Fill to my chariot roll away,
And shine at ring, at ball, and play.

Enter JOSSON.

Job. Where is this quean? Here Nell! what a pox are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

Nell. O husband! here's the rarest man—he has told me my fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my fortune too, a lusty pair of horns upon my head—Eh—is't not so?

Doct. Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'lt be happy—

Job. Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, you cheating, bamboozling villain! must I be cuckolded by such rogues as you are, mathematicians and almanack makers!

Nell. Prithey peace, husband, we shall be rich and have a coach of our own.

Job. A coach! a cart, a wheelbarrow, you jade—by the mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk—Get you to bed, you strumpet. [beats her]

Nell. O mercy on us! is this a taste of my good fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly rogue.

Job. Out of my house, you villain, or I'll run my awl up to the handle in your buttocks.

Doct. Farewell, you paltry slave.

Job. Get out, you rogue. [ex-*unt*

SCENE IV—Changes to an open country.

DOCTOR solus.

AIR VIII.

The Spirit's Song in Macbeth.

My little spirits now appear;

Nadir and Abishag draw near.

"The time is short, make no delay;

Then quickly haste and come away:

Nor moon nor stars afford their light,

But all is wrapt in gloomy night:

Both men and beasts to rest incline,

And all things favour my design.

"*Spi.* (within) Say, master, what is to be done?"

My strict commands be sure attend;

For o'er this night shall have an end,

You must this cobler's wife transform,

And to the knight's the like perform:

With all your most specific charms,

Convey each wife to different arms:

Let each delusion be so strong,

That none may know the right from wrong.

"*(within)* All this we will with care perform,

In thunder, lightning and a storm."

(Thunder.)

SCENE V—The Cobler's House.

JOSSON at work—The bed in view.

Job. What devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such claps of

thunder in all my life. I thought my little hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is—I'll settle myself to work. The, say winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

AIR IX. Charming Sally.

Of all the trades from east to west;

The cobler's past contending,

Is like no time to prove the best,

Which ev'ry day is mending.

How great his praise who can amend

The soles of all his neighbours;

Nor is unmindful of his end,

But to his last still labours!

Lady. Heyday! what impudent ballad singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep? I'll have you flea'd, you rascal.

Job. What a pox, does she talk in her sleep? or is she drunk still? [sings

AIR X.

Now pond'r well, ye Parents dear.

Bath, a wanton wife did dwell,

As Chaucer he did write,

Who wantonly did spend her time,

In many a fond delight.

All on a time so sick she was,

And she at length did die,

And then her soul at Paradise

Did knock most mightily.

Lady. Why, villain, rascal, screech owl, who makest a worst noise than a dog hung in the pales, or a hog in a high wind. Where are all my servants? Somebody come and ham-string this rogue. [knocks

Job. Why, how now, you brazen quean! you must get drunk with the conjuror, must you! I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no bell to ring. Where are my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

Job. Ay, the jade's asleep still; the conjuror told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage. [sings.

I will come in, in spite, she said,

Of all such churls as thee:

Thou art the cause of all our pain,

Our grief and misery.

Thou first broke the commandment,

In honour of thy wife:

When Adam heard her say these words,

He ran away for life.

Lady. Why, husband! Sir John! Will you suffer me thus to be insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir John! what a

pox, has she knighted me! and my name's Zekel too: a good jest, faith

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the bed. Heav'n, where am I?—

“ Foh, what loathsome smells are here?” Canvass sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain; a beastly rug, and a flock-bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream? What rogue is that? Sirrah, —Where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing—I never heard such words from her before—If I take my strap to you, I'll make you know your husband; I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab

Lady. Oh, astonishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you rogue; I'm a lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping draught, and conveyed me hither, you dirty varlet.

Job. A sleeping draught! yes, you drunken jade, you had a sleeping draught, with-a-pox to ye. What, has not your lamb's wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I?—Where has my villainous husband put me?—Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What does she call her maids too? The conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of conjurors; sure I am bewitched! Ha, what clothes are here? a linsey-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat; I am removed from my house by witch craft. What must I do? what will become of me?

[Horns wind without.]

Job. Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work; come and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you.—What-a pox, must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

Lady. Why, sirrah, thou impudent villain! dost thou not know me, you rogue?

Job. Know you? yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir John Loverule's lady: how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's lady!—No, Nell, not quite so bad neither;

that damn'd, stingy, fanatic whore, plagues every one that comes near her—the whole country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer—You rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners.

[Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.]

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her; I never had an ill word from her before. Come, strap, I'll try your mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, quean.

[He straps her—she flies at him.]

Lady. I'll pull your throat out—I'll tear out your eyes—I am a lady, sirrah. O murder, murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this.—Murder, murder!

Job. Come, hussey, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you never were so lambed since you were an inch long. Take it up, you jade.

[she flings it down—he straps her.]

Lady. Hold, hold! I'll do any thing. *Job.* Oh, I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do?—I can't spin. *(aside)*

Job. I'll into my stall—'tis broad day now. *[works and sings.]*

AIR XI—Come let us prepare.

Let matters of state

Disquiet the great,

The cobler has sought to perplex him;

Has sought but his wife

To ruffle his life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the power

Of fortune, that where,

Since low as can be she has thrust him;

From duns he's secure;

For being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

Hey day, I think the jade's brain is turn'd! What, have you forgot to spin, hussey?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en'try my feet—I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me. *[she runs out.]*

Job. What, does she run for it?—I'll after her. *[he runs out.]*

SCENE VI—sir John's House.

NELL in bed.

Nell. What pleasant dreams I have had to night?—Methought I was in paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by

my side ! Ha, bless me ! where am I now ?—What sweets are these ?—No garden in the spring can equal them—Am I on a bed ?—The sheets are earsenet, sure ; no linen ever was so fine—What a gay silken robe have I got ?—O heaven ! I dream !—Yet if this be a dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure I died last night and went to heav'n ; and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an alarm that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest : the first greeting I suppose, will be jade or whore. Madam, madam !

Nell. O gemini ! who's this ! What dost say, sweetheart ?

Lucy. Sweetheart ! Oh lud, sweetheart ! The best names I have had these three months from her ; have been slut or whore. What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to day.

Nell. What does she mean ? Ladyship, gown and ruffles !—Sure I am awake ! Oh, I remember the cunning man now.

Lucy. Did your ladyship speak ?

Nell. Ay, child, I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy on me !—Child !—Here's a miracle !

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Is my lady awake ? Have you had her shoe or her slipper at your head yet ?

Lucy. Oh no, I'm overjoyed—she's in the kindest humour ; go to the bed and speak to her ; Now's your time

Let. Now's my time !—what, to have another tooth beat out. Madam !

Nell. What dost say, my dear ?.. O father, what would she have ?

Let. What work will your ladyship have done to day ? Shall I work plain work, or go to my stitching ?

Nell. Work, child ! 'tis holiday : no work to day

Let. Oh mercy ! am I, or she, awake ? or do we both dream ? Here's a blest change !

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy family.

Let. Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me, what's that ? some garment, I suppose. (aside) Put it on then, sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, madam ! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by ; I don't care for drinking now.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Now go I like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's command about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called ?

Let. Oh, John Cook, you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper.

Cook. What a devil, are they all mad ?

Lucy. Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

Nell. Oh, there's a fine cook ! He looks like one of your gentlefolks—(aside) Indeed honest man, I'm very hungry now ; pray, get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of ewe-milk cheese, and some white bread.

Cook. Hey, what's to do here ? my head turns round. Honest man ! I look'd for rogue or rascal at least.—She's strangely chang'd in her diet as well as her humour. (aside) I'm afraid, madam, cheese and bacon will sit very heavy on your ladyship's stomach in a morning. If you please, madam, I'll toss you up a white fricassee of chickens in trice, madam ; or what does your ladyship think of a veal sweetbread ?

Nell. Ev'n what you will, good cook.

Cook. Good cook ! good cook !—Ah, 'tis a sweet 'lady.' Mercy on us ! Miracles will never cease.

Enter BUTLER.

“ Oh, kiss me, Chip, I am out of my wits ; we have the kindest, sweetest lady.

“ *But.* You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits, all of ye ; the maids look merrily too.”

Lucy. Here's the Butler, madam, to know your ladyship's orders.

Nell. Oh, pray, Mr. Butler, let me have some small-beer, when my breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. Butler ! Mr. Butler ! I shall be turn'd into stone with amazement. (aside) Would not your ladyship rather have a glass of Frontiniac or Lacryme ?

Nell. O dear, what hard names are these ! but I must not betray myself.

(aside) Well, which you please, Mr. Butler.

Enter Coachman.

"But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

"Coach. The cook has been making his game, I know not how long — what, do you banter too?"

Lucy. Madam, the coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your ladyship goes out to day, and which you'll have, the coach or chariot.

Nell. Good-luck-a-day! I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

Coach. The sky will fall, that's certain. [exit.

Nell. I can hardly think I'm awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me! O notable cunning man! My head turns round! I am quite giddy with my own happiness.

AIR XII.

What though I am a country Lass.

Though late I was a cobler's wife,
In cottage most obscure-a,
In plain stuff-gown, and short-ear'd colf,
Hard labour did endure-a;
The scene is changed, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read and write,
And from all bear the bell-a.

Enter sir John, meeting his servants

Butler. Oh, sir, here's the rarest news!

Lucy. There never was the like, sir! You'll be overjoy'd and amaz'd!

Sir John. What, are ye mad? — What's the matter with ye? — How now! here's a new face in my family! What's the meaning of all this?

But. Oh, sir, the family's turn'd upside down! — We are almost distract'd—the happiest people! —

Lucy. Ay, my lady, sir: my lady—

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heav'n forbid! — O, she's the best woman, the sweetest lady—

Sir John. This is astonishing — I must go and inquire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, sir, upon my honor. Long live Sir John and my lady — Huzza.

Enter NELL.

Nell. I well remember the cunning man warned me to bear all out with confidence; or worse, he said, would follow. I am ashamed, and know not what to do with all this ceremony.

I am amaz'd and out of my senses. I look'd in the glass, and saw a gay, fine thing I knew not. Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. — But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor folks' glasses represent them e'en just as they are

"AIR XIII.

"When I was a Dame of honour.

"Fine ladies with an artful grace
Disguise each native feature :
Whilst flattering glasses shew the face,
As made by art not nature :
But we poor folks in home-spun grey,
By patch nor washes tainted,
Look fair and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted."

Lucy. Oh, madam, here's my master just returned from hunting.

Enter sir JOHN.

Nell. O gemini! this fine gentleman my husband?

Sir John. My dear, I am overjoyed to see my family thus transported with ecstacy which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction

Sir John. By heav'n I am charm'd! Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies. But can this be real? — May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest.

(kneels.)

Sir John. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed. Where are my friends, my servants? Call 'em all, and let them be witnesses of my happiness. [exit.

Nell. O rare sweet man! He smells all over like a nose gay. Heav'n preserve my wits.

AIR XIV.

"Twixt within a Furlong, &c.

O charming cunning man! thou hast been wondrous kind;

And all thy golden words do now prove true, I find.

Ten thousand transports wak

To crown my happy state;

Thus kissed and pressed,

And doubly blest

In all this pomp and state;

New scenes of joy arise

Which fill me with surprise;

My rock and reel,

And spinlog-wheel,

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And husband, I despise.
Thee Jobson, now adieu,
Thy cobling still pursues :

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle
to. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Jobson's House.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Was ever lady yet so miserable ! I can't make one soul in the village acknowledge me. They sure are all of the conspiracy. This wicked husband of mine has laid a devilish plot against me : I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an opportunity of executing my design. Here comes the rogue ; I'll have him strangled : but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on Nell ; art thou come to thyself yet ?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I aild : this cunning man has put powder in my drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder ! the brewer has put good store of powder of malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she ! ha, ha, ha !

Lady. I never was so ill in all the days of my life.

Job. Was so ill ! No, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right hand cut off for that, rogue. (aside) You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir John Loverule's—all his tenants are invited. There's to be rare feasting and revelling, and open house kept for three months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you ?

Job. What the devil ails thee now ! Did I not tell thee, but yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go—and, when at it again, with a pox ?

Job. What does the villain mean by ~~way~~ ? I tig, and yesterday ? (aside)

Job. At ~~way~~, I have been married but six weeks, and you long to make me a cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd—there's good cold pie in the cupboard ; but I'll trust thee no more with strong beer, hussey. [Exit.]

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you. Sure I shall get some of my own family to know me ; they can't be all in this wicked plot. [Exit.]

H

SCENE VIII.—Sir John's.
Sir JOHN and Company enter.

AIR—*Duesto.*

Sir John. Was ever man possessed of
So sweet, so kind a wife !

Nell. Dear sir, you make me proud.
Be you but kind,
And you shall find

All the good I can boast of
Shall end but with my life.

Sir John. Give me thy lips :
Nell. First let me, dear sir, wipe 'em.
Sir John. Was ever so sweet a wife !

(Kissing her.)

Nell. Thank you, dear sir !
I vow and protest,
I never was so kiss'd :
Again, sir !

Sir John. Again, and again, my dearest ;
O may it last for life !

Nell. What pleasure to behold thee !
Inclin'd again to kiss ?

Sir John. How ravishing the bliss !
Nell. I little thought this morning

'Twould ever come to this. (Da capo.)

Enter LADY.

Lady. Here's a fine rout and rioting ! You, sirrah, Butler ! you rogue !

But. Why, how now ! who are you ?

Lady. Impudent varlet ! Don't you know your lady ?

But. Lady ! Here, turn this mad woman out of doors.

“Lady. You rascal ;—take that, “sirrah. [flings a glass at him.]

“But. Have a care, hussey, there's “a good pump without ; we shall “cool your courage for you.”

Lady. You, Lucy ! have you forgot me too, you minx ?

Lucy. Forgot you, woman ! Why, I never remember'd you, I never saw you before in my life.

Lady. O the wicked slut—I'll give you cause to remember me, I will, hussey. (pulls her head-clothes off.)

Lucy. Murder, murder, help !

Sir John. How now ! what uproar's this !

Lady. You, Lettice, you slut !—won't you know me neither ?

[strikes her.]

Let. Help, help !

Sir John. What's to do there ?

But. Why, sir, here's a mad woman calls herself my lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. (to lady) Thou my wife ! poor creature, I pity thee——I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee, thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

Nell. How I am amaz'd! can that be I there in my clothes, that have made all this disturbance? And yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine clothes. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heav'n, what do I see!—Is not that I yonder in my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be? I cannot be in two places at once?

Sir John. Poor wretch, she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the devil's name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the glass—Oh, Heav'ns! I am astonish'd, I don't know myself! If this be I that the glass shews, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent like ness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There; that's the devil in my likeness, who has robb'd me of my countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, hussey; and here's my strap you quean.

Nell. O dear, I'm afraid my husband will beat me, that am on t'other side of the room there.

Job. I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjuror last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady Loverule.

Sir John. Poor woman! take care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cured of this.

Job. Yes, an't please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussey, do you see this?

Nell. O, pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness too?

Nell. I am not well—pray, lead me in.

[exit Nell and maid.]

Job. I beseech your worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me.

[exit Jobson and Lady.]

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who called here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you upon very earnest business.

Sir John. What can this mean?—Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my knees, sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercis'd my magic art upon your *Lady*;—I know you have too much honour to take away my life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great to bear. Is all my happiness then turn'd into vision only?

Doct. Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your lady's face so, that she seems the cobler's wife, and have charm'd her face into the likeness of my lady's; and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits conveyed them to each other's bed.

Sir John. Oh, wretch, thou hast undone me—I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and most still be curs'd with a tempestuous wife, a fury whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

Sir John. Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you if you don't end the charm this instant.

Doct. I will this minute, sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life—I can assure you your lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold; there's a serial circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir John. Perhaps the cobler has—You understand me.

Doct. I do assure you no; for e'er she was conveyed to his bed, the cobler had got up to work, and he has done naught but beat her ever since; and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute—here he comes.

Enter Job.

Sir John. So, Jobson, where's your wife?

Job. An't please your worship, she is here at the door ; but indeed I thought I had lost her just now ; for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again ; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps did the business at last. Here, where are you, housewife ?

Enter Lady.

" *But.* O heaven and earth ! is this my lady !

" *Job.* What does he say ? my wife " turned to my lady.

" *Cook.* Ay, I thought the other " was too good for my lady."

Lady. [to *sir John*] Sir, you are the person I have most offended ; and here confess I have been the worst of wives in every thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty and observance of your will.

Sir John. Rise, madam, I do forgive you ; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world, without you, could do.

Job. What a pox ! am I to lose my wife thus ?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, sir, the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us —my lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And, when she came to her self, she proved another woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha ! a bull, a bull.

Lucy. She is so changed, I knew her not. I never saw her face before. O lud, is this my 'ady ?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my servants ;—it shall hereafter be my endeavour to make you happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this resolution, and we shall be blest indeed for life.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My head turns round, I must go home. O, Zekel ! are you there ?

Job. O lud ! is that fine lady my wife ? E'gad, I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this ?

Sir John. This is a happy change ; and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaim'd for my late short-liv'd vision.

Lady. To me it is the happiest day I ever knew.

" *Sir John.* Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife."

Job. But one word, sir—Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose ?

Sir John. No, upon my honour, nor ever kist her lips till I came from hunting—but since she has been a means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds home with her—go buy a stock of leather.

Job. Bravo, boys ! I'm a prince—the prince of coblers ! Come hither and kiss me, Nell—I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream, that I'm quite weary of it. [to *Jobson*]—Forsooth, madam, will you please to take your clothes, and let me have mine again.

[to *lady Loverule*.

Job. Hold your tongue, you fool, they'll serve you to go to church in. (aside.

Lady. No—thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as reliques.

Job. And can your ladyship forgive my strapping your ladyship so very much.

Lady. Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing but joy and pleasure.

AIR XVI.—Hey boys, up we go.

Lady. Let ev'ry face with smiles appear,

Be joy in ev'ry breast ;

Since from a life of pain and care,

We now are truly blest.

Sir J. May no remembrance of past time

Our present pleasures soil ;

Be sought but mirth and joy a crime,

And sporting all our toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,

If I may be so bold :

There's nought but the devil and this good strap,
Could ever tame a scold.

—END OF THE DEVIL TO PAY.

THE
L I A R,

A FARCE—IN THREE ACTS.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir James Elliot, attached to Miss Grantham.
Old Wilding, a Country Gentleman.
Young Wilding, the Lear, his Son.
Papillion, Valet to Young Wilding.

Miss Grantham, attached to Sir James.
Miss Godfrey, her Friend.
Kitty, Maid to Miss Grantham.
Servants, Watermen, &c.

Scene—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Young Wilding's Lodgings.

Young Wilding and Papillion discovered.

Y. Wild. And am I now, Papillion, perfectly equipp'd?

Pap. Personne mieux. Nobody better.

Y. Wild. My figure?

Pap. Fait à peindre.

Y. Wild. My air?

Pap. Libre

Y. Wild. My address?

Pap. Parisiene.

Y. Wild. My hat sits easily under my arm; not like the draggled tail of my tatter'd academical habit.

Pap. Ah, bien autre chose.

Y. Wild. Why, then, adieu Alma Mater, and bien venue la ville de Londre; farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres; presidents, proctors, short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays, bagnios, long tavern-bills with no graces at all.

Pap. Ab, bravo, bravo!

Y. Wild. Well, but my dear Papillion, you must give me the chart du paye. This town is a new world to me; my provident papa, you know, would never suffer me near the smoke of London; and what can be his motive for permitting me now, I can't readily conceive.

Pap. Ni moi.

Y. Wild. I shall, however, take the liberty to conceal my arrival from him for a few days.

Pap. Vous avez raison.

Y. Wild. Well, my Mentor, and how am I to manage? Direct my road:

where must I begin? But the debate is, I suppose, of consequence.

Pap. Vraiment.

Y. Wild. How long have you left Paris, Papillion?

Pap. Twelve, thirteen year.

Y. Wild. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

Pap. The accent is difficult.

Y. Wild. But here you are at home.

Pap. C'est vrai.

Y. Wild. No stranger to fashionable places.

Pap. O faite!

Y. Wild. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes.

Pap. Sans doute.

Y. Wild. Well then, open your lecture: And, d've hear, Papillion, as you have the honor to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us. See me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo

Pap. Here then I disclose my Helenon to my poetical pupil.

Y. Wild. Hey, Papillion?

Pap. Sir?

Y. Wild. What is this? why, you speak English!

Pap. Without doubt.

Y. Wild. But like a native.

Pap. To be sure.

Y. Wild. And what am I to conclude from all this?

“ Pap. Logically thus, sir: Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman. I speak pure English; ergo, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you, ma-

" jor, minor, and consequence. What! " do you think, sir, that whilst you " was busy at Oxford, I was idle? No, " no, no.

" *Y. Wild.* Well, sir, but notwithstanding your pleasure, I must have this matter explain'd.

" *Pap.* So you shall, my good sir; but don't be in such a hurry. You can't suppose I would give you the key, unless I meant you should open the door.

" *Y. Wild.* Why then, prithee, un-jock it.

" *Pap.* Immediately. But by way of entering upon my post as preceptor, suffer me first to give you a hint. You must not expect, sir, to find here, as at Oxford, men appearing in their real characters: every body there, sir, knows that Dr. Mussy is a fellow of Maudlin, and Tom Trifle a student of Christ-Church; but this town is one great comedy, in which not only the principles, but frequently the persons, are feigned.

" *Y. Wild.* A useful observation.

" *Pap.* Why now, sir, at the first coffee-house I shall enter you, you will perhaps meet a man, from whose decent sable dress, placid countenance, insinuating behaviour, short sword, with the waiter's civil addition of 'A dish of coffee for Dr. Julap,' you would suppose him to be a physician.

" *Y. Wild.* Well?

" *Pap.* Does not know diascordium from diaenium. An absolute French spy, concealed under the shelter of a huge medicinal perriwig.

" *Y. Wild.* Indeed!

" *Pap.* A martial figure, too, it is odds but you will encounter; from whose scars, title, dress, and address, you would suppose to have had a share in every action since the peace of the Pyrenees; runner to a gaming table, and bully to a bawdy-house. Battles, to be sure, he has been in—with the watch; and frequently a prisoner too in the round-house.

" *Y. Wild.* Amazing!

" *Pap.* In short, sir, you will meet with lawyers who practise smuggling, and merchants who trade up on Hounslow-heath; reverend atheists, right honourable sharpers, and Frenchmen from the county of York.

" *Y. Wild.* In the last list, I presume, you roll.

" *Pap.* Just my situation.

" *Y. Wild.* And pray, sir, what may be your motive for this whimsical transformation?

" *Pap.* A very harmless one, I promise you. I would only avail myself at the expense of folly and prejudice.

" *Y. Wild.* As how?

" *Pap.* Why, sir—But to be better understood, I believe it will be necessary to give you a short sketch of the principal incidents of my life.

Y. Wild. Prithee do.

Pap. Why then, you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our country of York is so plentifully stocked.

" *Pap.* But to the point: Why this disguise? why renounce your country?

Pap. There, sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me.

Y. Wild. Explain.

Pap. In an instant: upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the Monthly Review.

Y. Wild. What, an author too?

Pap. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physice, divinity, and mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the commands and caprice of my master, I have condemn'd books I never read: and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one syllable of the original.

Y. Wild. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment, and depth of knowledge, were necessary to accomplish a critic.

Pap. Yes, sir; but a one monthly one. Our method was very concise. We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scatter'd through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, 'laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument.' If we are to decry, then we have, 'unconnected, flat, false, illiberal, stricture, reprehensible, unnatural.' And thus, sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

Y. Wild. A short recipe!

Pap. And yet, sir, you have all the materials that are necessary? These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is the same thing.

Y. Wild. How came you to resign this easy employment?

Pap. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a-week and my small beer. Poor pitance!

Y. Wild. Poor, indeed.

Pap. Oh, half-starv'd me.

Y. Wild. What was your next change?

Pap. I was mightily puzzled to choose. "Some would have me turn player, and others methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player,—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; and so I resolv'd to turn footman.

"*Y. Wild.* Wisely resolv'd.

"*Pap.* Yes, sir, but not so easily executed.

Y. Wild. No!

"*Pap.* Oh, no, sir. Many a weary step have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young, here the last livery was too big, there it was too little; here I was awkward, there I was knowing: Ma dam disliked me at this house, her ladyship's woman at the next: so that I was as much puzzled to find out a place, as the great Cynic philosopher to discover a man. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way that quite retrieved my affairs.

Y. Wild. Pray, who might he be?

Pap. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over three penny-worth beef a-la-mode, in a cellar in St. Ann's. My little foreign friend purs'd up his lanthorn-jaws, and with a shrug of contempt, "Ah, maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la pas la politique; you have no finesse: to thrive here you must study the folly of your own country."—How monsieur?"—"Taisez vous—keep a your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my

lodgement, I will give you proper dress, den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house; you will find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman Anglois, will fly open demselves to a French valet de chambre.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion?

Pap. Gad, sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determin'd to follow my friend's advice.

Y. Wild. Did it succeed?

Pap. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a passe-partout. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

Y. Wild. As how?

Pap. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, a dentist, or a dancing-master: these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen. But now, sir, to the point: As you were pleased to be so candid with me, I was determined to have no reserve with you. You have studied books, I have studied men; you want advice, and I have some at your service.

Y. Wild. Well, I'll be your customer.

Pap. But guard my secret. If I should be so unfortunate as to lose your place, don't shut me out from every other.

Y. Wild. You may rely upon me.

Pap. In a few years I shall be in a condition to retire from business; but whether I shall settle at my family-seat, or pass over to the continent, is as yet undetermined. Perhaps, in gratitude to the country, I may purchase a marquisate near Paris, and spend the money I have got by their means generously amongst them.

Y. Wild. A grateful intention. But let us sally. Where do we open?

Pap. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day: the Mall will be crowded.

Y. Wild. Allons.

Pap. But don't stare, sir: survey every thing with an air of habit and indifference.

Y. Wild. Never fear.

Pap. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

Y. Wild. Proceed.

Pap. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

Y. Wild. What is it?

Pap. And yet it is a pity too, you do it so very well.

Y. Wild. Prithee be plain.

Pap. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn for invention.

Y. Wild. Well.

Pap. But now and then in your narratives you are hurry'd, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable, a little given to the marvellous.

Y. Wild. I understand you: what, I am somewhat subject to lying?

Pap. Oh, pardon me, sir; I don't say that; no, no: only a little apt to embellish; that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing: but men in general are so stupid, so ignorantly attach'd to matter of fact—And yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose, I can't for my life determine.

Y. Wild. You would advise me then not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

Pap. Why, sir, if you should descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

Y. Wild. I'll think of it.

Pap. Besides, sir, in this town, people are more smoky and suspicious. Oxford, you know, is the seat of the muses; and a man is naturally permitted more ornament and garniture in his conversation, than they will allow in this latitude.

Y. Wild. I believe you are right. But we shall be late. D'y'e hear me, Pa-pillion: if at any time you find me too poetical give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away. [Exit.

Pap. I wish it mayn't; but the disease is too deeply rooted to be quickly removed. Lord, how I have sweat for him! yet he unembarrassed, easy, and fluent, all the time, as if he really believed what he said. Well, to be sure, he is a great master; it is a thousand pities his genius could not be converted to some public service. I think the goverment should employ him to answer the Brussel's gazette. I'll be hang'd if he is not too many for Monsieur Maubert, at his own wea-pons. [Exit.

SCENE II. The Park.

Enter Miss GRANTHAM, Miss GODFREY, and Servant.

M. Gr. John, let the chariot go round to Spring-gardens; for your mistress and I shall call at Lady Bab's, Miss Arabella Allnight's, the Countess of Crumble's, and the tall man's, this morning. My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out!

Why, child, you are as tedious as a long morning. Do you know now, that of all places of public rendezvous I honor the Park? forty thousand million of times preferable to the play-house! Don't you think so, my dear?

M. God. They are both well in their way.

M. Gr. Way! why, the purpose of both is the same; to meet company, is'n't? What, d'y'e think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! well, that is well enough. But, O gemini! I beg a million of pardons: You are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

M. God. Liberties in public?

M. Gr. Yes, child; such as en-coring a song at an opera, interrupting a play, in a critical scene of distress, ballooing to a pretty fellow cross the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know now, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazéed at and followed by as great a crowd on a Sunday, as if I was the Tripoly ambassador.

M. God. The good fortune, ma'am! Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

M. Gr. Decent! O, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion! Decency is, child, a mere bourgeois, plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas. You are a fine girl, and we must not have you lost; I'll undertake you myself. But, as I was saying—Prav, my dear, what was I saying?

M. God. I profess I don't recollect.

M. Gr. Hey!—Oh, ah! the Park. one great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connexions.

M. God. Ma'am!

M. Gr. Nay, don't look grave. Why, do you know that all my male friendships, are form'd in this place?

M. God. It is an odd spot: But you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

M. Gr. Oh, I will convince you in a moment; for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure.

M. God. Nay, for heaven's sake!

M. Gr. I am determin'd, child: that is—

M. God. You will excuse my withdrawing.

M. Gr. Oh, please yourself, my dear. [Exit *Miss Godfrey*.]

Enter Young Wilding with Papil Lion.

Y. Wild. Your ladyship's handkerchief, m'aam.

M. Gr. I am, sir, concern'd at the trouble—

Y. Wild. A most happy incident for me, madam; as chance has given me an honour, in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

M. Gr. Is this meant to me, sir?

Y. Wild. To whom else, madam? Surely, you must have mark'd my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance: to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow; I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance, like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

Pap. So, now he is in for it: stop him who can.

Y. Wild. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night your ladyship's portal, as a sentinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

Pap. Quitted America! well pull'd.

M. Gr. You have serv'd in America then?

Y. Wilding. Full four years, m'aam: and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence, but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity, affirm, I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

Pap. What the deuce is he driving at now?

Y. Wild. The project to surprise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit. There indeed the whole army did me justice.

M. Gr. I have heard the honour of that conquest attributed to another name.

Y. Wild. The mere taking the town, m'aam. But that's a trifle: Sieges now-a-days are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we, who know the business, are at calcu-

lation. For instance now, we will suppose the commander in chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, 'Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress, what will be the expence?'— 'Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds.

M. Gr. And you should be near the mark?

Y. Wild. To an odd joint, m'aam. But, madam, it is not to the French alone that my feats are confin'd: Cherokeees, Catawbas, with all the Awas and Eees of the continent, have felt the force of my arms.

Pap. This is too much, sir.

Y. Wild. Hands off!—Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle. To me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations; and I had the first honour of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter.

M. Gr. And so young!

Y. Wild. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs: he shall present you with the wampum belt and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military-dance, with a short specimen of their war-whoop.

Pap. For Heaven's sake!

M. Gr. The place is too public.

Y. Wild. In short, madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I return'd to reap the harvest of the well fought field. Here it was my good fortune to encounter you; then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved; prouder to serve here than command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains, than in triumphing over the vanquish'd world.

M. Gr. I have got a most heroical lover; But I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him.— [Aside.]—Well, sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present it is necessary we should separate.

Y. Wild. Slave to your will, I live

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but to obey you.' But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

M. Gr. Sir?

Y. Wild. Your place of abode.

M. Gr. Oh, sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you have a whole year stood sentinel at my ladyship's portal.

Y. Wild. Madam, I—I—I—.

M. Gr. Oh, sir, your servant. Ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught? ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.]

Pap. That was an unlucky question, sir.

Y. Wild. A little mal-a-propos, I must confess.

Pap. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

Y. Wild. Poh! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is. Hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her foot-man—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

Pap. I will try? [Exit.]

[*Wilding retires to the Back of the Stage.*]

Enter *Sir JAMES ELLIOT* and *SERVANT.*

Sir J. Music and an entertainment?

Ser. Yes, sir.

Sir J. Last night, upon the water!

Ser. Upon the water, last night.

Sir J. Who gave it?

Ser. That, sir, I can't say.

To them *WILDING.*

Y. Wild. Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

Sir J. Ah, my dear Wilding! you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you; you seem'd upon an interesting subject?

Sir J. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

Y. Wild. Of what kind?

Sir J. A young lady regal'd last night by her lover on the Thames.

Y. Wild. As how?

Sir J. A band of music in boats.

Y. Wild. Were they good performers?

Sir J. The best. Then conducted to Marblehead, where she found a magnificent collation.

Y. Wild. Well order'd?

Sir J. With elegance. After supper a ball; and, to conclude the night, a firework.

Y. Wild. Was the last well design'd?

Sir J. Superb.

Y. Wild. And happily executed?

Sir J. Not a single faux pas.

Y. Wild. And you don't know who gave it?

Sir J. I can't even guess.

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Why do you laugh?

Y. Wild. Ha, ha, ha! It was me.

Sir J. You!

Pap. You, Sir!

Y. Wild. Moi—me.

Pap. So, so, so; he's enter'd again.

Sir J. Why, you are fortunate to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

Y. Wild. Short! why, man, I have been in London these six weeks.

Pap. O Lord, O Lord!

Y. Wild. It is true, not caring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventur'd out, but at nights.

Pap. I can hold no longer. Dear sir—

Y. Wild. Peace, puppy.

Pap. A curb to your poetical vein.

Y. Wild. I shall curb your impertinence—But since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

Sir J. I shall hear it with pleasure—This is a lucky adventure: but he must not know he is my rival.—[Aside.]

Y. Wild. Why, sir, between six and seven my goddess embarked at Somerset stairs, in one of the company's barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing. The conceits were pretty; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter; but, however, well tim'd, and, what was better, well taken.

Sir J. Doubtless.

Pap. At what a rate he runs!

Y. Wild. As soon as we had gained the centre of the river, two boats, full of trumpets, French-horns, and other martial musick, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surry side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes and hautboys, from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sail'd along, till the arches of the New Bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden China, by Robinson. Here the repast clos'd with a few favourite

airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

Pap. Mercy on us!

Y. Wild. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscauën's victory over the French was repeated : the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition, and not a single incident omitted.

Sir Ja. Surely you exaggerate a little.

Pap. Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

Y. Wild. True to the letter, upon my honour. I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, feu d'artifice, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced : it is enough to know, that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produc'd in a lavish abundance.

Sir Ja. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

Y. Wild. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

Pap. Modest creature !

Sir Ja. I wish you joy of your success—For the present you will excuse me.

Y. Wild. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

Sir Ja. For that I shall seize another occasion. [Exit.

Pap. Nobly perform'd, sir.

Y. Wild. Yes, I think happily hit off.

Pap. May I take the liberty to offer one question ?

Y. Wild. Freely.

Pap. Pray, sir, are you often visit ed with these waking dreams ?

Y. Wild. Dreams ! what dost mean by dreams ?

Pap. Those ornamental reveries, those frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deem'd absolute flams.

Y. Wild. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed ge nius.

Pap. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

Y. Wild. No : a plebeian soul ! But I will animate thy clay : mark my ex ample, follow my steps, and in time thou may'st rival thy master.

Pap. Never, never, sir : I have not talents to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing—Besides, sir, to what pur pose are all these embellishments !

Why tell the lady you have been in London a year ?

Y. Wild. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

Pap. But why, sir, a soldier ?

Y. Wild. How little thou know'st of the sex ! What, I suppose thou would'st have me attack them in mood and figure, by a pedantic classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, do'st think that women are to be got like degrees ?

Pap. Nay, sir—

Y. Wild. No, no ; the *scavoir vivre* is the science for them ; the man of war is their man : they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, co horns, and covert-ways ; then enter sword-in-hand, pell-mell ! Oh, how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swapinback, Count Rosomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh ! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller ; but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dying, crying crotchet s, that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

Pap. Very well, sir, this is all very lively ; but remember the travelling pitcher ; if you don't one time or other, under favour, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

Y. Wild. Do you think so Papillion ?—And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why then I will be content to be crucify'd. And so along after the lady— [Stops short, going out.] Zounds, here comes my father ! I must fly. Watch him, Papillion, and bring me word to Cardigan. [Exeunt separately.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.—A Room in a Tavern.

Young WILDING and PAPILLION ri sing from Table.

Y. Wild. Gad, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

Pap. It is pretty near the same thing ; for I saw him join Sir James Elliot : so your arrival is no longer a secret.

Y. Wild. Why then I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment. I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flutter'd at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair : Prithee, who is she ?

Pap. There were two.

Y. Wild. That I saw.

Pap. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey

Y. Wild. And her fortune ?

Pap. Immense.

Y. Wild. Single, I hope ?

Pap. Certainly.

Y. Wild. Then will I have her.

Pap. What, whether she will or no ?

Y. Wild. Yes.

Pap. How will you manage that ?

Y. Wild. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

Pap. I don't understand you, sir.

Y. Wild. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the calculation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

Pap. At the expence of the lady's reputation, perhaps.

Y. Wild. That will be as it happens.

Pap. And have you no qualms, sir ?

Y. Wild. Why, where's the injury ?

Pap. No injury to ruin her fame !

Y. Wild. I will restore it to her again.

Pap. How ?

Y. Wild. Turn tinker, and mend it myself.

Pap. Which way ?

Y. Wild. The old way ; solder it by marriage : that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. An elderly gentleman to enquire for Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. For me ! what sort of a being is it ?

Wait. Being, sir !

Y. Wild. Ay, how is he dress'd ?

Wait. In a tye-wig and snuff colour'd coat

Pap. Zooks, sir, it is your father.

Y. Wild. Shew him up.

Exit Waiter.

Pap. And what must I do ?

Y. Wild. Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank ; I have a reason for it.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Your servant, sir : you are welcome to town.

Y. Wild. You have just prevented me, sir : I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

O. Wild. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

Y. Wild. Sir !

O. Wild. Was it quite so decent, Jack ; to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me ?

Y. Wild. Six weeks ! I have scarce been six hours.

O. Wild. Come, come ; I am better informed.

Y. Wild. Indeed, sir, you are imposs'd upon. This gentleman, (whom first give me leave to have the honour of introducing to you,) this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateau Brilliant, of an ancient house in Britany ; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford for some time the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

O. Wild. Does he speak English ?

Y. Wild. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

Pap. Pray, sir —

O. Wild. Any services, sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

Pap. Beaucoup d'honneur.

Y. Wild. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you, that yesterday we left Oxford together.

O. Wild. Indeed !

Pap. C'est vrai.

O. Wild. This is amazing. I was at the same time inform'd of another circumstance too, that I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interfer'd with a favourite scheme of my own.

Y. Wild. What could that be, pray, sir ?

O. Wild. That you had conceiv'd a violent affection for a fair lady.

Y. Wild. Sir !

O. Wild. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

Y. Wild. Me, sir !

O. Wild. Particularly last night : music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

Y. Wild. Monsieur le Marquis ! — And pray, sir, who could tell you all this ?

O. Wild. An old friend of yours.

Y. Wild. His name, if you please ?

O. Wild. Sir James Elliot.

Y. Wild. Yes ; I thought he was the man

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O. Wild. Your reason ?

Y. Wild. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is upon the whole a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

O. Wild. What may that be?

Y. Wild. Why you cant, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the travellers talent?

O. Wild. How!

Y. W. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is with a vengeance. Why, he will tell ye more lies in an hour, than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville at Oxford; he was always distinguished, by the facetious appellation of the Bouncer.

O. Wild. Amazing!

Y. Wild. Lord, sir, he is so well understood in his own country, that at the last Hereford assize, a cause, as clear as the sun, was absolutely throynt away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

O. Wild. A strange turn!

Y. Wild. Unaccountable. But there, I think, they went a little too far; for if it had to an oath, I dont think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences, there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was, that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

Pap. Poor gentleman!

O. Wild. Why, I never heard this of him.

Y. Wild. That may be; but can thers be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you of the fire works, and the Lord knows what! and I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

O. Wild. Extremely.

Y. Wild. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, Marquis?

Pap. Oh dat is all a fiction, upon mine honour.

Y. Wild. You see, sir, sir—

O. Wild. Clearly. I realy can't help pittyng the poor man. I have heard of people, who by long habit become a kind of constitutional liars.

Y. Wild. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

Pap. I am sure it is yours. [Aside.] *O. Wild.* Well, sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening.

Y. Wild. The Marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promis'd to attend: besides, sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

O. Wild. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make, in which you are deeply concern'd.

Y. Wild. I shall attend your commands; but where?

O. Wild. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant

Pap. Votre serviteur tres humble. [Exit Old Wilding.

Y. Wild. So, Papillion, that difficulty is dispatch'd, I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

Pap. Most ingeniously manag'd:—but are not you afraid of the consequence?

Y. Wild. I dont comprehend you.

Pap. A future explanation between the parties.

Y. Wild. That may embarrass; but the day is far distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

Pap. It is in vain for me to advise.

Y. Wild. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion—I will reform.

Pap. Ah, sir!

Y. Wild. I positively will. Why, this practice may in time destroy my credit.

Pap. That is pretty well done already [Aside.]—Ay, think of that, sir.

Y. Wild. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter-of-fact fellow—But Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is—

Pap. Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth: shelles near Miss Grantham by Grosvenor-square.

Y. Wild. A governor!—Oh oh!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return: I will hasten to finish my letter. But Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concern'd?

Pap. I can't guess.

Y. Wild. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor-square.

Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

Pap. You won't, sir?

Y. Wild. No it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

Pap. And if you are, it will be the first time. [Exit.

SCENE II: An Apartment in Miss Grantham's house

Enter Miss Grantham and Miss Godfrey.

M. God. And you really like this gallant spark?

M. Gr. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is: he can't have been long in town: A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way into the best of company.

M. God. By way of amusement he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't surely have any serious designs upon him?

M. Gr. Indeed but I have.

M. God. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

M. Gr. Oh, no!

M. God. What is your intention in regard to him?

M. Gr. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

M. God. Thou art a strange giddy girl.

M. Gr. Quite the reverse; a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

M. God. My dear?

M. Gr. Why, I say, child, my fortune being in money, I have some in India-bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other! so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

M. God. Very true.

M. Gr. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs: If I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if, if—or in short, if any the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why by this means I shall be never at a loss.

M. God. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present plac'd out your love?

M. Gr. Three: The sober Sir James Elliot; the new America man; and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father

M. God. Mr. Wilding?

M. Gr. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him: for, you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw, college cub! Though upon second thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither; for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Wilding, madam.

M. Gr. Show him in! (Exit Servant) — You need not go my dear! we have no particular business.

M. God. I wonder, now what she calls particular business.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Ladies, your servant. I wait upon you madam, with a request from my son, that he may be permitted the honour of kissing your hand.

M. Gr. Your son is in town then?

O. Wild. He came last night, ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pendant as—

M. Gr. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own too, that his being descended from the old friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

O. Wild. You honour me, madam.

M. Gr. But, sir, I have something to say —

O. Wild. Pray, madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

M. Gr. Why then, sir, to a man of your wisdom and experience, I need not observe, that the loss of a parent to counsel and direct at this solemn crisis, has made a greater degree of personal prudence necessary in me.

O. Wild. Perfectly right ma'am.

M. Gr. We live, sir, in a very censorious world; a young woman can't be too much on her guard; nor should I choose to admit any man in the quality of a lover, if there was not at least a strong probability —

O. Wild. Of a more intimate connection. I hope madam, you have heard nothing to the disadvantage of my son.

M. Gr. Not a syllable: but you know, sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight. I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

O. Wild. I understand you, madam: you shall have all the satisfaction imaginable; Jack is to meet me immediately. I will conduct him —

dow ; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [Exit.]

M. Gr. Now, there is a polite, sensible, old father for you.

M. Gr. Yes ; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. A letter for you, madam. [To Miss Godfrey.] Sir James Elliot to wait on your ladyship. [To Miss Grantham.]

M. Gr. Lord, I hope he wont stay long here. He comes, and seems entirely wrapt up in the dismals : What can be the matter now ?

Enter Sir James ELLIOT.

Sir. Ja. In passing by your door, I took the liberty of enquiring after your health.

M. Gr. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favourable account.

Sir. Ja. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

M. Gr. Cold ! why, sir, I hope I didn't sleep with my bed-chamber window open.

Sir. Ja. Ma'am !

M. Gr. Sir !

Sir. Ja. No, ma'am ; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

M. Gr. Upon the water !

Sir. Ja. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be own'd, were a sufficient temptation.

M. Gr. What can he be driving at now.

Sir. Ja. And pray, madam, what think you of Young Wilding ? is he a gay, agreeable sprightly—

M. Gr. I never give my opinion of people I dont know.

Sir. Ja. You dont know him !

M. Gr. No.

Sir. Ja. And his father I did not meet at your door !

M. Gr. Most likely you did.

Sir. Ja. I am glad you own that however ; But for the son you never—

M. Gr. Set eyes upon him.

Sir. Ja. Really ?

M. Gr. Really.

Sir. Ja. Finely supported. Now madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure ?

M. Gr. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

Sir. Ja. Ma'am, you do me honour : but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion however.

M. Gr. And that is a wonder !—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose ?

Sir. Ja. Admirably rally'd ! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

M. Gr. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

Sir. Ja. Know then, and blush, if you are not as lost to shame as dead to decency, that I am no stranger to last night's transactions.

M. Gr. Indeed !

Sir. Ja. From your first entering the barge at Somerset-house, to your last landing at Whitehall.

M. Gr. Surprising !

Sir. Ja. Cupids, collations, feasts, fire-works, all have reach'd me.

M. Gr. Why, you deal in magic.

Sir. Ja. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

M. Gr. May I be indulged with the name of your informer ?

Sir. Ja. Freely, madam. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

M. Gr. But his name ?

Sir. Ja. Young Wilding.

M. Gr. You had this story from him ?

Sir. Ja. I had.

M. Gr. From Wilding !—That is amazing.

Sir. Ja. Oh, ho ! what you are confounded at last, and no evasion—no subterfuge, no—

M. Gr. Look ye, Sir James ; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behavior, it is impossible for me to conceive ; but if it is meant as an artifice to palliate your infidelity to me, less pains would have answered your purpose.

Sir. Ja. Oh, madam, I know you are provided.

M. Gr. Matchless insolence ! As you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleas'd with the subject of this visit, you won't be surpris'd at my wishing it as short as possible.

Sir. Ja. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence ; but you may rest secure you will have no interruption from me ; and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. [Going]—But, madam, though your sex secures you from any farther resentment, yet the present object of your favour may have some

M. Gr. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan. To what a pretty condition I must have been reduc'd, if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone.

M. God. But are you sure that your method to multiply may not be the means to reduce the number of your slaves?

M. Gr. Impossible!—Why, cant you discern that this flame of Sir James Elliot's is a mere fetch to favour his retreat!

M. God. And you never saw Wilding?

M. Gr. Never.

M. God. There is some mystery in this. I have too here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

M. Gr. Of what kind?

M. God. A little allied to the last: it is from the military spark you met this morning.

M. Gr. What are the contents?

M. God. Only a formal declaration of love.

M. Gr. Why you did not see him.

M. God. But it seems he did me.

M. Gr. Might I peruse it?—Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death—the stranger. It is address'd to you.

M. God. I told you so.

M. Gr. You will pardon me, my dear; but I really cant compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expence.

M. God. That would be enough to make me vain? But why do you think it was so impossible?

M. Gr. And do you positively want a reason?

M. God. Positively.

M. Gr. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer, to a faithful counsellor and most accomplish'd critic.

M. God. Who may that be?

M. Gr. The mirror upon your toilette.

M. God. Perhaps you may differ in judgement.

M. Gr. Why, can glasses flatter?

M. God. I can't say I think that necessary.

M. Gr. Saucy enough!—But come child, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion; time will explain the whole. You will favour me with your opinion of young Wilding at my window.

M. God. I attend you.

M. Gr. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to serve you; for indeed, child, there is no quality so insufferable in a young woman, as self-conceit and vanity.

M. God. You are most prodigiously obliging.

M. Gr. I'll follow you miss. (*Exit miss Godfrey.*) Part thing!—She grows immoderately ugly, I always thought her awkward, but she is now an absolute fright!

M. God. [Within] Miss, Miss Grantham, your hero's at hand!

M. Gr. I come.

M. God. As I live, the very individual stranger.

M. Gr. No sure!—Oh Lord, let me have a peep.

M. God. It is he, it is he, it is he! [*Exit*]

SCENE III. The Street.

Enter Old Wilding, Young Wilding, and Papillion.

O. Wild. There marquis; you must pardon me; for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity—Oh, Jack, look at that corner house; how d'ye like it?

Y. Wild. Very well; but I dont see any thing extraordinary.

O. Wild. I wish, though, you were the master of what it contains.

Y. Wild. What may that be, sir?

O. Wild. The mistress, you rogue you: a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

Y. Wild. Time enough yet, sir.

O. Wild. I dont see that: You are lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

Y. Wild. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavours; you have cordially my consent.

O. Wild. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

Y. Wild. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me that you disapprove of yourself?

O. Wild. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

Y. Wild. In the college eant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

O. Wild. Why, them, to be serious, son, this is the very business I want.

ed to talk with you about. In a word I wish you married ; and by providing the lady of the mansion for that purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

Y. Wild. Far be it from me to question your care ; yet some preparation for so important a change—

O. Wild. Oh, I will allow you a week.

Y. Wild. A little more knowledge of the world.

O. Wild. That you may study at leisure.

Y. Wild. Now all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

O. Wild. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

Y. Wild. You are then resolv'd?

O. Wild. Fix'd.

Y. Wild. Positively.

O. Wild. Peremptorily.

Y. Wild. No, prayers—

Y. Wild. Can move me.

Y. Wild. How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? [Aside]—But suppose, sir, there should be an unsurmountable objection?

O. Wild. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me ; I am an excellent casuist.

Y. Wild. But I say, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

O. Wild. Impossible!—I don't understand you.

Y. Wild. Oh, sir!—But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

O. Wild. Pardon! for what?

Y. Wild. I fear I have lost all title to your future favour.

O. Wild. Which way?

Y. Wild. I have done a deed—

O. Wild. Let's hear it.

Y. Wild. At Abington, in the county of Berks.

O. Wild. Well?

Y. Wild. I am—

O. Wild. What?

Y. Wild. Already married.

O. Wild. Married!

Pap. Married!

Y. Wild. Married!

O. Wild. And without my consent?

Y. Wild. Compelled ; fatally fore'd: Oh, Sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

O. Wild. What an unlucky event! But rise and let me hear it all.

Y. Wild. The shame and confusion I now feel, renders that task at present impossible ; I must therefore rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

Pap. Me, sir! I never heard one word of the matter.

O. Wild. Come, marquis, favour me with the particulars.

Pap. Upon my word, sire, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son—[To young Wilding]. Dry a your tears What can I say, sir?

Y. Wild. Anything.—Oh!—[Seems to weep.]

Pap. You see, sire.

O. Wild. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

Pap. Dis is great misfortunes, sans doute.

O. Wild. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

Pap. Oh, beaucoup; a great deal more.

O. Wild. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once. Well, sir, at Abington?

Pap. Yes, at Abington.

O. Wild. In the county of Berks?

Pap. Dat is right, in the county of Berks?

Y. Wild. Oh, oh!

O. Wild. Ah, Jack, Jack!—are all my hopes then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, sir?

Pap. De girl, sir—[Aside to young Wilding].—Who shall I say?

Y. Wild. Any body.

Pap. For de girl, I cant say upon my word.

O. Wild. Her condition?

Pap. Pas grande condition ; dat is to be sure. But dere is no help—[Aside to Young Wilding] Sir, I am quite a-ground.

O. Wild. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve : some artful hussey.

Pap. Dat may be. Vat you call hussey?

O. Wild. Or perhaps some common creature. But I'm prepared to hear the worst.

Pap. Have you no mercy?

Y. Wild. I'll step to your relief, sir.

Pap. O Lord, a happy deliverance.

Y. Wild. Though it is almost death for me to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

O. Wild. That is something.

Y. Wild. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet—

O. Wild. Her name?

Y. Wild. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Sybthorp—I never heard of the name—But proceed.

Y. Wild. The latter end of last long vacations, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abington. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

O. Wild. Is she handsome?

Y. Wild. Oh, sir, more beautiful—

O. Wild. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

Y. Wild. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affection on me.

O. Wild. Modestly observ'd.

Y. Wild. I was deter'd from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

O. Wild. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

Y. Wild. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retir'd room innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet.

O. Wild. What, unobserv'd by him?

Y. Wild. Entirely. But as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before lodged a litter of kittens in the same place; I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

O. Wild. I have observ'd those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

Pap. I shall hate a cat as long as I live.

Y. Wild. The noise rous'd the old gentleman's attention: he opened the door, and there discovered your son

Pap. Unlucky.

Y. Wild. I rush'd to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom; the pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarmed the three brothers in the parlour,

who, with all their servants, rush'd with united force upon me.

O. Wild. And so surpris'd you!

Y. Wild. No, sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escap'd, but a raw bon'd, over-grown clumsy cook-wench, struck at my sword with a kitchen-poker, broke it in two and compell'd me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

O. Wild. Natural. The lady's reputation, your own condition, her beauty, your love, all combin'd to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

Y. Wild. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

O. Wild. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is, your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantham I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth; I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business.

Y. Wild. Most melancholy. [Exit Old Wilding.]

Pap. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully conceal'd this transaction from me.

Y. Wild. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

Pap. Believe it! why, is not the story of the marriage true?

Y. Wild. Not a syllable.

Pap. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

Y. Wild. All invention. And were you really taken in?

Pap. Lord, sir, how was it possible to avoid it?—Mercy on us! what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

Y. Wild. Genius; the mere effect of genius, Papillion. But to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

Pap. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing. Besides, sir, if you recollect your fix'd resolution to reform—

Y. Wild. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention; but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forc'd to use all my finesse.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Two letters, sir. [Exit.

Pap. There are two things, in my conscience, my master will never

want ; a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling of it.

Y. Wild. Hum ! business begins to thicken upon us : A challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observ'd, but in their order ; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress and a wife ; now if I can get engaged in a chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. An Apartment in Miss Godfrey's House.

Miss GRANTHAM and Miss GODFREY.

“ M. God. Upon my word, Miss Grantham, this is but an idle piece of curiosity ; you know the man is already dispos'd of, and therefore—

“ M. Gr. That is true, my dear ; but there is in this affair some mystery, that I must and will have explained.

“ M. God. Come, come, I know the grievance.—You can't brook this spark, though even a married man should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

“ M. Gr. And so you take the fact for granted ?

“ M. God. Have I not his letter ?

“ M. Gr. Conceited creature !—I fancy, miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever received.

“ M. God. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqu'd at me ? the fault is none of mine ; I dropt no handkerchief ; I threw out no lure ; the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

“ M. Gr. Metaphorical too ! What, you are setting up for a wit as well as a belle ! Why, really, madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to the one as the other.

“ M. God. I fancy, madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

“ M. Gr. Rival ! admirably rally'd —But let me tell you, madam, this sort of behaviour, madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, madam.

“ M. God. As to that, ma'am, I

“ hope I shall always show a proper resentment to any insult that is offered me, let it be in whose house it will. The assignation, ma'am, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

“ M. Gr. Mighty well, ma'am !

“ M. God. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

“ M. Gr. It is, madam ! then let it wait. Oh, what, that was your scheme ! but it won't take, miss : the contrivance is a little too shallow.

“ M. God. I dont understand you.

“ M. Gr. Cunning creature ! so all this insolence was concerted, it seems ; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself : but I have a regard for your character, though you neglect it. Fie miss, a passion for a married man ! I really blush for you.

“ M. God. And I most sincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little : the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind ; and by this time the hero is at hand.

“ M. Gr. Mighty well ; I am prepared. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhanded dealings in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

“ M. God. Most willingly : but he will recollect your voice.

“ M. Gr. Oh, that is easily altered. [Enter a Maid, who whispers Miss Grantham and exit.]—It is he ; but hide yourself, miss, if you please.

“ M. God. Your hood a little forward, miss ; you may be known and then we shall have the language of politeness inflam'd to proofs of violent passion.

“ M. Gr. You are prodigious cautious.

SCENE II. The Street.

“ Enter Young WILDING.

“ Y. Wild. This rendezvous is something in the Spanish taste, imported, I suppose, with the guitar. At present, I presume the custom is confin'd to the great : but it will descend : and in a couple of months I shall not be surprised to hear an attorney's hackney clerk rousing at midnight a milliner's prentice, with an *Ally, Ally, Croker.* But that, if I mistake not

"is the temple ; and see my goddess
"herself. Miss Godfrey !

[Miss Grantham appears at the
Balcony.]

" M. Gr. Hush !

" Y. Wild. Am I right, miss ?

" M. Gr. Softly. You receiv'd my
"letter I see, sir."

" Y. Wild. And flew to the ap-
"pointment with more—

" M. Gr. No raptures, I beg. But
"you must not suppose this meeting
"meant to encourage your hopes.

" Y. Wild. How, madam !

" M. Gr. Oh, by no means, sir, for
"though I own your figure is plea-
"sing, and your conversation—

" M. Gr. Hold, miss ; when did
"I ever converse with him ? [From
"within.

" M. Gr. Why did you not see him
"in the park ?

" M. Gr. True, madam ; but the
"conversation was with you.

" M. Gr. Bless me ! you are very
"difficult. I say, sir, though your
"person may be unexceptionable, yet
"your character—

" Y. Wild. My character !

" M. Gr. Come, come, you are bet-
"ter known than you imagine.

" Y. Wild. I hope not.

" M. Gr. Your name is Wilding
"Y. Wild. How the deuce came

"she by that ! ... True madam.

" M. Gr. Pray have you never
"heard of a miss Grantham.

" Y. Wild. Frequently..

" M. Gr. You have And had you
"never any favourable thoughts of
"that lady : Now mind, miss.

" Y. Wild. If you mean as a lover,
"never. The lady did me the honour
"to have a small design upon me.

" M. Gr. I hear every word, miss.

" M. Gr. But you need not lean so
"heavy upon me ; he speaks loud
"enough to be heard—I have been
"told, sir, that—

" Y. Wild. Yes, ma'am, and very
"likely by the lady herself.

" M. Gr. Sir !

" Y. Wild. Oh, madam, I have
"another obligation in my pocket to
"miss Grantham, which must be dis-
"charged in the morning.

" M. Gr. Of what kind ?

" Y. Wild. Why, the lady, finding
"an old humble servant of hers a lit-
"tle lethargic, has thought fit to ad-
"minister me in a jealous draught,
"in order to quicken his passion.

" M. Gr. Sir, let me tell you—

" M. God. Have a care, you will
"betray yourself.

" Y. Wild. Oh, the whole story will
"afford you infinite diversion ; such
"a ferrago of fights and feasts : But,
"upon my honour, the girl has a fer-
"tile invention.

" M. God. So ! what, that story
"was yours ; was it ?

" Y. Wild. Pray, madam, dont I
"hear another voice ?

" M. Gr. A distant relation of mine.
" — Every syllable false.—But, sir,
"we have another charge against you
"—Do you know any thing of a lady
"at Abington ?

" Y. Wild. Miss Grantham again.
"Yes, madam, I have some knowledge
"of that lady.

" M. Gr. You have ? Well, sir,
"and that being the case, how could
"you have the assurance—

" Y. Wild. A moment's patience,
"ma'm. That lady, that Berkshire
"lady, will, I can assure you, prove
"no bar to my hopes.

" M. Gr. How, sir ; no bar ?

" Y. Wild. Not in the least, ma'am,
"or that lady exists in idea only.

" M. Gr. No such person !

" Y. Wild. A mere creature of the
"imagination.

" M. Gr. Indeed.

" Y. Wild. The attacks of Miss
"Grantham were so powerfully en-
"forc'd too by paternal authority,
"that I had no method of avoiding
"the blow, but by sheltering myself
"under the conjugal shield.

" M. Gr. You are not mary'd then ?
"But what credit can I give to the
"professions of a man, who in an arti-
"cle of such importance, and to a per-
"son of such respect—

" Y. Wild. Nay, madam, surely
"Miss Godfrey could not accuse me
"of a crime her own charms have oc-
"casioned. Could any other motive,
"but the fear of losing her, prevail on
"me to trifl with a father, or com-
"pel me to infringe those laws which
"I have hitherto inviolably observ'd :

" M. Gr. What laws, sir ?

" Y. Wild. The sacred laws of
"truth ma'am.

" M. Gr. There indeed, you did
"yourself an infinite violence. But
"when the whole of the affair is dis-
"cover'd, will it be so easy to get rid
"of Miss Grantham ? The violence
"of her passion, and the old gentle-
"man's obstinacy—

" Y. Wild. Are nothing to a mind
"resolv'd.

“ *M. Gr.* Poor Miss Grantham !
“ *Y. Wild.* Do you know her, ma-
“ dam ?

“ *M. Gr.* I have heard of her : but
“ you, sir, I suppose, have been long
“ on an intimate footing ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Bred up together from
“ children.

“ *M. Gr.* Brave !—Is she hand-
“ some ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Her paint comes from
“ Paris, and her femme de chambre
“ is an excellent artist.

“ *M. Gr.* Very well !—Her shape :

“ *Y. Wild.* Pray, madam, is not
“ Curzon esteemed the best stay-
“ maker for people inclin'd to be

“ crooked ?

“ *M. Gr.* But as to the qualities of
“ her mind ; for instance, her under-
“ standing ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Uncultivated.

“ *M. Gr.* Her wit ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Borrowed :

“ *M. Gr.* Her taste ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Trifling.

“ *M. Gr.* And her temper ?

“ *Y. Wild.* Intolerable.

“ *M. Gr.* A finish'd picture. But
“ come, these are not your real
“ thoughts : this is a sacrifice you
“ think due to the vanity of our sex.

“ *Y. Wild.* My honest sentiments ;
“ and to convince you how thorough-
“ ly indifferent I am to that lady, I
“ would, upon my veracity, as soon
“ take a wife from the Grand Signior's
“ seraglio.—Now, madam, I hope you
“ are satisfy'd.

“ *M. Gr.* And you would not scrup-
“ ple to acknowledge this before the
“ lady's face ?

“ *Y. Wild.* The first opportunity.

“ *M. Gr.* That I will take care to
“ provide you. Dare you meet me at
“ her house ?

“ *Y. Wild.* When ?

“ *M. Gr.* In half an hour.

“ *Y. Wild.* But wont a declaration
“ of this sort appear odd at—a—

“ *M. Gr.* Come, no evasion ; your
“ conduct and character seem to me
“ a little equivocal, and I must insist
“ on this proof at least of—

“ *Y. Wild.* You shall have it.

“ *M. Gr.* In half an hour ?

“ *Y. Wild.* This instant.

“ *M. Gr.* Be punctual.

“ *Y. Wild.* Or may I forfeit your
“ favour.

“ *M. Gr.* Very well ; till then, sir
“ adieu.—Now I think I have my
“ spark in the toil ; and if the fellow
“ has any feeling, if I don't make
“ him smart for every article—Come,

“ my dear, I shall stand in need of
“ your aid. [Exit.]

“ *Y. Wild.* So I am now, I think,
“ arrived at a critical period. If I can
“ but weather this point—But why
“ should I doubt it ? It is in the day
“ of distress only that a great man
“ displays his abilities. But I shall
“ want Papillion—where can the pup-
“ py be ?

Enter PAPILLION.

“ *Y. Wild.* So, sir, where have you
“ been rambling ?

“ *Pap.* I did not suppose you would
“ want—

“ *Y. Wild.* Want !—you are always
“ out of the way. Here have I been
“ forc'd to tell forty lies on my own
“ credit, and not a single soul to
“ vouch for the truth of them.

“ *Pap.* Lord, sir, you know—

“ *Y. Wild.* Don't plague me with
“ your apologies ; but it is lucky for
“ you that I want your assistance.

“ Come with me to Miss Grantham's.

“ *Pap.* On what occasion ?

“ *Y. Wild.* An important one :
“ but I'll prepare you as we walk.

“ *Pap.* Sir, I am really—I could
“ wish you would be so good as to—

“ *Y. Wild.* What, desert your
“ friend in the heat of battle ! Oh, you
“ poltroon !

“ *Pap.* Sir, I would do any thing,
“ but you know I have not talents.

“ *Y. Wild.* I do ; and for my own
“ sake shall not task them too high.

“ *Pap.* Now I suppose the hour is
“ come when we shall pay for all.

“ *Y. Wild.* Why, what a dastardly,
“ hen hearted—But come, Papillion,
“ this shall be your last campaign.

“ Don't droop, man ; confide in your
“ leader, and remember *Sub auspice*
“ *Teucro nil de-sperandum.* [Exit.]

SCENE III.—An apartment in Miss
“ Grantham's House.

Enter a SERVANT, conducting in Old
“ WILDING.

Ser. My lady, sir, will be at home
“ immediately. Sir James Elliot is in
“ the next room waiting her return.

O. Wild. Pray, honest friend, will
“ you tell Sir James that I beg the fa-
“ vor of a word with him. [Exit Ser.]
This unthinking boy ! Half the pur-
“ pose of my life has been to plan this
“ scheme for his happiness, and in one
“ heedless hour has he mangled all.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT.
Sir, I ask your pardon ; but upon so
“ interesting a subject, I know you will
“ excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of

what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkshire.

Sir Ja. Sir !

O. Wild. I don't mean as to property : that I am not so solicitous about ; but as to their character : Do they live in reputation ? Are they respected in the neighbourhood ?

Sir Ja. The family of the Sybthorps !

O. Wild. Of the Sybthorps.

Sir Ja. Really I don't know, sir.

O. Wild. Not know !

Sir Ja. No ; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

O. Wild. How steadily he denies it ! Well done, baronet ! I find Jack's account was a just one. [Aside] Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

Sir Ja. It will be to no purpose.

O. Wild. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous, but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son ; but I know the whole affair.

Sir Ja. What affair ?

O. Wild. Jack's marriage.

Sir Ja. What Jack ?

O. Wild. My son Jack.

Jir Ja. Is he marry'd ?

O. Wild. Is he marry'd ! why you know he is.

Sir Ja. Not I, upon my honour.

O. Wild. Nay, that is going a little too far ; but to remove all your scruples at once, he has own'd it himself.

Sir Ja. He has !

O. Wild. Ay, ay, to me—Every circumstance : Going to your new purchase at Abington—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surpris'd by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage ; in short, every particular.

Sir Ja. And this account you had from your son ?

O. Wild. From Jack ; not two hours ago.

Sir Ja. I wish you joy, sir.

O. Wild. Not much of that, I believe.

Sir Ja. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you ?

O. Wild. Doubtless.

Sir Ja. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

O. Wild. Why so ?

Sir Ja. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

O. Wild. I am happy to hear it :

Sir Ja. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

O. Wild. Ay ; exactly Jack's account.

Sir Ja. She'll be easily jointur'd.

O. Wild. Justice shall be done her.

Sir Ja. No provision necessary for younger children.

O. Wild. No, sir ! why not ?—I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke—

Sir Ja. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

O. Wild. You are merry, sir.

Sir Ja. What an unaccountable fellow !

O. Wild. Sir !

Sir Ja. I beg your pardon, sir—But with regard to this marriage—

O. Wild. Well, sir !

Sir Ja. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

O. Wild. How, sir ?

Sir Ja. Even so.

O. Wild. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me ?

Sir Ja. Sir, he would dare to impose upon any body—Don't I know him ?

O. Wild. What do you know ?

Sir Ja. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit ; and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

O. Wild. Oh, mighty well, sir !—He wants to turn the tables upon Jack—But it won't do ; you are fore-stall'd ; your novels won't pass upon me.

Sir Ja. Sir !

O. Wild. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

Sir Ja. What is this ?

O. Wild. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do ; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

Sir Ja. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behaviour owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

O. Wild. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honour, should he want a protector in this arm, wither'd and impotent as you may think it.

Enter Miss GRANTHAM.

M. Gr. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this ?

Sir Ja. No more at present, sir : I have another demand upon your son ; we'll settle the whole together.

O. Wild. I am sure he will do you justice.

M. Gr. How, Sir James Elliot ! I flatter'd myself that you had finish'd your visits here, sir. Must I be the eternal object of your outrage ? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends ! Pray, sir, what right—

O. Wild. Madam, I ask your pardon ; a disagreeable occasion brought me here ; I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer ally'd to you, my son being unfortunately married already.

M. Gr. Married !

Sir Ja. Yes, madam, to a lady in the clouds : and because I have refus'd to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behav'd in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness.

O. Wild. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserv'd for another occasion ; but you, it seems—

M. Gr. Oh, is that the business !—Why, I begin to be afraid we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

O. Wild. Madam !

M. Gr. Your son has just confirm'd Sir James Elliot's opinion, at a conference under Miss Godfrey's window.

O. Wild. Is it possible ?

M. Gr. Most true ; and assign'd too most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

O. Wild. What can they be ?

M. Gr. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once ; and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom I am almost sure he never saw in his life.

O. Wild. You amaze me.

M. Gr. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth : he has finely perplex'd us all—I think Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

Sir Ja. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

O. Wild. You have my consent—An abandon'd profligate ! Was his father a proper subject for his—But I discard him.

M. Gr. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm : I can't think Mr. Wilding bad-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.—

O. Wild. How madam a levity !

M. Gr. Take my word for it, no more ; inflam'd into habit by the probation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me ? I think I have the means in my hands,

both to satisfy your resentments, and accomplish his cure in the bargain.

Sir. Ja. I have no quartel to him, but for all the ill offices he has done me with you.

M. Gr. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding ? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

O. Wild. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you madam. [Exit.]

M. Gr. He is punctual, I find. Come good folks, you all act under my direction. You, sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the whole truth of the Abington business. You must likewise seemingly consent to his Marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some odd accident, mistaken for me : the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James, you will withdraw. I intend to produce another performer, who will want a little instruction. *Kitty* !

Enter KITTY.

Let John show Mr. Wilding in to his father ; then come to my dressing room ; I have a short scene to give you in study [Exit *Kitty*]—The girl is lively, and, I warrant, will do her character justice. Come, Sir James. Nay, no ceremony ; we must be as busy as bees. [Exit *Miss Grantham and Sir James*.]

O. Wild. This strange boy !—But I must command my temper.

Y. Wild. [Speaking as he enters.]—People to speak with me ! See what they want Papillion. My father here ! that's unlucky enough.

O. Wild. Ha, Jack, what brings you here ?

Y. Wild. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantham, in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

O. Wild. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

Y. Wild. I am happy to meet, sir, with your approbation.

O. Wild. I have been thinking, Jack, about my daughter in law ; as the affair is publick, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

Y. Wild. Sir !

O. Wild. Would it not be right to send for her home ?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, sir.

O. Wild. I think so. Why then, to morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

Y. Wild. The devil it shall ! [Aside]—Not quite so soon if you please, sir.

O. Wild. No! why not?

Y. Wild. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

O. Wild. What's the matter with her?

Y. Wild. She is big with child, sir.

O. Wild. An audacious—Big with child! that is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

Y. Wild. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her; she is six months gone.

O. Wild. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

Y. Wild. By all means, sir, it will make him extremely happy.

O. Wild. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

Y. Wild. Abington, Berkshire.

O. Wild. True; but his address?

Y. Wild. You need not trouble yourself, sir: I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter inclos'd.

O. Wild. Ay, ay, that will do.

[Going.

Y. Wild. So, I have parry'd that thrust.

O. Wild. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

Y. Wild. You have it, sir.

O. Wild. Ay, but his name; I have been so hurry'd that I have entirely forgot it.

Y. Wild. I am sure so have I, [aside]—His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

O. Wild. Hopkins!

Y. Wild. Yes, sir.

O. Wild. That is not the same name that you gave me before; that, if I recollect, was either Sythorp or Sybthorp.

Y. Wild. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation: but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's: so he is indiscriminately called Hopkins or Sybthorp: and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—He signs himself Sybthorp Hopkins.

O. Wild. There is no end of this; I must stop him at once. Hark ye, sir, I think you are called my son?

Y. Wild. I hope, sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

O. Wild. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

Y. Wild. In having the honor of descending from you.

O. Wild. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

Y. Wild. Sir, pray, sir—

O. Wild. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtain'd that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose

Y. Wild. Doubtless, sir.

O. Wild. And has it never occur'd to you, that what was gain'd by honor might be lost by infamy?

Y. Wild. Perfectly, sir.

O. Wild. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands; and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

Y. Wild. Doubtless, sir.

O. Wild. Then, how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Not satisfied with violating that great band of society, mutual confidence, the most sacred rights of nature must be invaded, and your father made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions!

Y. Wild. But, sir!

O. Wild. Within this hour my life was near sacrific'd in defence of your fame: But perhaps that was your intention; and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

Y. Wild. For heaven's sake, sir.

O. Wild. What other motive?

Y. Wild. Hear me, I entreat you, sir.

O. Wild. To be again impos'd on! no Jack, my eyes are open'd at last.

Y. Wild. By all that's sacred, sir—

O. Wild. I am now deaf to your delusions.

Y. Wild. But hear me, sir. I own the Abington business—

O. Wild. An absolute fiction.

Y. Wild. I do.

O. Wild. And how dare you—

Y. Wild. I crave but a moment's audience.

O. Wild. Go on.

Y. Wild. Previous to the communication of your intention for me, I accidentally met, with a lady, whose charms—

O. Wild. So!—what here's another marriage trumped out? but that is a stale device. And, pray, sir, what place does this lady inhabit? Come, come, go on; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, *in nubibus*.

Y. Wild. No sir; in London.

O. Wild. Indeed!

Y. Wild. Nay, more, and at this instant in this house.

O. Wild. And her name—

Y. Wild. Godfrey.

O. Wild. The friend of Miss Grantham?

Y. Wild. The very same, sir.

O. Wild. Have you spoke to her?

Y. Wild. Parted from her not ten minutes ago; nay, am here by her appointment.

O. Wild. Has she favbured your address?

Y. Wild. Time, sir, and your approbation, will, I hope.

O. Wild. Look ye, sir, as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther enquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey; am intimate with her family; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavour to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

Y. Wild. I shall submit without a murmur. [Exit *Old Wilding*.

Enter Papillion.

Y. Wild. Well, Papillion.

Pap. Sir, here has been the devil to pay within.

Y. Wild. What's the matter?

Pap. A whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters and watermen.

Y. Wild. What do they want?

Pap. You, sir.

Y. Wild. Me!

Pap. Yes, sir, they have brought in their bills.

Y. Wild. Bills! for what?

Pap. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

Y. Wild. That I gave?

Pap. Yes, sir; you remember the bill of fare; I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

Y. Wild. Prithee, are you mad? There must be some mistake; you know that I—

Pap. They have been vastly puz-

“ zled to find out your lodgings; but Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell them where you liv'd —Here are the bills: Almacks, twelve dozen of claret, ditto chamb— pagne, frontiniac, sweetmeats, pine apples: the whole amount is 372L. 9s. besides music and fire works.

Y. Wild. Come, sir, this is no time for trifling.

Pap. Nay, sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford; and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you express'd to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

Y. Wild. Hark ye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

Pap. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact. You know, sir, I am but bad at invention; though this incident, I can't help thinking, is the natural fruit of your happy one.

Y. Wild. But are you serious? is this possible?

Pap. Most certain. It was with difficulty I restrain'd their impatience; but, however, I have dispatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

Y. Wild. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop.—Now, Papillion, I have news for you. My father has got to the bottom of the whole Abington business.

Pap. The deuce?

Y. Wild. We parted this moment. Such a scene!

Pap. And what was the issue?

Y. Wild. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

Pap. With Miss Godfrey?

Y. Wild. Who else?—He is now with her in another room.

Pap. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

Y. Wild. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fix'd.

Pap. As a weather-cock:

Y. Wild. Here comes my father.

Enter Old Wilding.

O. Wild. Well, sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth: the young lady is not averse to your union; but in order to fix so mutable mind, I have

drawn up a slight contract which you are both to sign.

Y. Wild. With transport.

O. Wild. I will introduce Miss Godfrey. [Exit.

Y. Wild. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

Pap. This is amazing, indeed!

Y. Wild. Am not I a happy fortune?—But they come.

Enter Old WILDING and Miss Godfrey.

O. Wild. If, madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honour you do him, I shall cease to regard him—There, sir, make your acknowledgements to that lady.

Y. Wild. Sir!

O. Wild. This is more than you merit; but let your future behaviour testify your gratitude.

Y. Wild. Papillion! madam! sir!

O. Wild. What, is the puppy petrified? why don't you go up to the lady?

Y. Wild. Up to the lady!—That lady?

O. Wild. That lady!—To be sure. What other lady? To Miss Godfrey?

Y. Wild. That lady Miss Godfrey?

O. Wild. What is all this? Hark ye, sir; I see what you are at; but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double detestable—Recollect my last resolution: This instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

Y. Wild. Sir, that I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

O. Wild. No further evasions! There, sir.

Y. Wild. Heigh ho! [Signs it.]

O. Wild. Very well. Now, madam, your name if you please.

Y. Wild. Papillion, do you know who she is?

Pap. That's a question indeed! Don't you, sir?

Y. Wild. Not I, as I hope to be sav'd.

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

Y. Wild. With me?

M. God. A young lady with Mr. Wilding!

Ser. Seems dress'd madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

M. God. Indeed! There may be something in this! You must permit me, sir, to pause a little; who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

O. Wild. How, sir, who is this lady?

Y. Wild. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

O. Wild. You know nothing of her?

Y. Wild. How should I?

O. Wild. You hear, madam.

M. God. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

Y. Wild. Not in the least, madam.

M. God. Show her in, John.

[Enter Ser.

O. Wild. No madam, I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—but she is here. Upon my word a slightly woman.

Enter KITTY as Miss STRATHEAR.

Kit. Where is he?—Oh, let me throw my arms—my life, my—

Y. Wild. Heyday!

Kit. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagg'd along.

Y. Wild. Madam!

Kit. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

Y. Wild. The deuce we won't!

Kit. What, not one kind look; no tender word to hail our second meeting!

Y. Wild. What the devil is all this?

Kit. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wander'd here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love.

O. Wild. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

Y. Wild. Davus, non Edipus, sum. It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escap'd from her keeper, I suppose.

Kit. Am I disown'd then, condemn'd, slighted?

O. Wild. Hold; let me enquire into this matter a little. Pray, madam—You seem to be pretty familiar here—Do you know this gentleman?

Kit. Too well.

O. Wild. His name?

Kit. Wilding.

O. Wild. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please.

Kit. Wilding.

Omnes. Wilding.

Q. Wild. And how came you by that name, pray?

Kit. Most lawfully, sir: by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

O. Wild. What, married to him?

Kit. Most true.

Omnes. How !

Y. Wild. Sir, may I never—

O. Wild. Peace, monster !—One question more : Your maiden name ?

Kit Sybthorp.

O. Wild. Lydia, from Abington, in the county of Berks ?

Kit. The same.

O. Wild. As I suspected. So then the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

Y. Wild. Me sir ! By all that's—

O. Wild. Eternal dumbness seize thee, measureless liar !

Y. Wild. If not me, hear this gentleman—Marquis—

Pap. Not I ; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes : it is a pit of your own digging ; and so get out as well as you can. Mean time I'll shift for myself. [Exit.

O. Wild. What evasion now, monster ?

M. God. Deceiver !

O. Wild. Liar !

M. God. Impostor !

Y. Wild. Why, this is a general combination to distract me ; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly impo'd upon ; the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover ; and as to you madam, with whom I have been suddenly surpris'd into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

O. Wild. Amazing confidence ! Did not I bring her at your request ?

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Is not this your own letter ?

Y. Wild. No.

Kit. Am not I your wife ?

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Did not you own it to me ?

Y. Wild. Yes—that is—no, no.

Kit Hear me.

Y. Wild. No.

M. God. Answer me.

Y. Wild. No.

O. Wild. Have not I—

Y. Wild. No, no, no, Zounds ! you are all mad ; and if I stay, I shall catch the infection. [Exit.

Enter Sir JAMES ELLIOT and Miss GRANTHAM.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

M. Gr. Finely perform'd.

O. Wild. You have kept your promise, and I thank you, madam.

M. Gr. My medicine was somewhat rough, sir ; but in desperate cases, you know—

O. Wild. If his cure is completed, he will gratefully acknowledge the cause ; if not the punishment comes far short of his crimes. It is needless to pay you any compliments, Sir James : with that lady you can't fail to be happy. I shan't venture to hint a scheme I have greatly at heart, till we have undeniable proofs of the success of our operations. To the ladies, indeed, no character is so dangerous as that of a liar :

*They in the fairest fancies can fix a flaw,
And vanquish females whom they never saw.*

[Exit,

END OF THE LIAR.

Tower.

THE
DOUBTFUL SON;

OR,

SECRETS OF A PALACE.

A PLAY—IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM DIMOND, Esq.

1810.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfonso, marquis of Lerida,
Leon, his reputed son;
Malgosil, a Portuguese,
Barachio,
Fabuletto,

Mr. C. Kemble.
Abbott.
Beverly.
Parley.
Bannister.

Notaries—Alguesil—Domestics, &c.

Scene—the Palace of Lerida in Madrid.
Time—from nine in the morning until the same hour at night.

Mr. Méhagé.
Carr.
Mrs. Glover.
Miss H. Kelly.
Mrs. Gibbs.

Vasquez,
Notary.
Victoria of Lerida,
Rosalia,
Floribel,

Domestics, &c.

ACT I.

Scene I.—A hall in the palace of Lerida; at the extremity of which a large double staircase ascends to different galleries—a plaintive air is skilfully played upon the flute behind the scenes—Floribel opens a door in the gallery, and descends the stair-case from the left, carrying a mourning veil—the listens with an air of melancholy attention to the strain, and advances to the front of the stage—It ceases.

Flor. Leon! dear unconscious Leon! you breathe upon the flute sounds of peace, and greet the return of your natural morning with a delighted spirit. Yes, you rejoice—you alone—the anniversary of whose fatal birth devotes this palace to eternal sadness! (the air is resumed, dying away in distance) he wanders further through the gardens—Heigho! tis scarce nine o'clock yet, and already I feel so weary—

FABULETTO enters cautiously at a side door.

Fab. Hist! Floribel—hist!

Flor. Ah! Fabuletto!—you always approach me on the tiptoe of mystery; like a lover rather than a husband.

Fab. Hist!—is he risen yet?

Flor. Who?

Fab. Why, signor Devil—den Wolf in sheep's cloathing—that villainous, execrable, infernal—

Flor. Portuguese. Be silent, my good angry husband; or if you must prate, let it be in a lower key—the man in question is in his chamber just

above us, and if your complimentary epithets chance to reach his ear, our project will be marred forever.

Fab. Earthquakes, fatal to his native Lisbon, pursue and overwhelm him!

Flor. Perfect heroic verse! prythee, good man, leave your bombast, and tell me the cause of this extraordinary passion.

Fab. The triumph of hypocrisy and the distress of virtuous hearts! the situation of the family becomes every day more terrible and alarming—harmony and confidence are banished from its bosom; while, in their room, cold disgusts, sullen jealousies, and angry apprehensions, are substituted between the husband and the wife—between parents and their children—Within this last month the temper of the marquis has become intolerable.

Flor. Truly, Fabuletto, your own temper has of late been none of the sweetest.

Fab. I know it, Floribel. I have lived from infancy in the service of the marquis—till now I have always been honoured by his confidence—a kinder, nobler, truer Castilian spirit, never could exist: how then can I preserve my patience when I behold this honourable man entangled in the snare of a knave, yet am forbidden to relieve him from his danger?

Flor. But what proofs have you that signor Malvogli is indeed a knave?

Fab. Are mystery and disguise the characteristics of an honest man?—nobody is acquainted with his origin, or his former situation in life. My unsuspecting master meets with him a destitute and friendless adventurer—he hears that he has been unfortunate, and he forgets to enquire whether he has not also been unworthy:—the gates of the palace are thrown open to him, and from the very moment when this crafty insinuating Portuguese was first domesticated here, the unhappiness of his benefactors may be dated. He has wormed himself into the confidence of every individual in the family, and employs his knowledge of their secrets for the destruction of each other. You look incredulous, Floribel—oh! I perceive it—you are the dupe of this impostor equally with others.

Flor. No; I have escaped the infection which seems to spread through the house; but I grieve to tell you, Fabuletto, that my mistress is no less infatuated by the speciousness of this hypocrite than the marquis himself: she has actually—I tremble while I speak it—confided to him that fatal secret, upon which the peace and honor of her whole life depends.

Fab. (starting) Eh! how!—you do not, cannot mean the—

Flor. Yes, Fabuletto—that secret, which for twenty years we both have guarded more closely than our lives, my indiscreet mistress has imparted to Malvogli—tis true, she first exacted from him a solemn oath never to betray her confidence.

Fab. Madness and ruin! his oath truly! what reliance can be placed on the religion of a wretch whose morality is tainted to the core? The marchioness has undone herself—has she committed those papers to his keeping? Speak—

Flor. No; he was only suffered to peruse them in her presence—that confession in her own writing—and that terrible letter traced with the blood of a dying man, are both secured again within the secret drawer of my lady's jewel casket.

Fab. Then it may not yet be too late to save her—assist me, my dear Floribel, to unmask this traitor. Encourage him with his own arts: soothe, flatter, caress—in short, grant him whatever he requires.

Flor. That's rather extraordinary advice from a husband; however, mark

me, my first step towards Malvogli's confidence, must be the appearance of having forfeited yours—hist, hist, I hear his foot upon the staircase—quick! raise your voice, and appear to find fault with me, if you can.

Fab. O! I can easily contrive that—(raises his tone) hark'ye, signora, I must make you know and respect the authority of a husband; and if ever again you presume—

Flor. I defy your authority—you may be my husband, but you shall never be my tyrant. (Malvogli descends the stair from the left, and advances between them.)

Mal. How! my worthy friends! what is all this? wrangling, accusing, and a female in tears!

Flor. (affecting to cry) Yes, signor Malvogli, that monaster has been threatening me.

Mal. Horrible! signor Fabuletto! did ever a man of honour oppress a being of the softer sex?

Fab. Sdeath, signor Malvogli, what right have you to interfere? There is no man of honour in the room, that I know of; and this being of the softer sex, happens to be my wife—a creature bound by law and religion to obey me.

Mal. Oh, you are too impetuous; come, refer your dispute to me; suffer me to be an umpire betwixt my friends.

Fab. If I ever accepted an arbitrator in domestic differences, my master's Portuguese secretary would be the last I should approve.

Mal. Signor! you grow scurrilous; you pay me too little respect.

Fab. Oh, no—you are mistaken; tis impossible any honest man should pay signor Malvogli too little respect.

[He bows sarcastically and exits.

Mal. I am lost in astonishment—my fair Floribel, what has been the cause of this dispute?

Flor. (still affecting tears) He came here on purpose to abuse and ill treat me; but I'll bear it no longer; I'll have a separate maintenance before to-morrow, or run him in debt till he is forced to fly the country!

Mal. Think of it no more—a fleeting cloud had hovered between my confidence and you, but this removes it—

Flor. Umph! is that all the comfort you can give me.

Mal. Patience! you shall find in me a powerful protector; tis time for me to prove my friendship, and I shall begin by entrusting to your charge an important secret—but, soft! look that

no person can overhear us. (*Floribe/ steals gently to observe.*) Now, if I could whetle this weak creature to entrust me for a few minutes with that casket, where the important papers are concealed—

Flor. (returning) There's not a soul stirring—now then for the secret, signor!

Mal. Floribel! serve your friend, your real friend, and a splendid destiny awaits you. I am to marry Rosaviva; the marquis wills it so.

Flor. Indeed!

Mal. Tis a point irrevocably fixed; and if you, my dearest Floribel—you, who possess so much interest with Rosaviva, will but strive to dispose her affections to our wish—

Flor. Ah! signor, but Don Leon, the marquis's son, is in love with her.

Mal. Umph! we shall cure him of the folly.

Flor. Well, but signor, Rosaviva also loves—

Mal. Him?

Flor. Yes; tenderly, devotedly!

Mal. We may find a remedy for the lady's foible also.

Flor. So! but then my lady—the marchioness—

Mal. Her opinions may be modelled to our pleasure; or, if otherwise, her opposition will be of trifling moment. As for the amorous Leon, he is destined to travel—and to travel long; and Fabuletto, the sage, experienced Fabuletto, shall be the *Mentor* of our new *Telemachus*. (*takes her hand*) And now, my excellent Floribel! to what more nearly regards yourself: beloved, regarded, possessing the esteem and confidence of all—you shall remain absolute mistress over our establishment. No husband then, no threats, no coarse commands, but gentle halcyon hours and blest transporting—

Flor. Ah, I see by your coaxing and flattering, that you really want my assistance.

Mal. To confess the truth, I do depend upon your friendship greatly.— You were always a kind, obliging creature, and this very morning, for instance, it is in your power to render me a signal service.

Flor. Indeed! *

Mal. That is—I call 't a signal service, only from the consequence that the marquis attaches to it—in itself it is the merest trifle—the marquis is fancifully desirous of presenting to Rosaviva upon her marriage, a set of jewels precisely like those belonging to the

marchioness, and he wishes to do it by surprise.

Flor. (fixing her eyes upon him)— Well, signor.

Mal. Tis a singular idea, I confess; yet 'twere best to humour the caprice—perhaps he may ask you for your lady's casket, just to compare them for an instant with his jeweller—

Flor. Umph! this is indeed a singular idea.

Mal. O! he fancies them particularly beautiful. You may readily imagine, Floribel, the affair is perfectly indifferent to me. (*the marquis speaks from above*)

Marq. Has signor Malvogli left his chamber?

Mal. Hark! the marquis is here. (*the marquis descends from the right hand stairs*) My noble patron!

Marq. Your faithful friend, Malvogli! never address me by another title; I have been seeking you in your chamber.

Mal. I should have waited on your excellency, but stopped in my way to apprise Floribel of your wishes respecting her lady's jewels.

Marq. I thank you for the recollection. Floribel! fetch the casket hither.

Flor. (*pulls Malvogli by the sleeve*) Signor! recollect the papers are deposited—

Marq. Did you not hear me?

Flor. I shall obey your excellency! (*aside*) Fabuletto desired that I should grant every thing; but I will have an eye upon them. [*exit*.]

Marq. That woman has offended you, I fear.—You look uneasy, my friend!

Mal. Ah, if the feature betray the feeling, trust me, I have deeper cause for uneasiness than a woman's prattle. Do I not behold my friend and benefactor sinking hourly under the effects of secret melancholy!

Marq. Malvogli! you are right; I am indeed the victim of a cruel slow disease, that enervates my mind, and subdues my body; refuses to destroy the sufferer quite, and yet admits no hope of cure.

Mal. You resign yourself to despondence too easily—may not the marchioness—

Marq. Her very name is a mortal sickness to my soul!

Mal. Let me then observe—your son—

Marq. (*furiously*) Who? my son? my son! ha, ha, ha!—no, no—I have an heir, but no son.

Mal. Compose yourself, I beseech you, my dear lord! it is not from mere conjecture that a judgment so terrible should decisively be formed.

Marg. Conjecture! ah, I am but too certain of my dishonor. Mark me, Malvogli—at an age of thoughtlessness and passion, when our sight reigns despotic over our other senses, I beheld and loved Victoria—at a father's command she yielded me her hand; but, alas! her heart was not included in the gift. Even at the altar, a cold reluctance hung upon her vows, and chilled the ardor of my bliss. Six little months of wedlock had scarcely moderated in the husband the transports of a lover, when my sovereign appointed me to the government of Mexico—oh! with what doating tenderness I pressed Victoria to my arms, and breathed upon her lips a thousand fond adieus!—still to the last, insensible and cold, she merely thanked my love, prayed the kind saints to keep me in their charge, and saw me part without one natural tear—one heartfelt sigh!

Mal. (pointedly) Leon then was born subsequent to your departure?

Marg. Ay! born, where and how? in infamous concealment, and with disgraceful mystery. Abandoning her palace and her retinue, without the knowledge of a single relative or friend, the humble marchioness commenced a journey in the depth of winter; and in a wretched hovel, at the foot of the Pyrennes, with only two domestics to attest its birth, an heir to the noble house of Lerida met the light.

Mal. These domestics were—

Marg. Garcia, an old chamberlain, now no more, and Floribel, the wife of Fabuleto. The marchioness, mysterious and inexplicable to the world, for five successive years detained her infant from its natural claims, in foreign travel and the society of strangers.—The clamors of my kindred reached me often; but still the letters of Victoria, professing constant love, and pleading ill health as the cause of her continued absence, lulled my suspicions in their birth. I parted with doubt and fear—to think of them no more; and when, after sixteen years of absence and impatient hope, I reach'd my sigh'd-for home once more, O dupe! O credulous ideot that I was!—confidence and love possessed my bosom—I embraced Victoria as my constant wife, and blessed in Leon the fancied copy of my glorious sires!

Mal. And wherefore should you now regard them differently?

Marg. Listen to me, friend! about a twelvemonth after my return, Garcia, one of the two domestics that had attended the marchioness on her journey, was suddenly stricken by the hand of death: in his expiring moments he prayed to speak with me alone. The last agony was on him when I reached his chamber. “Forgive your servant,” cried the dying man, “your ear has been abused with falsehood—Leon is no child of yours; he is the son of the marchioness by a low-born page.”—Horror and amazement overcame my faculties, and I fell insensible. Ere I recovered, the wretched Garcia had ceased to breathe—all evidence of my disgrace had perished with him; but from that fatal hour his words have murmur'd in my ear incessantly.—Conceive, Malvogli—imagine my despair! tormented by the dread, that all the glories of my ancient house—my name, my office, and my wide domains will become the patrimony of an alien to my blood—the child of vice and shame—my dishonor and my curse—who, to increase my distraction, comes daily to insult my ear with dutiful professions and the name of *Father!*

Mal. Alas, my lord, compassionate the frailty of human nature; recollect the lovely Rosaviva, whom you have introduced to the marchioness and to the world as your ward, but who, in fact, may claim a tenderer tie—

Marg. (interrupting) Yes, my friend, that Rosaviva shall become the avenger of her father!

Enter FLORIBEL, with the casket.

Flor. Here is the casket my lord! but I must replace it before my lady rises.

Marg. (taking the casket) Floribel, give orders that no person enter this room unless I ring.

Flor. (aside to *Malvogli*) Recollect, signor, you have sworn—

Mal. (in a low voice) Never to acquaint the marquis where he may find certain documents—enough!

Marg. Floribel! leave us.

Flor. I am gone my lord. (aside) Fabuleto shall know of this, however. [exit.]

[The marquis opens the casket, and sighing deeply, draws forth a bracelet.]

Marg. Ah, 'tis here—my picture—painted in the days of confidence and bliss—days forever past! come, fatal bracelet! once pledge of love, now, instrument of vengeance—welcome, welcome!

Mal. You alarm me ! what dreadful purpose is in your mind.

Marq. Do you not recollect in the marchioness's chamber, a large painting, her own design, which generally is kept veiled ?

Mal. Perfectly : the subject is the parting of Hector and Andromache.

Marq. Ay ! did no living resemblance of the warrior ever strike you ?

Mal. Yes. The features have often reminded me of Leon : indeed, I once observed so to the marchioness ; but she seemed distressed at the remark—the effect of accident, no doubt.

Marq. No—of guilt—of deep and damning guilt. Frequently have I surprised her gazing on that picture, all drowned in tears, and uttering wild complaints. In that warrior her adulterous eyes gloat on the father of her Leon.

Mal. Fancy ! mere fancy !

Marq. I am convinced !—[*takes another bracelet from his bosom*] look upon this bracelet ! tis fashioned precisely like the other ; but the miniature which it contains is copied from the warrior's face. This likeness I shall substitute for my own. If the false one remain silent, you must feel, Malvogli, I have proof enough—or in whatever manner she may mention it, an instant explanation must ensue, and drag the shameful secret of her crimes to light.

Mal. If your excellency ask my advice, I must condemn the project altogether. Honour revolts from such insidious means—if, indeed, any accident were to place certain facts before your eye, I might excuse your penetrating the mystery to its centre ; but to spread a systematic snare—oh ! my lord ! what delicate mind would condescend to use expedients so derogatory to the dignity of man ?

Marq. I cannot now retract—the touch stone is in my hand, and doubt distracts me worse than certainty.

Mal. (*aside*) Now to employ the secret spring ! Nay, my lord, in honor's name !—(*attempting to remove the casket from him*.)

Marq. (*passionately*) Away ! my resolution's fixt !

Mal. Nay, nay—you must not—shall not—(*Malvogli, affecting to force the casket from the marquis, touches a secret spring, by which action the upper part of the casket remains in his hands, and the false bottom with the marquis.*)

Mal. Heavens ! the casket's broken !

Marq. No—tis a secret drawer which

our struggle has discovered—here are papers !

Mal. Do not examine them ! I conjure you, for your honour, for your peace.

Marq. “ If any accident,” said you, “ were to place certain facts before you, I could excuse your penetrating the mystery.” An accident does invite me, and I shall follow your advice.

Mal. Forbear ! forbear !

Marq. What is this ? A billet addressed to the marchioness, and traced in bloody characters !—here too, a paper in her own writing—directed for Leon—“ The confession of”—ah !—[*the marquis, unable to support his agitation, throws himself into a chair, and casts his eye distractedly over the contents.*]

Mal. I would not be the accomplice of your crime for the wealth of worlds. [*Malvogli draws back while the marquis peruses the first paper, and betrays by his gestures the triumph of his scheme.*]

Marq. (*rises furiously*) Here ! close up the rest—I'll keep but this—I want to know no more. [*he thrusts the paper into his bosom.*]

Mal. For heaven's sake resign that fatal paper—permit me—ha ! we are interrupted.

FABULETTO enters abruptly.

Marq. Presumptuous fellow ! What want you here ?

Fab. I want, my lord.. Oh, I want to know what you want. Did not your lordship ring ?

Marq. I ring ! inquisitive ! prying knave !

Fab. Nay, my lord, ask the jeweller, he heard the bell as well as I—

Marq. My jeweller ! what brings him hither ?

Fab. He says, he comes about some fresh orders—and while, [*he eyes Malvogli severely, who, in confusion attempts to conceal the casket as much as possible*] and while signor Malvogli there, has my lady's jewel casket open in his hands, it might not be so much amiss if—

Marq. Insolent coxcomb ! begone ! and if half a word escape you—

Fab. Oh no, my lord ! I scorn to betray a secret by halves. [*he notices the divided casket in Malvogli's hand sarcastically, and bowing ceremoniously, retires.*]

Marq. Quick ! quick ! hide the registers of hell from human eye forever—I have the proof I sought—ah ! wherefore did I seek it—why did I find it—it distracts—it drives me mad—O, God ! read, read, Malvogli.

Mal. [rejects the paper] I become privy to such fatal secrets! heaven forbid I restore it with the others, I entreat—[a bell rings from above] hark! Floribel is coming!

Enter FLORIBEL, turning, the marquis turns away in agitation.

Flor. Quick! quick! the casket! the marchioness rings for me!

Mal. [returns it closed] You observe, Floribel, every thing in order.

Flor. [noticing their confusion] Yes, but the marquis seems out of order—ah, signor!

Mal. [quickly] What do you suspect?

Flor. Oh, nothing—my suspicions are all removed. [exit up the stair case.]

Marq. (faintly) Malvogli, lend me your arm—lead me to the terrace—this air feels thick—I want to breathe more freely.

Mal. Collect yourself, my lord, Don Leon is here.

Enter LEON, who meets the marquis as Malvogli is supporting him out, and catches his hand eagerly.

Leon. My dear father! are you not well?

Marq. [snatches away his hand impetuously] Father! leave to peasants and mechanics those plebeian appellations—men of rank use more elevated language; who ever uttered Father at a court? whenever you address yourself to me, signor, call me by my title—(surveying him with a look of loathing.) Your manner betrays a base extraction.

Leon. (timidly) Dear marquis, then—will you not permit me—

Marq. (with fury) Begone!—quit my presence! (Leon recoils a few paces in consternation—the marquis averts his face, and waves his hand, as if sickening with disgust) Come, Malvogli, come. (he takes Malvogli's arm, and they exert together on one side; while the young man, silent and overwhelmed, retires upon the other.)

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE—a superb library, into which large folding-doors conduct as from an anti-room—the Marquis is discovered seated in the attitude of reading—suddenly he starts from his posture and casts down the volume with impetuosity.

Marq. Books avail not! the philosophy of the dead cannot methodize the transports of a quick and exasperated spirit! the consciousness of my disgrace is every where! the guilty tale is written on my floors! a voice is in my

wall that blabs it!—I see—hear—can think of nothing else! (he pace, to and fro in violent agitation) Come, fatal paper! once more let me read and grow familiar with my shame. [he draws the paper from his bosom, and reads with quickness] “Rash and inconsiderate lover! the chastisement of our fatal and forbidden passion has already overtaken us. War in a thousand terrible varieties besets your person—you have been wounded, and a prisoner—the partner of your fault is your equal in wretchedness. This day I have given birth to a son, whose existence drowns me in tears, and condemns me to despair—he is your image and your life-blood!—pray for your offspring, pray for its devoted mother—my hand falters while I write—farewell!—Victoria.” Oh, Victoria! false, degraded woman! [he walks about in disorder] The paper is without any date; but on the contrary side, I find an answer, which proves the seducer long since dead [he reads again] “Upon the field of battle, I pause to read the tidings of my love—a moment only is mine, and I employ it in blessings upon my Victoria and her child. Should I fall in the action, a friend has sworn to deliver this, with other remembrances of my love. The enemy advances, and our trumpet calls me to my post—Adieu, adieu!” And then in crimson characters beneath—“Mortally wounded, I open this once more to write you with my ebbing blood—a long—a last farewell!—remember.” Beyond the writing is eligible, and the paper stained with tears! [a short pause of emotion] I am torn! distracted! [throws himself into a chair]

MALVOGLI enters behind, and contemplates the marquis with an air of satisfaction; then advances obsequiously.

Marq. [perceiving him] Ah, dearest friend! approach! you find me overwhelmed.

Mal. Alarmingly indeed! I feared to break upon your meditations.

Marq. (pausing the chamber rapidly as he speaks) Woman! woman! light, fantastic, inconsiderate sex; ye resign your destinies to the impulse of a moment, unmidful of the miseries ye entail upon yourselves, on us, and on posterity! the morals of a female are a nation's safeguard! the pride or shame of families is reflected upon their conduct, and domestic bliss or bane depends upon their very reputation!

Mal. Hush! compose yourself, my

lord! your daughter, the lovely Rosaviva, approaches!

Enter Rosaviva, with a bouquet in her hand.

Ros. Good morning to your excellency! I was told you were engaged with business, and did not venture to intrude before.

Mur. Engaged upon your account, my dear Rosaviva, my daughter!—
[checks himself] Ah! I love to call you by that name, for I have regarded thee as such from thy infancy. Your mother, with her dying breath, confided you to my care, and I pledged myself to become as a father to you. I shall perform my promise by giving you a noble husband. Look round you and select—can you find no lover worthy of your choice?

Ros. [timidly kissing his hand] Gratitude towards your excellency possesses all my heart; the wish of my benefactor must ever be my law; but since you condescend to consult me, let me answer that my happiness is perfect without a change of situation. Your son, when [hesitates] I mean when Don Leon marries—for certainly he will marry at some time—perhaps may quit his parents roof—Ah! then, let the delightful task of softening your declining years devolve on me—Yes! let me be indeed as a daughter to him who has proved himself more than a father to the orphan Rosaviva!

Marg. Charming, interesting girl!

Mal. In truth, my lord, she merits an implicit confidence..lovely Rosaviva! embrace this generous, this affectionate protector..you are indebted to him for more than you believe.

Ros. Ah! my lord—

Marg. [embraces her] Oh! let fastidious titles be reserved for cold indifference. Look round you, Rosaviva, your future husband is now beneath this roof.

Ros. [with artless rapture] Ah! beneath this roof?

Mal. [seizing her hand] Yes, Donna Rosaviva..he—
(*Fabuletto abruptly sling open the folding doors, and steps forward*)

Fab. My lord! the marchioness!

Mal. [dropping Rosaviva's hand]... Curses on the officious knave.

Enter the Marchioness.

Marc. My lord..signor Malvolio...good morning to you both....my Rosaviva....

Ros. [slings her self upon her neck] Oh! dearest madam you find me so

transported...the marquis has just...
[*Malvolio motions Rosaviva mysteriously to silence. Fabuletto behind detects his gesture. She stops in confusion, and the marchioness regards all parties with surprise.*]

March. [after a short pause] Fabuletto informed me your excellency was much indisposed; I came hither in alarm, but find—

Marg. That the officious fool has again been guilty of an untruth.

Fab. Nay, if your lordship pleases to recollect, you appeared so disturbed when—

Marg. Silence! babbler!

March. (turning the discourse with affected indifference) In truth, my pretty Rosaviva, 'you transcend yourself this morning. Who has decked you with those flowers, sweet girl?

Ros. Oh, I plucked them myself, madam...is not this the festival of St. Leon...the birth day of my dear...I mean...the birth day of your son, madam?

March. Lovely remembrancer! she omits nothing that can give us pleasure. (the marquis assumes a threatening gesture, but is withheld by Malvolio. Fabuletto watches.)

March. Fabuletto, since we are all met, acquaint my son that we will take our breakfast together here in the library.

Fab. Don Leon is here madam. (Leon is seen crossing the anti-room.)

Marg. [abruptly] I have writings to finish...let me have breakfast alone in my closet.

Ros. Yes, my dear lord, I will bring it to you; but here is Leon...this is his birth day.

March. Your lordship had forgotten it was a festival...surely on such an occasion you will indulge us with your company.

Marg. (in a loud imperious tone) I have business madam to arrange; business of importance both to your family and to mine. (she appears confused, he smiles ironically) But keep your festival by all means..the days of rejoicing may not last forever. Malvolio, you will find me in my closet. (exit.

Leon. (advances) My father shuns me! he constantly quits an apartment when I enter it..he treated me before this morning in so harsh a manner....

March. (catching his hand) Hush! I must nor hear any reflection upon the conduct of the marquis; if he appears to treat you with neglect, recollect, my dear boy, there may exist some latent grievances to irritate or

disturb his mind... Politics, state affairs...causes we cannot either penetrate or judge; do not, therefore, resent, or even appear to notice any casual petulance in his manner; do not, my Leon, for your mother's sake no not.

Leon. Enough, madam! I am unhappy, but you shall not find me disobedient.

March. Oh, Malvogli! he rends my very heart. [aside to him.]

Mal. Courage! courage!

Ros. (cheerfully) You regret your father's absence, Leon, so do we all but recollecting this to be St. Leon's festival, he charged me to present you with this bouquet. (she advances smiling, and places it on his breast.)

Leon. (kisses her as she fastens it) He could not have dispensed his favors by any hand that would have rendered them so very dear.

Rosaviva. (disengaging herself) See, madam, I cannot jest with him ever so little, but he must—

March. Ah! this is a day, my child, when we must not be too severe with him.

Ros. To punish him for it, insist upon his reading to us the poem we are told he had written upon the occasion.

March. Come my son, fetch your verses hither. I'll bring my working case, and listen while you read. Fabuletto hasten our breakfast in the interval. (exit through the anti-room.)

Ros. Ah! I am glad your mother has commanded you...now, obstinate as you are, I shall be gratified in spite of you.

Leon. In spite of me? When you desire it? Ah! no, Rosaviva, trust me, that is impossible. [exit rapidly.]

Mal. (eyeing *Fabuletto*, who remains behind) I thought it had been the marchioness's order that you should hasten breakfast.

Fab. I know my duty, signor. (aside) Serpent! basilisk! you may dart your fiery glances at me, but I fear you not. [exit.]

Mal. (insinuatingly) Well, lovely Rosaviva! now we are alone, have you guessed yet who is the happy man the marquis has destined for your husband?

Ros. Dear signor! I am accustomed always to speak without restraint before you.—on whom can I but rest my thoughts. He says my intended husband is now beneath this roof. Ah! I perceive his goodness—it must be Leon.

Mal. Who? Leon! the marquis's son! your own brother!

Ros. My brother!

Mal. Recollect, I once told you in the presence of the marquis, you were indebted to him for more than you believed. You owe him life! your mother was a Mexican lady, who died in giving you birth. Motives of delicacy towards the marchioness, induced his excellency, on his return to Europe, to present you merely as his ward. The secret should have remained inviolate, but the imminence of your danger banishes reserve. I repeat it to you...the marquis is your father, and Leon must henceforth address you only as a sister!

[*Rosaviva*, who had listened with breathless interest to *Malvogli*, sinks back at last upon his arm; benumbed and motionless with horror.]

Mal. Rosaviva! look up! let not the offices of friendship destroy the precious object they were meant to save! look up, sweet girl!

Ros. (shuddering) Leon, my brother!

Mal. Awake, my child! arouse from a deceitful trance that may prove fatal to your peace forever!

Ros. Ah! fatal to us both!

Mal. Hark! he returns; exert your fortitude, and strive to meet him as becomes your situation. Nature and religion both prescribe your course.—You must feel, Rosaviva, the importance of the secret I have revealed, and will not betray the confidence of a friend. [exit.]

Ros. Wretched, deluded girl! I wake from a delightful dream at once to terror and despair! where have I wandered! a precipice is before me. Ah! how frightful! how tremendous! heavens! he is my brother, and yet I have dared to—ah! nature sickens and the blood creeps backward to my heart! (Leon returns through the anti-room with the verses.)

Leon. My mother not yet returned, and the signor gone! delightful opportunity! oh! let me snatch at once the happiness that offers. Rosaviva, my life! my love! you long have known my passion, and this morning your tender accents and bewitching smiles have so encouraged me..(catches her hand.)

Ros. (mournfully) Ah! Leon!

Leon. Heavens! your streaming eyes! your quivering lips, declare some terrible affliction. you turn from me.. you will not answer..ah! is it possible ..then you no longer love me, while my passion for you—

Ros. Your passion! ah! never name it more! Digitized by Google

Leon. How! the tenderest, fondest adoration—

Ros. (wildly) Desist! desist! or I must fly!

Leon. Can the declaration of my love offend you?

Ros. Yes; it fills me with disgust—with horror!

Leon. Merciful powers! what then has occurred? Signor Malvogli has just quitted you; I must learn from him the purport of your conversation.

Re-enter the marchioness, followed by Floribel, carrying a working case.

Ah, madam, come to my relief; you find me in despair—Rosaviva no longer loves me.

Ros. Not love him, madam? ah! the marquis, yourself, and he possesses my whole affection.

March. My child, I do not doubt it; but wherefore this emotion?

Leon. Madam! you know and have approved my ardent passion for her—

Ros. Bid him be silent, madam! for heaven's sake bid him be silent! (she casts herself into the marchioness's arms.)

March. Rosaviva! I do not comprehend you: my astonishment equals his. She trembles in my arms; what can he have done to offend you thus?

Ros. Ah! he has not offended me—I esteem him like a brother—let him require of me no more.

Leon. You hear her. Inhuman girl, explain yourself. (he seizes her hand and forcibly kisses it.)

Ros. (struggling) Leave me! leave me! cruel Leon! you kill me!

Fabuletto enters through the anti-room.

Fab. The breakfast will be here directly, madam.

March. Let all be removed again! You, Fabuletto, carry breakfast to the marquis in his closet; and you, my Rosaviva, accompany me to my dressing room. Compose yourselves, my dear children! I bear you both within my heart. Why will you agonize it thus without remorse? (aside) there is some mystery in this, I tremble to develop. Leon, you must not follow us—

Leon. Let me at least conduct you through the gallery. [the marchioness passes off, supporting Rosaviva. Leon follows through the anti-room. Fabuletto and Floribel stand on each side of the door, looking inquisitively at each other as they pass.

Flor. I don't know what to make of this—some devilish mischief is going forward, and I have a shrewd guess our notable signor is at the bottom of it all!

—I must apprise my lady of the casket adventure.

Fab. Not a word of the matter yet, wench! the time is not ripe for a counter project.

Flor. Well then, I'll be silent to her—but I have a word of intelligence for you—(a bell rings) provoking! my lady summons me already—I can't stay to give particulars, so take the outline in a breath—(she speaks as rapidly as possible) Malvogli marries Rosaviva by the marquis's desire—he will cure Leon of his passion—wear the young lady from her lover—make the marchioness change her wishes on the subject—he drives you out of the house—procrea a divorce between our master and mistress—disinherits the young man—becomes himself a grandee, and appoints your humble servant lady president of the new establishment! there! there's the news of the morning upon full gallop! (runs out.)

Fab. *Multum in parvo!* a precious snare this politic signor has wound about the family; but thanks to my Ariadne wife, I have the clue of the labyrinth, and the monster shall be entangled in his own toils.

Re-enter LEON, in great agitation.

Leon. Oh, heavens! how can I have merited this reverse.

Fab. Why—why, don Leon! what can be the matter?

Leon. Alas! Fabuletto! I am ignorant myself. Never did I behold Rosaviva so enchantly kind and tender as when we met this morning: I left her but for an instant with signor Malvogli, and returning, found her all agitation and dissolved in tears—what could Malvogli possibly have said to her?

Fab. Ah! sir, did I not fear your impetuous temper—

Leon. Nay, if circumspection alone be requisite, you may rely upon my prudence. Speak, then, my good fellow—what do you think he told her?

Fab. That she must prepare to accept a portuguese instead of a spanish husband; in brief, that Malvogli himself is the man destined by the marquis for his ward.

Leon. Malvogli marry Rosaviva!—the traitor shall have my life first!

Fab. No; by this manœuvre the traitor will not have your life, but he will take all that renders it of value—your mistress and your fortune.

Leon. Rage and indignation choke me! best of friends! worthy Fabulet.

to ! counsel, advise me—what have I to do ?

Fab. Unravel the enigma of the sphinx, or be devoured by it ! in plain prose, watch him closely, but patiently, put a mask upon your nature and dissemble with him.

Leon. I dissemble ! but yes—I will command my passion—ah ! he is coming here ! now, *Fabuletto*, you shall have an instance of my prudence. I will come coolly to an explanation with him !

Fab. Ah ! coolly, sir, or all is lost.

Leon. Do not fear me, you shall see.

Enter MALVOGLI.

Leon. (restraining his rage with difficulty) Signor—signor *Malvogli*, a word with you ! the utmost frankness is indispensable—*Rosaviva* is in distress, and I must know the cause—this instant signor ! what have you said to *Rosaviva* ?

Fab. (aside) Oh ! St. Lawrence and his gridiron ! why this is the coolness of the dogdays !

Mal. (with calm hauteur) Who informed you, sir, that I had spoken to her ? if *Rosaviva* be in distress, wherefore must I be catechized upon the cause ?

Leon. No subterfuges, signor, she was in the happiest of tempers when I left you together ; on my return I found her in tears—her afflictions are my own, and you must give me satisfaction as to the cause of them, or satisfaction of a different nature !

Mal. Must ? young gentleman ! by a less peremptory word, every reasonable concession might be expected from me, but I never yield to menaces.

Leon. (furiously) Nay, then, perfidibus man ! defend your life. (they both draw—*Fabuletto* rushes between.)

Fab. Hold ! hold ! don *Leon* ! signor *Malvogli* ! the son of your best friend—under his very roof—

Mal. I know what is due to friendship, and to myself. I shall explain all, but I want no witness ; withdraw and leave us together.

Leon. Go, worthy *Fabuletto* ; let us leave him no excuse.

Fab. I obey, sir ! (aside) now then to alarm the marquis, and bring him here to be a witness of their quarrel. (exit rapidly.)

Leon. Now, sir, defend your conduct either by your voice or by your sword—the option is your own, but I admit only of these alternatives.

Mal. Leon ! a man of honour must not draw his sword upon the child of

his benefactor ! neither could be condescend to explain himself before a wretched menial, and gratify by a forced concession, the insolent curiosity of vulgar minds.

Leon. To the point, signor !

Mal. Ah ! how keenly will your honest but misguided mind reproach you hereafter, for this violence to your best of friends !

Leon. Subtle equivocator ! to the point !

Mal. Well, then, you read an explanation from me. (affecting a dignified compassion) *Leon* ! you love *Rosaviva* : your attachment has long been evident to me : anxious, tenderly anxious for your felicity, and vain enough to hope my little influence with the marquis might tend to its promotion, I ventured to hint to him the fruits of my observation, and strove by every argument of friendship to dispose his mind in favour of your loves. Ah ! forgive me, my dear young friend, I am going to afflict you—summon all your fortitude ; for alas ! I fear it will need it. I drew at length from the marquis a terrible confession. “ Oh ! my friend ! ” cried he, “ I am not ignorant of my son’s attachment for *Rosaviva* ; but their union is impossible—for learn, she whom you suppose my ward, is actually my—daughter ! ”

Leon. Merciful powers ! his daughter ! dreadful, dreadful word ! (he covers his face with his hands.)

Mal. This is the secret, which a painful but imperious duty compelled me to reveal to *Rosaviva*, and which has now—ah ! for the eternal welfare of you both ! my silence might have undone you ! Now, *Leon*, dear, impetuous, misjudging boy ! will you draw upon me now ?

Leon. (throws himself upon *Malvogli’s* breast) Oh ! never ! never ! [*Fabuletto* runs in through the anti-room before the marquis.]

Fab. This way, my lord ! here they are !

Mary. Folded in each others arms ! have you lost your senses ?

Fab. Faith, my lord, I do feel a little bewildered.

Mary. Signor *Malvogli*, I request you to explain this to me.

Leon. No, my lord, tis I who must explain—forgive me, sir, I die with shame while I confess, (*Malvogli* presses his finger to his lip) that—that on a frivolous, a ridiculous caprice, I forgot the dues of my own character, and madly offered insult to the wortliest of men ; but his generous nature

has already restored my reason, and pronounced my pardon: I was pouring forth the gratitude of a bursting soul when you surprised us.

Mary. The frankness of your confession could alone repress my anger. Go, signor! teach your heart repentance for its follies, and henceforth reverence the virtues which you cannot imitate.

Mal. Oh! marquis! all is forgiven—all is forgotten.

Fab. (aside) The devil himself must juggle for him!

Mary. And you (to *Fabuletto*) officious tattler of conjectured evils! learn in future to gorge upon your odious calumnies in private, and equally with your master to respect his friend—the assault of malignant spirits but more endears him to my heart, and I destine the hand of Rosaviva for his reward.

Mal. (aside to *Leon*) Leon! dare I to hope this measure?

Leon. (wrings his hands with emotion) The blow is sudden, but I shall bear it as a man! exalted character! you alone are worthy of the prize; my heart is breaking, but still it blesses you! be yours eternally that happiness which I resign forever! (rushes out.)

Marg. (takes *Malvogli* by the hand) Come my friend! let me present you to your intended bride! *Fabuletto*! communicate my pleasure to my household, and bid my notary instantly prepare a contract of marriage between my ward Rosaviva and the signor *Malvogli*, the friend of her guardian and—his adopted son. [Exit with *Malvogli* frowning haughtily upon *Fabuletto* as he passes.]

Fab. What do I hear! husband to Rosaviva! his adopted son! now in the name of all the—but no, this is a saint's day, and I won't swear. Ugh! ugh! the spleen will chock me! why fortune herself turns pimp for this renegade, and uncovers her own eyes that she may play mountebank tricks with the bandage, and hoodwink every creature in our family by turns! what would lay any other man in the mire, sets this fellow stouter upon his legs than before! where does he come from? who belongs to him? how does he receive his letters? not a scrap comes for him by the post—no visible communication with any human being. Ah! he certainly springs up direct from Pluto himself, and carries on a black letter correspondence by some underground mail! but courage, *Fabuletto*! defy the fiend and his agent! shall it be said that a scholar and a sol-

dier, one who has studied the classics as a bare-foot servitor of Salamanca, and afterwards acquired a proficiency in the art militaire under the inspiring touches of a corporal's rattan; above all, shall it be said that a native upon his own ground, shrank from a contest with an intermeddling foreigner? No, no! literature and chivalry forbid! plot and counterplot shall be my watchword. My crafty foe has entrenched himself up to the ears, but if I cannot storm the fortification, at least I'll *sap*. In the rough *Parthian* war of yore we're told, The beaten soldier was esteem'd the bold; Not he who FOUGHT, but he who FLED, prevail'd, And WIT triumphant rose where VALOUR fail'd,

[exit.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—the apartments of the marchioness—on one side is the door of the anti-room—exactly opposite the wainscot hangs a large picture representing the parting of Hector and Andromache.—The Marchioness is discovered kneeling before the picture.

March. Spirit of my love! my buried love! if happy souls in heaven retain a consciousness of human cares, bend from thy joys, and for a moment sooth the mourner's heart, who still embalms thy memory with her tears, and lives alone to sorrow, unaccepted penitence and vain regret! Blessed one! be near unto her now—now, in her utmost hour of need and peril!

Enter *Floribel* from the anti-room.

Flor. Lady! in tears? will you indulge these sad remembrances forever? Ah! that fatal picture!

March. (rising, but still gazing on the picture) *Floribel*! do you recollect him when he passed the castle gate forever, and waved his helmet to me in a last adieu? Such was his parting look—so mournfully tender—so prophetic of his kindless fate.

Flor. Lady! lady! hide the portrait, or I must force you from the chamber.

March. (drops the curtain before it, sinking with emotion) Farewell!

Flor. Nay, nay, compose your spirits, I have appointed *Leon* to attend you here; but tell me, madam, what are your intentions by this interview?

March. What nature and my conscience dictate. Oh! *Floribel*, I can no longer bear about me this load of misery and crime—it weighs me down—it presses on my brain!

Flor. But you will not divulge to *Leon* the secret of his birth?

March. I must, or become an accessory to his death! Heaven's blow, but

certain retribution, has overtaken me—my steps are bewildered in the labyrinth I had planned for others, and only a desperate hazard can relieve me.

Flor. But first consider—

March. I can consider only that I am a parent, and that my offspring's fate is vested in my hands. Oh! can I bear to view my boy—dear innocent martyr of another's guilt! overwhelmed by the imagination of an unreal calamity—spirit broken and despairing, the certain silent victim of defeated love. Oh! can I behold him thus, and yet forbear to save him?

Flor. 'Tis surprising that the marquis should never have hinted his relationship to Rosaviva before.

Mar. Ah, Floribel! the discovery of such noble delicacy in my husband, renders my own unworthiness more odious to my soul than ever. Generous, glorious being! voluntarily has he denied himself for years the proudest pleasure of a parent's heart, rather than violate the feelings of an ungrateful woman, whose only claim to his forbearance was the name of wife.—How have I repaid this unexampled tenderness? By falsehood—cruel plots, and infamous deception! Quick! Floribel, find me a name to couple with my sin—call me traitress! monster! savage! hypocrite! you cannot rate me by a term so base as conscience tells me I deserve to bear.

Flor. For heaven's sake, restrain these violent emotions. Leon approaches—you must not meet him in this distraction.

March. I must—I will!

Flor. Disclose yourself to him then with caution, otherwise you will but undo yourself without preserving him: recollect, Leon's nature is rash and precipitate as fire—who knows but in the first transport of indignant honor, he may refuse to aid your plans, and proclaim at once the whole imposture to the marquis.

March. Then both of us were lost indeed. O! heavens! on what shall I decide?

Flor. Ascertain, his sentiments before you entrust him with the secret. Hark! I hear him in the anti-room—promise me not to betray yourself too suddenly—

March. Well, your advice shall be followed, I promise you. [Floribel goes to the door and introduces Leon.]

Leon. [with listless dejection] Madam, I attend you—it was your wish to converse with me in private.

March. Yes, my son! Floribel wait

in the anti-room, and take care we are not intruded upon. [exit Floribel.]

March. (after a pause) You look dejected, my dear Leon! I fear the recent discovery of Rosaviva's birth affects you deeply.

Loon. My nature has indeed received a fearful shock!

March. But time and reflection subdue the strongest sorrow—trust me, your heart will recover peace—

Leon. Yes, when it loses life!

March. Nay, nay—this despondence must not be.

Leon. Ah, madam! had you ever known how terrible is disappointment in your first passion—

March. (shuddering) I—I can comprehend you sufferings—I pity them—indeed—indeed I do! (aside) yes, 'tis nature's mandates, and I must preserve him! Leon, I have sent for you, to divulge—I mean—to request your advice upon a subject, which, for some time past has oppressed me with sadness heavy as your own.

Leon. Now, indeed, you offer me consolation—ah! teach me how I may alleviate the sorrows of my mother, and for a time I shall forget my own.

March. Thanks! thanks! let us be seated. [Leon presents the marchioness with a chair—for a few moments she remains silent in visible emotion, as if collecting her spirits, and then addresses him in a faltering voice] you may perceive by the agitation I strive in vain to repress, that the subject on which I am about to enter, is most interesting to my peace—yet mine is but the interest of sympathy—the circumstances relate to another person—

Leon. Another person?

March. Yes, to a friend—a very dear friend—the intimate of my earliest years—the companion of all my joys and sorrows—the confident of all my hopes and fears—for such a character you may readily imagine the interest I feel is of no ordinary class.

Leon. Assuredly.

March. By an uncommon coincidence of error and misfortune, this person whom I so tenderly regard, is now cast in a situation the most delicate and distressing fortune can produce—her honor, reputation—nay more, the fondest affections of her soul are all at a stake! By preserving one she fears to sacrifice the other—crisis rapidly approaches, and her danger appears beyond human prudence to avoid. To me alone her situation is confided—she implores me to advise her; but the perplexities of the question confounds

my judgment, and I wish, my son, without betraying the name of my friend, to represent her distresses, and be guided by your opinion in the counsel I shall recommend her to adopt.

Leon. You flatter me by the reference—will you indulge my curiosity with particulars?

March. Ah, her story will excite your indignation—yet I trust your pity more. Heiress of ancient honors and unbounded wealth, fortune smiled deceitfully upon her birth; and had ambition been the master passion of her breast, no sigh could ever have disturbed its quiet—but soon, alas! a softer tyrant stole unsuspected thither, and marred the destiny he was not called to share! It was her wretched lot to love, and be denied the object of her passion. Ah! Leon, that look informs me you already pity her—her fate in deed was terrible—a father tore her from the idol of her doating soul—for ever tore her! then forced her, a trembling sacrifice, into another's arms!

Leon. The husband he selected proved unworthy?

March. No—let my lips do justice to his virtues—honor, nobleness, and tenderest truth made up his soul—but, ah! unhappy one—deaf to his vows and blind to his merits, her cold averted heart disclaimed him still, true to its first fires, and even in their embers cherishing a fatal glow!

Leon. Ill fated fair! you told me I should condemn—as yet I only pity her.

March. Oh! that her record of misery were finished here, and the page might only then be stained with tears—but black, foul characters blot all beyond—my cheek burns! I know not how to explain her fault. It was at once her blessing and her curse to prove a mother—but—but—the *Lord who pressed the infant for his own was not the Father of her child!*—Leon! Leon! crazed by affliction, and devoted to despair, in one wild frantic moment she transgressed for that child's sake all laws, human or divine! she forged detested falsehoods, betrayed the noble heart that trusted in her most, and daringly imposed upon her wedded lord a supposititious heir—the alien issue of another's bed!

Leon. Monstrous! shameless, abandoned hypocrite!

March. Hold! Leon! in mercy do not brand her with terms so terrible! I implore you do not: 'twas for her child's sake she became a wretch—to retain him always near her—to secure

for him wealth and rank. Ah, Leon—'twas for her child—remember—'twas for her child!

Leon. I correct my speech—but tell me, madam, can this woman sleep of nights?

March. Ah! no, no—wretches from shipwreck newly saved, find sweeter rest on sea-beat rocks, than she upon her bed of down.

Leon. Ah! madam, penitence without atonement—

March. She wishes, prays—but knows not how or which way to atone. For many years the imposture has passed unsuspected, and she now beholds her son risen into manhood. But mark, Leon! mark, heaven's never failing justice in the issue—the evil means by which she labored to secure her offspring's happiness, those very means fate has perverted into his destruction! a killing sorrow preys upon his youth, and the discovery of his real birth now alone can save him from despair and death. Imagine, Leon! the agonies of this wretched mother, compelled either to become the murdress of her child or the assassin of her own fair fame! alternatives how dreadful! one gleam of hope yet saves her from distraction—one last lingering gleam: dares she reveal the secret to her son, and so dispel the care that kills him, trusting that his prudence will provide against discovery, and aid her still to veil it from the world—this, Leon is the question I am entreated to decide—your judgment shall determine mine. Speak, therefore, speak from your soul; dares the mother rely upon her son?

Leon. (rising) With sincerity, madam, I'll meet your question: if like me, this unfortunate youth has been taught to reverence virtue and abhor a fraud; like me he would start indignant at the odious tale—reject all partnership in vice and scorn, and rend at once the close deception into atoms, even though hands he cherished most had framed the web.

March. Oh! misery, would his stern virtue then sacrifice his mother?

Leon. No—he would bear her in his arms in penury and sickness; shield her in his duteous bosom from reproach and scorn; beg for her at the gates of palaces; starve with her in desolate hovels; implore; defy, encounter, perish for her sake! cheerfully he would resign his life—but not his honor! life is our parent's gift and all its crimson warmth is their's at pleasure to reclaim—but honor is the diviner soul of man 'tis lent from

heaven—the boon of an immortal, not an earthly stock, and must be bartered for no human good.

March. Recollect the kenness of her suffering—

Leon. Remember the enormity of her offence—heavens and earth ! were I the son of such a mother—

March. (starts from her seat and catches his hand wildly) You, Leon ! you!—can you suppose your mother—

Leon. (presses her hand to his lips) No—eternal blessing on her gracious head ! she is the bright reverse of the guilty creature whom I named ! (the marchioness totters back into her chair, and covers her face with both hands.) *Leon* proceeds with impetuous warmth) of all sweet and awful virtues her spirit is composed entire, and no polluted atom mingles with the work.

March. (in a suffocated voice) Forbear, forbear !

Leon. What ! forbid my lip to exercise its dearest privilege ? No ! While it stirs with breath and sense, still shall it vibrate to a mother's praise ! the radiant pattern of our Spanish dames ! her sex's paragon ! Oh ! to Providence, eternal thanks ! that made me son to such a mother !

March. Oh ! oh ! [she sinks back overwhelmed with emotion.]

Leon. Merciful powers ! she sinks ! she faints—within there ! Floribel !—help ! help !

FLORIBEL rushes in.

Flor. Ah ! lady ! dear unfortunate lady ! oh ! Don Leon, you have killed my mistress !

March. [reviving, glances her eye upon Leon, and shudders] Floribel ! hide me from him ! I cannot support his look !

Flor. Don Leon, withdraw a little—the sight of you disorders her. Lady, let me remove you to your chamber—

March. To my grave, Floribel ! Ah ! much rather to my grave ! for I am cureless, hopeless—to die and be forgotten now is all my prayer ! [Floribel supports her to the inner room.]

Leon. What am I to think ? Distraction in her looks—her words of misery, despair and death ! Am I the cause ! her wild expressions would declare me so—yet how ? in what have I offended ? no, no—I cannot be so cursed—I cannot be an orphan in the hearts of both my parents !

Enter MALVOGLI.

Mal. Don Leon in the apartments of the marchioness ? alone too ?

Leon. My mother has this instant quitted me.

Mal. (uneasily) Have you been in conversation long ?

Leon. Yes, too long for my peace. Oh ! my friend ! misfortune seems never weary of pursuing me.

Mal. You concern me inexpressibly—what afflictions can you mean.

Re-enter FLORIBEL.

Flor. Don Leon, my lady requests of you to quit these apartments for the present—she will send for you again when her spirits are more composed.

Leon. I shall expect her summons with impatience. Oh, Floribel ! tell her that she is now the only one in life my heart dares call its own : and if I forfeit her I lose myself ! [exit.]

Flor. Signor, you will follow Don Leon's example, as my mistress desires to be in private.

Mal. My pretty monitress ! you must admit me as an exception to her rule—I am charged by his excellency with the delivery of a message that will not brook delay. [Floribel returns into the chamber.] What may this mysterious interview between the mother and the son portend ? Pray heaven the marchioness may not have disclosed too much—if she has blabbed to the boy, I must prevent the confession from reaching other ears before the contract's signed. The marquis already knows sufficient for all useful purposes, and to extend his stock of information might prove dangerous.—She comes ! a timely threat or two, disguised like friendly admonitions, will ensure her silence.

The marchioness enters from her chamber, followed by Floribel, who crosses the stage into the anti-room.]

March. Malvogli ! my friend ! my counsellor ! I fly to claim your promised services—now let your generous efforts save me if they can—destruction besets me on every side !

Mal. (coolly) Imprudent woman ! what have you revealed to Leon ?

March. Not the secret I had intended—he still is ignorant of all.

Mal. (aside) Propitious planet of my birth, I thank thee !

March. Oh ! Malvogli ! how terrible is the energy of virtue to a sinner's ear ! this dear unconscious boy has pierced my soul with grief and shame unutterable ! I have discovered that his attachment to Rosaviva can never be subdued. Pride and affection long have struggled in my breast for victory : but nature triumphs and my child

shall be preserved—tis now I call upon your friendship to assist me—now while my penitence is warm, my courage strong, at once conduct me to the fiery trial—lead me to the marquis!

Mal. To the marquis! with what intent?

March. To cast myself upon the earth before his injured presence, and at once proclaim the whole transgressions of my wretched life.

Mal. Are you distracted, lady?—what can prompt you to such preposterous folly? breathe but a syllable to the marquis, and your son is ruined. His present destiny is brilliant—while the secret is preserved he still must be received Lerida's heir. Is happiness so solid to be bartered for a love sick dream? but at once to banish the idle fancy from both your minds, I am commissioned by the marquis, lady, to acquaint you the hand of Rosaviva is already destined for another.

March. Another! speak—who is the man?

Mal. Forbid your eyes to lighten, lady, and let them bend with gentler fires on me.

March. You! Malvogli—you! could I hear rightly? You!

Mal. Wherefore this admiration, lady? Is it so incredible that a man neither deformed nor superanuate should marry to advantage?

March. A mist, a fatal mist, disperses round me—I have been betrayed—my poor boy too has been sacrificed. Oh! Malvogli! you who professed to love and serve us ever; where is your boasted friendship now?

Mal. Firm and sincere as ever—When I am connected with the family, you may have reason to acknowledge it so.

March. My senses unsettle, sure! Oh, signor! you know full well the unalterable passion of these young people for each other—you have received many kindnesses beneath this roof—you have professed yourself grateful to its mistress—by the memory then of all your obligations, I conjure you to resign this treacherous and cruel project.

Mal. The commands of my patron must be obeyed.

March. You possess an unbounded influence over him—use it nobly, and the prayers of grateful hearts shall call down blessings on your head from heaven! Oh, Malvogli! turn not from me! Man of marble heart! behold the woman you have called your benefactress, forgetful of her pride, her rank, her sex—behold her humbly kneeling

at your feet for mercy! Look on me, Malvogli, and deny me if you can.

Enter Floribel, from the anti-room, suddenly.

Flor. Heavens! have I lived to see my mistress so disgraced? Madam, let me raise you! Signor, shame upon you! manhood is degraded when a woman kneels—quick, let the posture be reversed, and at my lady's feet solicit pardon!

Mal. (haughtily) How comes it, madam, (to the marchioness) that your woman intrudes, uncalled upon our privacy?

Flor. No welcome errand brought me, signor; for it was on your account: there is a stranger enquiring for you.

Mal. I am engaged.

Flor. But he says his business is urgent, and admits of no delay: tis a strange rude being—he forced his way through the domestics in the hall, and has followed me into the corridor.

Mal. Ah! some messenger from the notary's—well, I'll see the fellow, and despatch his business.

March. Stay, signor, you shall receive the person here—I will leave you the apartments; but let me speak with you again; the instant you are released do not refuse me, for my soul's eternal peace rests on the issue of our conference. [exit marchioness.]

[*Floribel returns to the anti room.*]

Mal. Insolent pride of birth! at last the plebeian Malvogli tramples on your pompous lumber, and climbs to greatness with no elder pedigree than enterprize and wit! the haughty marchioness crouches at my feet a trembling slave. Leon and Rosaviva are forever disunited. My credulous patron urges the moment till he calls me son; and in another hour the contract will be signed, that places me forever beyond the malice of capricious stars! the topmost pinnacle of my ambition is achieved—wealth, power and love conspire to crown me—my fears are over, all my cares dispel, and now.. aye now, indeed, my triumph is complete!

[*Floribel returns, followed by a stranger wildly habited, of an emaciated, yet a fierce and undaunted aspect.*]

Flor. Signor! your visitor is here. [*Malvogli glances at the stranger's person, and starts back as if transfixed with terror.*]

Mal. Ha! earthquakes swallow and conceal me!

Stran. (fixing his eye with terrible

earnestness) You recollect these features, signor?

Mal. [shuddering] Yes—I think when last I saw them—

Stran. Aye! 'twas in a wild hour—the thunder rattled and the lightning flashed! we have known strange vicissitudes since—now, fortune has re-united us!

Mal. You have traced me then—you have business with me—

Stran. (significantly) public—or private—which you will—I am equally prepared to speak aloud—or whisper low!

Enter FABULETTO.

Fab. His excellency requires signor Malvogli's instant attendance in his closet; his notary is with him.

Mal. (aside eagerly) ha! the contract—could that but once be signed (*to the stranger*) allow me but a moment's absence and you shall find me at your pleasure.

Stran. (crossing him as he attempts to pass) No! old acquaintance must not separate so suddenly.

Mal. Indeed my business is most pressing—

Stran. So is mine; but I'll despatch it soon. (*turns to Floribel and Fabuletto, and raises his voice*) Draw near good people, and listen while—

Mal. (catches his arm wildly) For mercy! let our discourse be private.

Stran. (bowing sarcastically) Oh! sweet signor, at your pleasure—I told you, whether private or public, 'twas indifferent to me.

Fab. What answer to the marquis?

Mal. Distraction! say that I attend him—as soon as—

Stran. Signor! my time is precious.

Mal. Presently—I beseech you!

Stran. [in a terrible voice] This instant, I command you!

Mal. [with increased trepidation] You shall be obeyed.

[*He opens the door leading to the inner chamber, and tremblingly motions to the stranger, who stalks with an air of fierce exultation towards him.*]

Fab. What shall I inform his excellency?

Mal. That—that—

Strang. (stamping his foot imperative-ly) Signor!

Mal. (in desperation) I follow you.. lost! lost! forever lost!

[*The stranger passes into the chamber; Malvogli staggers after him. Fabuletto and Floribel exchange gestures, and the door closes upon the chamber exactly as the curtain falls.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE—same as in act I.—The hall with double staircase, &c.—Fabuletto is discovered watching upon the lower stair—Floribel enters to him from the side.

Flor. Hist! hist! has he left the palace yet?

Fab. [coming forward on tiptoe]—Hush! the parties are still closeted together.

Flor. Well; what have you discovered?

Fab. Nothing; tho' I have applied my ear, by turns, to every chink and crevice in the wainscot. At first, indeed, I heard the stranger's voice loud and blustering; Malvogli's whimpering and submissive; here and there I could just distinguish a random word, but gradually the voices became lower and lower, till at last they refined away into a close, busy, tantalising whisper, that would have defied the most subtle eaves dropper in the grand inquisitor's pay to embody with substantial matter.

Flor. This unaccountable visitor—what can he possibly be?

Fab. A devil certainly, for he's a villain's master.

Flor. In truth he looks like nothing human.. his sallow, bloodless cheeks, his large eyes that scowl and glare beneath his pent-house brows, and then his voice like thunder; ah! such a monster! I vow the very first glance of him frightened me half way into the other world.

Fab. Hark! I hear a door open now, yes, 'tis Malvogli's.. the conference has broken up.

Flor. What are we to hope?

Fab. Rather say what have we to fear.. a calm has succeeded the storm, and when the guilty appear composed, they are always doubly dangerous. Fly to your chamber, wench, and fetch your veil, in case the stranger quits the palace, be ready at my signal to follow him and watch his steps.

Flor. Well, but if—

Fab. Away this instant! they come away! away!

[*They retire separately.—Malvogli ascends the stairs, followed by the Stranger.*]

Mal. [looking inquisitively] Recollect! I have your promise.

Stran. Remember, rather, that I have yours.. the performance of one covenant attends the precise fulfilment of the other.

Mal. You may rely upon my punctuality.

Stran. [smiling coldly] I think I may.

Mal. You are to receive forty thousand pistoles when—

Stran. (quickly) Fifty! fifty thousand pistoles, signor, was the stipulated sum—just half the portion of your noble bride—you cannot so soon have forgotten the terms.

Mal. (aside) Harpy! Vampyre! true, it was my mistake—the marriage contract only waits for signatures to make me master of the sum; and I pledge myself before the hour of vespers, fifty thousand pistoles shall be paid into your hands.

Stran. Then ere the setting sun resigns Madrid to darkness, I pass its barriers, never to return! so stands the covenant; am I not correct?

Mal. To the letter—and every reminiscence of the past—

Stran. (placing his hand upon his heart) Lies hidden here till the grave hides all!—time presses, and I am needed elsewhere. Mark, good signor, how the evening wastes—if once I hear the vesper bell and yet no messenger—ah! then beware, what pillow must at midnight rest your head!

Mal. Enough! I know the penalty—your hand at parting—now surely I may claim you as a friend—

Stran. Aye! by the strongest of all possible worldly ties—you have made it my interest to be so. Farewell, signor.

Mal. Suffer me to conduct you by the garden gate; we shall be less liable to observation from the household.

Stran. You are grown strangely diffident; and yet there was a time—but e'en use your pleasure. You may appoint the way by which I quit this palace, but if ever I return to it, I shall choose my own! [exit.]

FABULETTO steals forward.

Fab. Death and destruction! they part in apparent friendship—some hellish compact has been adjusted, and if the stranger leaves the palace without my catching any clue to his business or abode—

Enter FLORIBEL, veiled.

Flor. I wait your signal—which way have they taken?

Fab. Ha!—through the corridor that opens upon the gardens—quick! quick! good wench, and follow close

Flor. Oh! my very soul springs upon tiptoe for the adventure! I'll bring a notable account of my spark, or never let a Spanish chambermaid trust to the offices of her veil again.

Fab. Now may the guardian saint of Abigails, whatever be her title in the rubric, and wheresoever stand her altar in Christendom, walk luminously before thee, and direct thy steps! Ha! the marquis, Rosaviva, and the notaries! Preparations for matrimony and law in the house at the same moment! Nay, then, the case of the family is desperate indeed!

Enter the MARQUIS leading ROSAVIVA—two notaries follow with different papers, which they arrange upon the table in centre of the stage.

Mary. My dearest Rosaviva! dismiss this cloud of sadness from your brow—tis an unkind reproach to the most generous of men—believe me, sweetest! to a delicate mind that fearfully and finely loves, the most precious gift oppresses rather than delights, if yielded with reluctance.

Ros. (gently) I shall strive to obey you, sir.

Mary. Where is Malvogli? Fabuletto, you had my orders long ago to acquaint him that we waited for his presence.

Fab. Oh my lord! I delivered your excellency's commission with the nicest punctuality; but the signor chanced to be engaged so interestingly with a visitor—indeed a very particular visitor—of whom might I but venture to insinuate half that I suspect, I—(the marquis frowns) but here comes the signor to answer for himself, my lord.

Re-enter MALVOGLI.

Mal. A thousand apologies, dearest marquis! for this rude delay; but just as your summons reached me, a friend—a much esteemed friend—whom I had not seen for many years, and of whose existence I even had long been doubtful, arrived with tidings from my relatives and friends in Portugal.

Mary. The news no doubt is prosperous; at least the unusual animation of your looks induce me to believe it so.

Mal. It has rendered me most happy—the words of my friend have banished from my heart every doubt or fear that your beneficence has not already cured. [Malvogli emphasises these words strongly yet obliquely to Fabuletto, who has listened to him with earnest solicitude.]

Fab. (aside) Then the anchor's lost, and hope must put to sea again!—(he retires up the stage to conceal his mortification.)

Marq. Your explanation satisfies me every way; but yet there is another to whom your excuses more essentially are due—a consenting bride, who calls her lover to be blest, yet calls in vain, may surely chide the ingrate for his dall neglect.

Mal. Transporting sounds! Dare I then believe that Rosaviva's choice—

Mary. Is honourable to her reason, and gratifying to her friends.

Mal. Excellent and matchless maid! thus let me breathe my adoration and my gratitude! I still am lost in admiration of your bounty! and ah! deign from your own lip to ratify my bliss!

Mar. Speak, my child! Frankness forms the most bewitching grace of a natural and innocent mind.

Ros. (*fauflering*) Signor—I respect and esteem your character—it is the wish of my dearest benefactor that I should call you husband—you know the unhappy story of my heart—a hand, a passive hand—is all I have to grant. If then, so insignificant a boon can merit the acceptance of a mind like yours, tis yielded ere tie claimed? When I shall become your wife, it will be my duty—and, I trust, my—happiness—to—to—(*she bursts into a flood of tears.*)

Marq. Rosaviva! this is weakness—your cheek burning with blushes and suffused with tears.

Mal. (*eagerly*) Ah! my lord! when I bind a rose to my bosom, I never deem the flower less lovely, because the dews of heaven sparkle on its leaf! (*kisses her hand*) Precious inestimable gift! thus let my lips pronounce my fealty and my love!

Marq. (*to the notary*) Are the different papers sufficiently prepared?

Not. All is in readiness, my lord; the instruments only wait for signatures, to be in full effect.

Marq. First—the marriage contract! [*he passes to the table and signs a paper which the notary presents.*]

Fab. (*aside, and watching*) Poor don Leon, that's his death warrant!—Oh! that I could strangle his rival, and choak those rascally lawyers with their own parchments.

Marq. (*signing*) There is my consent Malvogli!

Mal. With rapture I subscribe my name! [*taking the pen.*]

Fab. If he were to write all his alias's, his hand would ache before it dropt the pen. (*aside*)

Marq. Now, Rosaviva! yours, to complete the contract!

Bes. (*aside*) Why does my heart beat thus wildly?

Fab. Ah! she hesitates—should she have courage to—

Marq. (*takes her hand*) My child! we wait for you!

[*Rosaviva signs; Fabuletto strikes his forehead in chagrin, and turns away again.*]

Ros. 'Tis accomplished! I have resigned my destiny into another's power! permit me to retire; feelings which I cannot suppress—ah! my lord! pity me; forgive me; but indeed solitude alone can restore my spirits. (*aside*) Leon! Leon!—ah! memory, sleep! and never let me muse upon that name again! [*exit.*]

Marq. (*draws Malvogli to the front of the stage, and gives him the contract*) My friend! this gives you immediate possession of my daughter's dowry—the hundred thousand pistoles are already vested at my banker's in your name, and made payable to your order—no words—nay, not a syllable, or you offend me! [*presses his hands, and turns to the notary*] I am impatient till all my purposes are completed. Notary, where is the deed of gift?

Not. Tis prepared according to your excellency's direction.

Marq. Let me sign at once! (*seizing the pen eagerly.*)

Not. My lord! a moment—for this instrument we shall require another witness.

Marq. Ah! a person is luckily at hand—Fabuletto you shall be our witness.

Fab. [*advancing quickly*] Oh! certainly, my lord! I have already been a witness to so many extraordinary events in your excellency's household, that tis but fitting my name should be on record for the fact. What am I to do? where am I to sign? what's the meaning of these parchments, master notary?

Not. This is a *deed of gift*, by which the marquis conveys to signor Malvogli the palace he now inhabits, with all its costly furniture, as a present upon his marriage; and this is a solemn instrument, by which his aforesaid excellency utterly disinherits don Leon; and secures the reversion of all his estates and fortunes, whatsoever and wheresoever, after his demise, unto the aforesaid signor and the lady Rosaviva.

Fab. [*dashing away the pen*] May this right hand be withered, when it assists in the dishonor of my master!

Marq. Fabuletto!

Marg. Oh ! my lord ! passion
choaks me ! my words stick in my
throat—but—but—as I am a christian
in the face of man and heaven, I swear
it aloud—Malvogli is a villain, and my
master has been abused !

Mal. Infamous slanderer !—dare
but—

Fab. I brave you ! I despise your
threats ! I defy your power ! unprin-
cipled and selfish hypocrite ! dead to
every spark of gratitude or honor ! I
have been thus long silent, only be-
cause I trusted my master's excellent
judgment could not long remain infas-
tuated by your arts—but now, this
horrible proof of too successful villainy
rouses me at once, and had I a thou-
sand throats I would strain them all
hoarse, but I would make your treach-
ery known, and hunt down your name
to the infamy it merits !

Mal. Marquis ! will you suffer me
thus to be aspersed—in the presence
too of—

Marg. (to the notaries) My good
men, remove these papers into my li-
brary—we will follow you, and com-
plete the business there. [exit notaries.

Marg. (with severity) Fabuletto !
astonishment and indignation have
equally restrained my speech, and per-
mitted you thus long to outrage the
presence of your superiors with impu-
nity ; but as I recover from my sur-
prise, I awaken to a sense of my in-
sulted dignity. Envious, malignant,
and incorrigible man ! in defiance of
repeated warnings, nay of positive
commands, you have dared to libel the
character of your master's future re-
presentative—you presume upon for-
mer services ; but your present infamy
obliterates them all. This instant cast
yourself at the feet of my generous
son in law, confess your errors, and
submissively implore his pardon, or
quit my service and this roof forever !

Fab. What ! dismiss me ! my master
whom I have served from infancy, to
be driven from his door ?

Marg. You have heard my alterna-
tive.

Fab. (throwing himself at his feet)
No, no—your lordship cannot mean
it—men of exalted rank, who rever-
ence honour in themselves, will not
unnecessarily degrade the beings who
cherish their example at an humble
distance ! I embrace your knees, and
entreat you to recant your sentence.

Marg. Rise !—before you solicit
my forgiveness, kneel to my son in
law.

Fab. (with firmness) My lord, I

cannot. I may endure your excellen-
cy's anger, but I never could support
my own contempt.

Marg. Then quit the palace !

Fab. Be it so ! Poverty and integrity
were the two companions with whom
I entered your excellency's gate, and
if I cannot get rid of the first without
dismissing the latter, e'en let me pass
forth again with one old acquaintance
still clinging about my shoulders, so
that I bear away the other still glowing
at my heart !

Marg. Begone ! deliver up your ac-
counts to me in the library, and de-
part at once !

Fab. Oh, my lord, I am soon pre-
pared—my accounts are easily deliver-
ed—every marvedie has its receipt—
and when I quit the roof which has
sheltered me from infancy, I can lay
my hand upon my heart and say with
pride, “I have done my duty, and ever
regarded my master's interest before
my own ! If all persons going out of
place could with equal truth make the
same declaration, pockets and con-
sciences would prove lighter articles to
many of their owners.” [exit.

Marg. Proud—obdurate—ideot !—
[with vexation.

Mal. Your excellency has done me
justice ; but my spirit is not revenge-
ful ; this intemperate man has long
served you with fidelity, and we must
compassionate the infirmity of his na-
ture ; then do not dismiss him alto-
gether, but merely banish him for a time
to one of your distant estates ; only let
him be removed from Madrid, and my
honor will be thoroughly satisfied.

Marg. This is a generosity worthy
of my friend ! I adopt your advice.—
Fabuletto shall be despatched this very
hour to my castle in Murcia. But first,
his insolent spirit must be humbled.
Do you write a short recommendation
of him to my Murcian steward : he
shall receive it from your own hand,
and thus become indebted to the man
whom he has injured for the very
means of his future establishment ; if
he has a heart, he will feel such a pun-
ishment severely.

Mal. Let it be so ; I will prepare the
billet for him.

Marg. Rejoin me directly afterwards
—I shall not know a moment's ease
till the disinheritance of this impostor
be complete—that once despatched,
my vengeance soars upon a nobler
prey ! [exit.

Mal. Fortune ! I am thy bounden
slave forever ! Every accident con-
spires to crown my purpose. Fabu-

letto's banishment to Murcia is incomparable! Thus I effectually remove an officious spy upon my actions, yet prevent him from descanting on my actions to the world! I am to furnish his credentials—better and better! the steward is devoted to my interest, and shall be taught a fitting reception for his visitor. [seats himself at the table and writes] “The man who will deliver “this is a dangerous knave, I am for-“ced to send him to you to answer a “particular purpose—detain him “with fair words, but place no confi-“dence whatever in his story. You “shall hear from me shortly by ano-“ther messenger, who will explain “my meaning.” Now, my smooth plausible plotting adversary, your troublesome quixotism is notably re-“warded! [folds up the letter, but starts and rises before he directs it] ‘Sdeath! but I am wasting time on an insig-“nificant, while the hour of vespers—Ha! I must not delay longer—the purchase of safety is now in my power—but how to convey it to him? To leave the palace myself at this juncture is im-“possible—whom then to entrust?— [muses a moment] Yes—it must be so; Who waits?

Enter a Domestic.

Bid Vasquez attend me instantly!— (exit servant) He is discreet and silent. I will write an order upon the marquis's banker for the 50,000 pistoles, and Vasquez shall bring me in return the important pacquet that secures my secret! (he seats himself, and begins to write with earnestness—Fabuletto enters behind with a reluctant step, as if com-“bating with his passions.)

Fab. I can't—I won't—no my heart would fly upward to my throat and choak me, if I asked him to forgive—yet—the marquis has commanded—well—he shall speak first then—(Fabuletto goes suddenly towards the table where Malvogli writes, and just strikes upon it to bespeak his presence. Malvogli continues writing with intense earnestness, and speaks without raising his eye from the paper.)

Mal. Vasquez! I am going to employ you upon a business of the utmost consequence to my peace and honor—execute your commission with adroitness, and your reward shall be liberal—This order upon the marquis's banker must be carried to a stranger who visited me this morning, and who—

Fab. (aside) Ah, the stranger.— (Vasquez enters suddenly upon the opposite side and comes behind Malvogli's chair.)

Vasq. Signor, I attend your pleasure—(Malvogli starts, perceives his mistake, and appears embarrassed.)

Mal. Vasquez!—I thought—Fabuletto! how came you here?

Fab. (quickly) By his excellency's command, to receive a letter which—

Mal. (recovering himself) Aye—true—to the Murcian steward—tis written—you will find I have not been unmindful of your interest, even tho' my enemy. (Gives the letter across.)

Fab. Signor—

Mal. No words—you have injured me; but I forgive the offence. Farewell, and may your journey be prosperous. (He waves his hand impatiently to Fabuletto, who retires slowly, casting inquisitive looks behind him—Malvogli folds up the second paper) Now, Vasquez attend to me—Before this paper is given up to the person whom I address, you must receive from him a sealed pacquet, which you must guard as dearly as your life, and upon no account whatever—

[Fabuletto returns abruptly, and places his letter upon the table, exactly opposite Malvogli's seat.]

Fac. Signor, you have forgotten to write the direction upon this letter.

Mal. (angrily) Tush! 'tis an omission of no consequence; deliver it as it is—I am busy—you intrude.

[he rises hastily, leaving both letters ready folded on the table, and draws Vasquez to a little distance, where he seems to instruct him in dumb show.]

Fab. (in violent agitation) I burn with curiosity! he mentioned an order upon the marquis's banker to be given to that stranger—ah, this then is the villain's masterstroke—ha, a thought flashes! the papers are folded up in the same shape; both two are as yet undirected—if it were possible—their faces are turned from me—Now or never!

(The table is large and circular, supported by one leg in the middle, upon which it turns. The two papers lie exactly opposite to each other, and the inkstand is in the centre—Fabuletto turns the table—Malvogli resumes his seat at the instant the change is effected.)

Mal. (aloud) Now then—you comprehend my instructions thoroughly?

Vasq. Never fear me, Signor.

Mal. (hastily writing on the exchanged letter) There then is your direction to the person—Away! lose not a moment! every thing depends on your despatch. Digitized by Google

Vasq. I am gone at once!

[exit.]

Enter PIETRO, by another passage.

Pietro. Signor, his excellency waits.

Mal. (starts up) I attend this instant. [exit Pietro] Fabuletto begone ; take your letter, undirected as it is ; I have no time to waste in trifling. (aside) Now let the vesper bell toll, I shall not tremble when I catch the sound.

[exit.

Fab. (after a pause, takes up the paper) How shall I act ? I have thwarted the projects of my enemy, but not advanced my own. 'Sdeath, this letter might prove invaluable, if I knew how or where to employ it. Vasquez alone has the Stranger's direction, and he is already out of reach. The torments of Tantalus were no fable. Here do I stand, like a man in the streets of a dark night with a house key in his hand, but groping about in vain to find the lock that fits it.

Enter FLORIBEL, hastily.

Flor. News, Fabuletto ! news !—I have traced the wolf to his lurking place at last—

Fab. [eagerly] Eb, how, what, traced him, dost say ? where ? speak the place ?

Flor. Through a wilderness of blind alleys, zizzag lanes, and execrable haunts without a name ; after more turnings, than a fine lady makes before she tells her inclination, I lodged my formidable charge at last within an obscure hotel in the suburb of Toledo, just five doors below the monastery of St. Augustin ; he is called by the people of the house Borachio.

Fab. Borachio !—suburb of Toledo—five doors below the monastery—(striking his hands)—Enough ! Now then for an adventure !

Flor. Heavens, what do you mean ? whither are you rushing in this disorder ?

Fab. To save our benefactor, woman ! or never sleep beneath his roof again—farewell ! farewell ! [He rushes out, and Floribel motioning with her arms in encouragement, ascends the staircase.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—A spacious corridor, into which the palace chapel opens by three portals.

Enter the Marchioness, followed by Floribel.

March. How, Floribel, the marriage to be solemnized at midnight ? These

apartments selected for the purpose and I commanded to attend the ceremony ?

Flor. Madam, the marquis wills it so.

March. Nature never can support the trial of such an hour—and my Leon too—

Flor. He is also summoned to be a witness of the nuptial.

March. Merciful powers ! to smile upon the sacrifice of all his earthly happiness, and kneel at the altar while his own curse is uttering ! Oh ! my boy, my boy, to what despair have I devoted thee !

Enter the Marquis, Malvolio, and two domestics.

Marg. (speaking to domestics at the entrance) Haste your preparations—let all my household assemble before midnight in these apartments—the marriage shall be celebrated in the chapel of the marchioness—mark me ! of the marchioness ! [exit domestics.

March. (leaning on Floribel) You hear him ! O ! Floribel ! what hope—what refuge now ?

Marg. (to Malvolio) Her guilty spirit shrinks appalled before my presence. I banquet on her terrors ! (advances with derisive courtesy) I trust, madam, through every occurrence in this palace, you still discover new proofs of my respectful deference towards its mistress.

March. [struggling to affect composure] Sir, the conduct of my husband has always merited my gratitude.

Marg. But how is this ?—methinks your appearance madam, but coldly compliments your friends—does that robe of mourning accord with the hour of rapture ? Our habits should sometimes be an image of our feelings ; and yours, we cannot doubt, are warm and glowing !

March. Pardon the neglect—my dress shall be altered.

Marg. Nay, not so—the toilette, like the altar, loses its charm when our devotions are compelled—Yet—a few ornaments might sparkle through the gloom—where are your jewels, lady ?

March. They shall be wore—Floribel, fetch my casket hither—it is my pleasure to anticipate your wish.

(exit Floribel.

Marg. Oh ! madam, you were ever an obliging wise—discreet, sincere—

and then for faith, the spouse of Brutus sure must yield her boast !

Mal. [approaching her insinuatingly] How deeply does the flattering interest you take in my happiness affect my heart !

March. [in a low slyed voice] Barbarian ! fiend !

Mal. Hush ! policy at least might teach you softer terms.

(*Floribel returns with the casket.*)

March. Floribel, open the casket—my hand trembles so I cannot.

Marq. Oh ! be not nice in the selection—a few may serve—for instance, those bracelets I presented to you on your wedding day—the occasion now is similar.

[*The marchioness sinks into a chair, and taking forth the bracelets, fastens them upon her arm without attention, while Floribel hangs a chain of brilliants over her neck.*]

March. I am adorned, my lord, as you desire.

Marq. [to *Malvogli*] Her embarrassment is so great, she does not yet discover that I have exchanged the portraits upon her bracelet—I pant for the moment. Leave us, my friend, together ; I meditate an exquisite revenge.

Mal. I know your wrongs, and dare not plead against the voice of justice—yet remember—mercy ! (aside) E'en let the tempest burst at once—however wide the lightning scatters, I can at least defy the flash. (exit).

March. (to *Floribel*) Do not leave me—something in his manner makes me shudder.

Marq. Madam, do me the favour to dismiss your woman : I wish a few words to meet your ear in private.

March. (much agitated) Floribel, retire !

For. Lady !

March. Yes, yes, it must be so— pity me, pray for me ! [*Floribel presses her lady's hand, and retires.*]

Marq. (after a pause) You appear disturbed, madam. I trust the singularity of our situation does not alarm you—'tis true, indeed, our domestic interviews have been of late, like gleams of wintry sunshine, scarce and brief, with chilling clouds between.

March. I both confess and lament the rarity of moments, which our hearts and our reasons ought equally to prize. Permit me to observe, my lord, such moments were not always strangers to us.

Marq. Umph ! you would reproach me then with neglect ?

March. No ; I may regret, but never shall reproach. Yet, my lord, I cannot but feel, severely feel, the once beloved Victoria is forgotten in the marchioness Lerida. I am still the partner of your honors, but I possess your heart no longer. (weeps)

Marq. (aside) Tears ! flow bitter drops ; ye fall on stains the vast ocean would but wash in vain ! madam, you do me wrong—my tender regard for you and yours is great as ever. I am even now industriously employed upon the welfare of an object precious to your love.

March. Precious, my lord !

Marq. Aye, madam ! most precious ! [aside, and labouring to disguise his rage] Now, vengeance smile ! I have been meditating how to reward the virtues of my wife, by an attention to the interests of her offspring.

March. Of our Leon !

Marq. Of—your son—madam ! he now has reached that period of life, when a decided character should be stamped upon the destiny of youth, and some honorable course of action opened to the view.

March. (uneasily) Pardon me, my lord, but I should conceive, Don Leon of Lerida, an only son, and born to represent two of our first Castilian families, could not receive any establishment more brilliant than the sameation of his parental roof.

Marq. Oh ! madam, mothers frequently mistake the interests of their children—with them affection hoodwinks judgment. I know your fondness, but cannot suffer it to impede a future grande of Spain upon his proud career of fame and glory—Honorable enterprise invites the youth, the court appoints him to a distinguished command in our distant Indies : his ready vessel waits to catch the breeze, and ere another week be counted, the swift atlantic bears your darling, far from inglorious home bred sloth, to scenes of action and a soldier's daring joys !

March. Heavens ! my lord—you cannot mean it—separate me from my child ! I never can support his loss !

Marq. You once were separated from your husband, yet that calamity you bore with patience.

March. (confusedly) Is it probable his absence will be long ?

Marq. I'll not deceive you, lady—whilst I exist, he never will return.

March. Never ! Never !

Marq. I have spoken. But what is the sacrifice of tenderness to the tri-

umph of ambition? Continents may divide, and oceans roll between, still the mother will know her son is prosperous and powerful. A tropical son may scorch the fairness of his brow, yet the coronet of nobility must sparkle round it! and when a wretched husband's death, restores the stripling to his native land, obsequious crowds shall hail him as he springs to shore—“ *Illustrious signor—Marquis of Lerida.*”

March. O! merciless decree! inhuman and unjust!

Marg. Hold! madam;—dare not breathe one syllable to brand my conduct with inhumanity or with injustice—dare not; dare not!

March. My lord! you terrify me; how has my Leon merited this hate? what has he done?

Marg. What has he done?—Infamous, unblushing woman? what has he—Oh! curses—an injured husband's curses strike the minion's head!

March. Oh! God! he has been defamed—belied; speak who is his accuser?

Marg. (with ungovernable fury) His Father!!

March. His father!

Marg. Aye! Leon's father—Victoria's paramour; and Lerida's curse! Tremble, adulteress! the grave hath found voice, and its accusing words are registered in blood! [the marquis suddenly snatches forth the secreted letter from his bosom, and holds it before the marchioness; she recognizes; shrieks violently, and attempts to fly, but is forcibly withheld] Nay, nay, you do not fly! Look you! how trim this crimson infamy befits an husband's hand!

March. Away! away! I'll not endure this shame!

Marg. Come!—come—you must—you shall—read! and if your eyes would weep, let them rain suddenly, for here's a fixt and fiery sin shall strike them else with blindness! [the marchioness shuddering draws her disengaged hand before her eyes to prevent their sight]

Marg. Nay, listen then! (still grasping her with one hand, he reads with a violent denouncing tone)—“ rash and inconsiderate lover! the chastisement of our forbidden passion already has overtaken us!”..(without releasing herself, the marchioness sinks upon one knee, in the action of prayer.)

March. Eternal justice! thou permittest not the most hidden crime to pass unpunished!

Marg. “ This day I have given birth to a son, whose existence has drowned me in tears, and condemns me to despair!”

March. (still in prayer) O! accept these dreadful agonies in expiation of my guilt!

Marg. Now proclaim me to the world inhuman and unjust!—Now—detected and exposed, covered with a thousand crimes—ten thousand shames.

March. Mercy! mercy! not for myself, but for the innocent—ah! for Leon—mercy!

Marg. And while you plead for this wretched boy, do you not wear upon your arm a portrait which—

March. My lord, my lord, I know myself unworthy, and will restore it. (Exerting herself to unclasp the bracelet, she discovers the likeness of her lover—her eyes become fixed intensely, and all her faculties appear benumbed with horror) Whose deed is this? will the graves burst, and let their dead return to us? some fiend torments my soul: away! 'twill drive me mad!

Marg. (alarmed by her agonies)—Hold! you are deceived—that portrait—

March. (dashing it from her) Be-gone, terrific shade! No, no—it floats before me still—it calls—it summons me—forgiveness, ah! forgiveness in the grave! [she sinks exhausted and insensible at the marquis's feet.]

Marg. Victoria! look up: I charge you—god! she hears me not—her senses flown—convulsed and expiring at my feet—ah! vengeance too severe! help! help! this instant help! (Floribel rushes in) Swift! swift! assist the marchioness! a sudden faintness overcomes her—swift, and help to raise her!

Flor. Ah! her agonies are dreadful! I fear me she is dying!

Marg. Peace, woman, peace! nor breathe a thought so horrid. Heaven sees my heart—I would be just but not unmerciful!

Leon. (without) I heard a voice exclaim for help.

Enter LEON.

Ah! my mother! insensible and cold! parent! universe! only one! your Leon calls you back to life. [He removes the marchioness from Floribel's arms, and supports her on his own breast.]

Mary. The mother and the son!—both, both my victims! oh! torture! the triumph I have coveted so long, distracts me now it is achieved! [he turns away, and casts himself into a seat.]

Leon. Speak to me mother! bless me with a word!

Flor. The life returns—see! her eyes unclose—lady! honored mistress!

March. (gazing slowly and confusedly around) Where have I been? my soul has wandered surely in some frightened dream.

Leon. Be calm! you are with those who love and reverence you.

March. (with quick apprehension) Leon! that look—that voice—ah! I remember all—and now, indeed, I know myself a wretch!

Leon. (straining her to his heart) Here rest your sorrows, and forget their source.

March. No, no—that virtuous breast denies its sympathy to vice.—Leon! recollect the story which you heard this morning! ah, Leon! Leon! that story was our own—that guilty mother and that wretched son—now break for ever from each other's arms! [she violently starts from his embrace, and falls back into Floribel's arms.]

Leon. Amazement! Horror! the marquis not my father! do not distract me; speak, mother! speak to me in mercy!

Flor. Alas! her words are choaked with anguish—mourn your misfortune, but compassionate its cause!

Leon. Enough! my brilliant dream of pride is ended—I wake, and find myself a wretched nameless being: the offspring of dishonor and reproach.

Flor. No, not of dishonor; for laurels bloom upon your father's grave, and virtue sanctified your mother's love. Before my mistress ever saw the marquis, her eyes in secret wept a husband's death!

Mary. (starting suddenly from his seat) Ha! what words were those?.. rash woman! dare not to abuse my ear with hopes that—Victoria! speak—my soul cries out for certainty—speak—oh! say, that Leon's birth was not polluted by his mother's guilt!

March. Heaven mark my words, and judge me by their truth! Lerida! No: I have abused your confidence, but never have betrayed your honor to disgrace! Deign, much injured man! ah! deign, before we part for ever, to hear the wretched story of a heart, which learns too late the value of a love its crimes have lost.

Mary. Speak, madam! let my extent of injury be known.

March. (supporting herself between Floribel and Leon) The days of childhood were all in life that I can count as happy ones, for even at sixteen my woes commenced their dark career. In my father's palace was bred an orphan youth, whose only heritage was nature's graces and a virtuous mind: a mutual tenderness talked early from our eyes and so possessed our hearts. Fortune had cast our lots unequally, but love despises earthly differences, and a rash vow in secret uttered, soon made love our fate. Brief was the dream of bliss—war tore my husband from me to join the Christian army at the siege of Tunis. Ah! memory! dreadful moment! still I feel the blow. By Moorish swords my hapless lord was slain—whilst I, remote from every succour, every hope, endured the ruthless fury of a father's rage, and gave existence to a wretched child, amidst the curses of the being from whom my own was drawn!

Leon. Ah! in pity..that child was..

March. I press him to me now!.. alas! Lerida, these eyes were freshly flowing with a widow's tears, when yours first sparkled with a lover's hope. In vain I strove to shun a destiny so fatal to us both. My furious father tore my infant from my arms, and awoke its innocent life was forfeit to his vengeance, unless I promised to conceal the former nuptial, and accept your vows. Nature stifled justice in my bosom. I deceived your honorable love with feigned returns, and whilst a living bridegroom clasped my hand, deep in a dead lord's grave, my heart lay buried!

Mary. Cruel! were then aversion and disdain the only dower a tenderness like mine could claim?

March. Yet for a little spare your reproaches, generous man! With princely powers you soon embarked for Mexico, and left your new made wife conscious it was her fate a second time to prove a mother. Scarce had your departure freed me from controul, when, regardless of my situation, fame, nay, life—with all a parent's longing speed, I flew to clasp in secret my poor forbidden Leon—the banished offspring of my virgin love! Amidst the Pyrenees, thro' the storms of winter, over crumbling rocks and swollen floods, I sought my treasure—the distance and the dangers of the journey overcame my strength—nature's pangs surprised me prematurely, and even in the very

hat which screened my forlorn one, my orphan babe—Lerida's noble heir was born.

Marq. God! was I then indeed a father—and that infant—

March. Just looked upon this world, then closed its eyes, and shut it out for ever—I saw it perish!—just then—my senses half unsettled, in misery, in despair. Floribel placed Leon on my bosom—he smiled and stretched forth his little hands towards me—frantically I snatched him to my heart—“my only one! never will we separate again!” I cried—an instantaneous impulse tempted and subdued my soul—but mine was no premeditated sin—no—it was a fraud too rash for judgment, too precipitate for calculation—the death of my *second* child was held concealed. Far from native Spain, and far from all who knew my person, for several successive years I roved in ceaseless travel, till the trifling difference in Leon's age, had ceased to be apparent—then boldly I presented him within this palace as a rightful heir—Ah! do not look upon me, Lerida! your glances kill me—my perfidy deserves your hate—but ah! my heart must break before it learns to bear it. (*sinks upon Floribel's bosom.*)

Leon. Mother! dear unhappy mother! Well, well, recollect the pledge I gave you—I never will forget it—“this dutous breast shall shield you from reproach or scorn!” (*passing to Lerida*) My lord, the poor impostor you have raised in greatness, acknowledges your fostering bounty with a glowing though a breaking heart; and utters blessings as he quits your presence and your roof forever!

Marq. (*with dignity*) Young man, remain! you shall never leave me. Victoria, why am I forced at last to teach the knowledge of a heart, a wife's injustice has for twenty years refused to learn? One hour, one minute e'en of tender confidence, had saved the anguish and reproach of both our lives. But I have been regarded as a tyrant, fierce, inexorable, merciless, dead to the charities of nature, and panting for the immolation of my kind! Well, well! judge whether I have merited this strange distrust. I have suffered injuries long and deep; the power of vengeance is at last amply mine, and I employ it only—to forgive!

March. Ah! dare I yet hope—

Marq. Victoria! think thou wert fallen from some dizzy rock, about to perish on the instant dreadfully, when to the perilous point thy husband rush-

es with redeeming arms, and bears thee safely to a sheltering home!

[*The marchioness attempts to throw herself at the feet of the marquis, but he prevents her with emotion, and folds her in his arms.*]

Enter Rosaviva.

Ros. What do I see? tears and caresses mingled!

Leon. [*rapturously*] My Rosaviva! ah, yes mine—transporting accent—mine again! oh! there are wonders—no longer I approach you as a brother, but as the fondest, truest—

Marq. Hold! Leon, our knowledge comes too late—recollect—*Malvogli!*

Leon. Ah, my lord, dash me not at once from rapture to despair—Rosaviva not my sister—and yet another's bride!

Marq. My word once passed, cannot with honor be recalled—*Malvogli* too, so excellent a friend—

March. Fiend! detested hypocrite! to you and yours the direst foe!

Marq. Victoria! by oar fresh recovered loves, I charge you to forbear—*on* my soul you wrong him. *Malvogli's* bosom is the residence of every generous virtue.

March. Hear me, my lord! even by the dear name of husband, yet ~~stalke~~ permitted to my lip, I now conjure you hear and trust me—this gilded serpent has crept into our bosoms but to sting us mortally—those papers which revealed a proof of my offence—

Marq. Were not betrayed by him—by accident I discovered them in your casket—by heavens he knew not of their existence—

Flor. Alas! my lord, too well he knew—too artfully he practised on a guileless nature—*Malvogli's* own pernicious hand first placed those papers in the casket, and himself devised the spring by which they were discovered.

Marq. How!

March. It is most true! long since the specious traitor was acquainted with my story; and oft when conscience would have hurried me to make confession at your feet, by wiles and threats, he still restrained the virtuous impulse, and forced my nature upon new deceits.

Marq. Amazement! what may I believe? the lips we love persuade us like a charm—and yet to doubt *Malvogli*—

Leon. He is here.

Enter MALVOGLI.

Marq. (*eagerly*) Oh, *Malvogli*! you

are timely come: here are accusations staked against your honor,—strange and terrible.

Mal. My good lord—accusations!

Marg. Aye, such as are mortal to the ear of friendship. Speak! is it possible that you could know this suffering youth was innocently born? that you constrained Victoria's lips to silence? that when my brain was all on fire, demon like, you still beheld my pangs unmoved; breathed on the destroying flame, and bade me perish, when your word could save?

March. Barbarian, speak! was not thine the treacherous hand that placed my papers in the casket, and then betrayed them to the marquis?

Marg. Answer Malvolio! for these doubts distract me.

[*Malvolio* appears to collect himself gradually during this address, and then replies with a steady composure of tone and manner.]

Mal. My lord, far more acutely do these doubts afflict your friend. Permit me to remark, such vague surmises, and such coarse interrogations, but ill befit your excellency's character. Hereafter, an explanation shall be made to satisfy you all! but time is now too precious—the hour of rapture has arrived, and thus (seizing *Rosaura's* hand) with all a lover's tender haste, I claim my bride!

Marg. (intervening) Hold! signor! this hand is pure—so, pure must his be proved to which I yield it. Answer instantly, are these charges real?

Mal. Appearances mislead us often—whatever I have done I well can justify.

Marg. (indignantly) Was I not heard?

Mal. You press me to a point! well then, set your doubts at rest, I have deceived you.

Marg. Monstrous, unexampled villainy! he avows, nay triumphs in the crime. And this man I have trusted. Oh, my soul sickens at its own remembrance! I scorn to tell thee what thou art. Go, cruel man! thy conscience be thy punishment—avoid my sight forever!

Mal. Marquis of Lerida, pause ere you decide—as yet I am your friend. Once more I here demand my bride; beware how you deny my claim.

Marg. God! a threat from thee! Begone, begone; quit my palace!

Mal. (Discarding at once the semblance of moderation, and bursting forth into ferocious defiance) Insolent mendicants! creatures of my will! whom at a breath my power can make as no-

thing—quit your palace! ha! ha! tis mine! mine, fast as the law can bind—this stately edifice; your vast estates; your powers; your office, nay, your very name—all, all are mine! recollect your signatures that scarce are dry; you gave them freely, and I thank the liberal hand that did so.

Marg. (as paralyzed by the recollection) God! my mad credulity has merited this scourge

March. Husband! Alfonso! can this wretch—O say, what then all lost?

Marg. All, all—but thee and honor. (throws himself upon her neck.)

Leon. The traitor shall not bear it thus—my life be taken rather—draw villain!

Mal. [smiling superciliously] Young man! sheath your sword again. The stake is too unequal—opulence and beggary make fearful odds.

Leon. Unmanner'd dastard! may then by heavens—

Mal. Ha! am I beset with braves? [a noise without] You will not find me unprovided. ~~that~~ within there.. swift—who waits?

FABULETTO rushes in almost breathless.

Fab. A villain's foe! [Malvolio recoil] Nay, good signor, never start, did I proclaim myself your enemy?

Marg. Thou too here, my faithful, injured monitor.. I cannot now be humbled lower.

Fab. Oh, my lord, my loved, my honored lord, do not talk thus—I throw myself at your feet again.. only say that you forgive.. say that you restore me to your favour.

Marg. [raising him] Ah, to my heart forever.

Fab. [enthusiastically] Then you believe me true.. ha, ha, ha! bless you.. bless you!.. I cannot.. my head swims.. oh bless you..bless you.

Mal. Fellow, reserve your transports for some other roof—here they offend.

Fab. [with sudden self-command] Excellent signor, you shall be obeyed.. Mark, how your word can tame my spirit.—I would but execute a last commission here, and trust me, never after will intrude uncalled.—I am charged with the delivery of a *parquet*, containing, as I am told, much interesting private correspondence—'tis destined for some inmate of this palace, but the person's name is utterly unknown to me, and I solicit information, how I best may execute the trust.

Mal. [uneasily] Where is this parquet?

Fab. [drily] Safe in my custody ; (draws a pacquet from his bosom) tis thus superscribed—" Letters, of various dates, received by Borachio at Lisbon, from his friend Ruffaldi at Ubes ; to be delivered to Ruffaldi, now a resident of the palace of Lerida."

Mal. (snatching at the pacquet) Give it me ; tis mine.

Fab. (evading his attempt) How, signor ! you talk in riddles—this pacquet is directed to *Ruffaldi*, and your name is *Malvogli* ; were you ever known by any other !

Mal. No matter, it is mine ; yield it villain, or your life shall answer !— [rushes furiously upon him.]

Fab. [retreating towards the Chapel doors, and holding the pacquet at arm's length] Nay, less violence shall serve—I only wish to ascertain the real owner. Declare before my lord, these letters to be your property, and I resign them instantly.

Mal. [violently agitated] By every sacred oath, I here protest aloud—these letters are my own !

Fab. You have sworn well, signor ; we'll have more witnesses.

(He strikes his hands together, the chapel doors are open—the interior scene is illuminated for service, and crowded by the household—two officers of justice dart forward at the instant, and Borachio, in the custody of others, appears in the centre of the group.)

Fab. The confession is recorded ! behold your prisoner !

(He points to *Malvogli*, who stands confounded—the officers secure him.

Mal. Good men ! some gross mistake. (*Borachio advances*) Ha ! Borachio ! I charge you be discreet ; my messenger has sure miscarried.

Bor. (smiling bitterly) Old acquaintance ! fortune has played the jilt with both of us. But be of cheer ; our fates are still indissoluble ; a galley-chain will bind us to each other for the rest of life.

Marg. What miracle now works to save us ; who is this stranger.

Bor. A blunt, plain speaking man ; by the world's modish tongue termed robber ; in his own vocabulary yclept " philosopher." One who has wit and courage enough to make rich rogues deal justly with their poorer brethren ; but say the worst of me, I was once, that man's friend.

Mal. (all trepidation)—I still am yours—in truth, by my soul, I am

Bor. Umph ; may be so ; but friend or foe, now matters not ; your craft and my valor meet the same reward ; an honest fool hath out-generalled both knave and hero.

Fab. Yes, by my faith, my lord,—though a fool, I so handled a ringer, while the alguazil so flourished a wand that—

Bor. Conqueror ! by your leave, I choose to be my own historian. Mighty marquis, hear me ! you man of many names, and I, Borachio, are of one country's birth—both younger brothers, nature endowed us with liberal appetites, but fortune and our fathers stinted their enjoyment. We formed a league to counteract our spiteful stars, and with the superfluity of others, cure our own defects—his was the tongue to wheedle—mine the arm to strike—he lured the panther to the toils ; I smote the prey, and stripped it of its hide !

Marg. Monsters of guilt !

Bor. Less comment, or you mar a history. All Portugal soon noised with our exploits—our fame raised enemies, and to shun the prying father's of the inquisition, we sailed in haste for the New World—a storm arose and wrecked our vessel on your Spanish coasts : through the wild surge I bore my drowning comrade in these arms to land—my courage too brought safely to the shore our common stock of property ; you'll say our plunder—no matter for a word : just then, the storm still raging fearfully, a forked lightning struck me to the ground ! Now, mark me, lord, and thou shalt hear how grateful is the human heart. That man, whose very life had freshly been my gift, as I lay, prostrate, nerveless, on the lone sea beach—that caitiff slave—O, hear it, marquis ! he plunged his dagger in my side, and rifled thence my just division of our hard-earn'd spoils ! He fled, and left me, in his thought, a meal for vultures... but God is just... I live to tell the villain, my revenge now blasts him.

Marg. (aside) A palsy light upon my failing arm !

Bor. The charity of passing strangers saved my life. Two years I roved and prayed for vengeance ; yet roved and prayed in vain ; at last the gloomy bride was yielded to my vow... this morn, I traced, I found, I overwhelmed my foe ! His body I disdained to smite ; no, his wealth I struck at, for gold is properly the blood of avarice ; that first course crossed, revenge treads other paths, and still achieves the goal ! Marquis, rejoice ! your tyrant is your slave ; his fall must needs involve my own ; still mine be the arm to cast him at your feet. Our crimes stand there indelibly avouched.

(pointing to the pacquet) Pronounce our common doom! one dungeon, one torture, nay, if thou will, one scaffold: or life or death, my prayer speeds evenly, all boons are granted.. in revenge.

Mal. (terrified to a last resource) My ever noble, though my injured lord! I fall in penitence before your feet, and sue for mercy.. not my small merit, but your exceeding charity now speak.. once you esteemed me well.. ah! my kind lord—

Bor. Why, what a half-soul'd cur art thou! to fawn upon thy hate, and lick the hand thou wouldst have bitten.

Marg. Convey them hence.. to the just laws I leave their punishment.

Mal. [goaded to desperation] Is there then no hope?

Bor. None! for I am at thy side to cry despair!

Mal. (frankly) Leave me!

Bor. (firmly) Never!

Mal. Distraction! Torture!

Bor. Triumph! Ecstacy! (the officers remove them from the apartment.)

Marg. Retributive heaven! by their own perfidies the traitors fall! Fabuletto! preserver, friend, teach me how best I may declare my gratitude.

Fab. My lord! by never mentioning the word again.

Marg. Excellent man! our home, our hearts, be ever yours. Victoria! this way our paternal claims and cares become inseparable.. (he places Rossiva's hand in Leon's) and thus we achieve the dearest period of human wishes.. a family united within itself.. whose happiness is founded upon mutual confidence, and cemented by reciprocal esteem. [Exult Omnes.

END OF DOUBTFUL SON.

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